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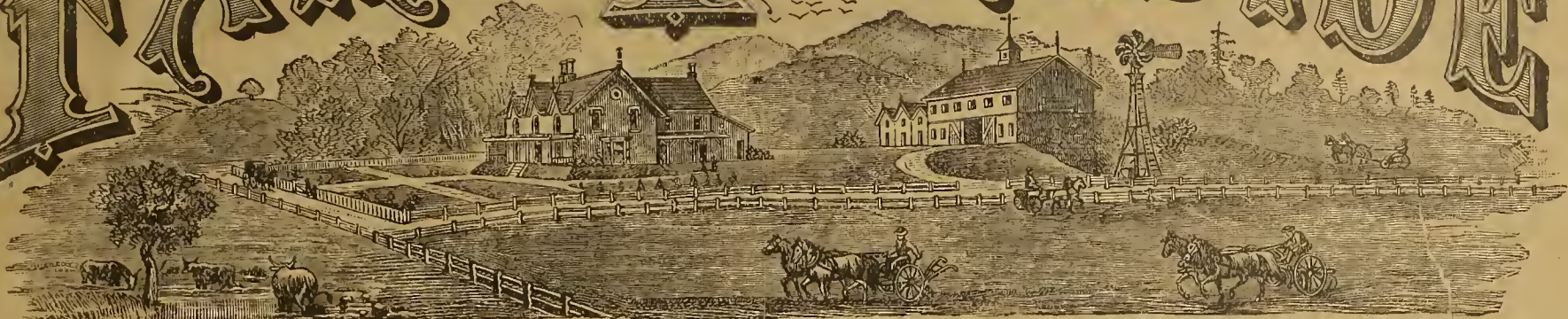








# FARM AND FIRESIDE.



EASTERN EDITION.

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The Circulation of FARM AND FIRESIDE  
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**250,800 COPIES.**

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**250,875 COPIES EACH ISSUE**

To accommodate advertisers, two editions  
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Farm and Fireside has More Actual Sub-  
scribers than any other Agricultural  
Journal in the World.

OFFICES: 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
and Springfield, Ohio.

## Current Comment.

ONE of the most important publica-  
tions by the department of agricul-  
ture is bulletin No. 13—"Foods and  
Food Adulterants." This bulletin is a series  
of pamphlets issued from time to time as  
the reports of the investigations, which  
are made under the direction of the chief  
of the division of chemistry, are com-  
pleted. The eight parts already published  
contain nearly 1,200 pages. The other  
parts in preparation, together with special  
reports on food and food adulterations,  
will extend the department literature on  
this subject to nearly, if not quite, 2,000  
pages. The extensive investigations made  
and the publication of such voluminous re-  
ports are amply justified by the facts given.  
The evidence examined conclusively  
shows that adulteration of food exists to  
an alarming extent, and that its character  
is generally fraudulent, and sometimes  
dangerous. Fraudulent adulterations cost  
the consumers of the country an enormous  
sum. It is conservatively estimated that  
fifteen per cent of the entire food product  
is adulterated in one form or another,  
making the annual loss to consumers  
about \$700,000,000.

The appropriations of the present Con-  
gress will exceed one billion dollars; those  
of the preceding Congress reached nearly  
one billion dollars. It requires a billion  
dollars to defray the expenses of the gov-  
ernment for two years. By wise economy  
these expenses could be reduced some-  
what. During the same period, through  
fraudulent adulterations of food the con-  
sumers lose one billion four hundred  
million dollars. By the enactment and  
enforcement of wise pure-food laws, every  
dollar of this vast sum could be saved.  
As long as consumers continue to waste  
this enormous sum of money on adulter-  
ated food, their talk about the extrava-  
gance of Congress will be like straining  
at a gnat.

The publication and distribution of  
these reports place before the people reli-  
able information on the extent and char-  
acter of food adulterations. These reports  
give the text of the laws on this subject  
now on the statute-books of the several  
states, and indicate the lines on which  
more effective legislation can be made.  
They are awakening public opinion not  
only to the necessity of better legislation,  
but to the necessity, as a measure of self-  
protection, of the election or appointment of  
officials who will honestly and faithfully  
enforce the laws.

Part VIII, of Bulletin 13, treats of the  
methods of preserving, the preservatives  
employed, the character of the vessels

used, and the food value and digestibility  
of canned vegetables. In addition to show-  
ing up the objectionable use of such pre-  
servatives as salicylic and sulphurous  
acids, and the dangerous greening by cop-  
per and zinc salts, this report gives some  
startling information in regard to the  
actual food value of some canned goods.  
For illustration, it is shown that the food  
material in canned string-beans costs the  
consumer about \$5 per pound. On this  
subject the chief chemist remarks:

"A careful perusal of the data in  
the body of the report will not fail to  
convince every unbiased person that the  
use of canned vegetables is, upon the  
whole, an expensive luxury. It is not the  
purpose of this investigation to discourage  
the use of such bodies, but only to secure  
to the consumer as pure an article as pos-  
sible. Nevertheless, these practical con-  
clusions may prove of some help to the  
laboring man and the head of a family,  
when he finds himself in straightened  
circumstances, by assisting him in invest-  
ing his money in a wiser and more  
economic way than in the purchase of  
canned vegetables. An expenditure of ten  
or fifteen cents for a good article of flour  
or meal will procure as much nutriment  
for a family as the investment of \$3 or \$4  
in canned goods would."

The report can be obtained by addressing  
the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington,  
D. C.

THE Columbian congress of religions  
in progress at Chicago marks an era  
in the history of the world. From  
the same platform and to the same  
audience speak wise representatives of all  
the principal religions. And they speak  
to a much larger audience than that assem-  
bled in the art palace on the lake front;  
through the press they speak to the world.  
Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Zoroas-  
trian, Brahman, Buddhist and Confucian,  
each gives an answer to every man that  
asketh him a reason of the hope that is in  
him.

"Religions are many, reason is one; we  
are brothers, why should we quarrel?" is  
an adage from the ancient Chinese which  
has at last received universal recognition.  
Toleration in religion has triumphed over  
bigotry. For the first time in the history  
of the human race all religions meet on the  
common platform of charity and bene-  
volence.

Their representatives show marked re-  
spect for the opinions of each other, and,  
with few exceptions, accord to each other  
sincerity of belief and purpose. In doing  
this, however, each one holds fast to his  
own faith, conceding only that the others  
may be as honest as himself.

This unique parliament is one of the  
most interesting events of the nineteenth  
century. In itself it is an object lesson of  
toleration in religion, and evidence that  
wonderful changes have taken place. It  
could not have been held a quarter of a  
century ago.

It is not the purpose of the parliament  
to make a new universal religion out of all  
the old ones, but it does give to all people  
the best opportunity ever afforded to make  
a comparative study of all religions, as the  
cardinal points of each are set forth fully  
and fairly by its own wisest representa-  
tives.

Verily, is the kingdom of man at hand  
when all men shall know that they are  
brothers? "Oh, man, what is good; and  
what doth the Lord require of thee, but to  
do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk  
humbly with thy God."

IN "Plain Talks on Timely Topics" in  
this issue our readers will find many  
sensible and patriotic ideas on the  
immigration question. Last year public  
attention was forcibly directed to this sub-  
ject by the danger of an invasion of Asiatic  
cholera. This year the same impending  
danger holds public attention to the sub-  
ject, and the condition of financial affairs  
and the depression in business emphasize  
the necessity of prompt action on the part  
of the government against unrestricted  
and undesirable immigration. With  
business and manufacturing reduced, and  
little hope of their being restored soon to  
their former prosperous conditions, the  
million of wage-earners now out of em-  
ployment, and those dependent on them,  
have reason to be alarmed at the thousands  
of immigrants coming here to find employ-  
ment. Accustomed to a lower plane of  
living, these rivals can underbid them for  
employment. The charity that should  
begin at home, for which the unemployed  
Americans ask, is the opportunity to work  
and earn fair wages. Better for the country  
that immigration should be prohibited  
than that they be deprived of that oppor-  
tunity. A large part of the present immi-  
gration is composed of classes dangerous  
to society and hostile to American insti-  
tutions. This makes undesirable immigra-  
tion more serious than ever before. Anarchy  
finds a fertile field in the society  
of the unemployed. The gates of Castle  
Garden should swing inward only to those  
who are fit to become, and who intend to  
become, true American citizens.

THE New York Sun brilliantly illumi-  
nates the new tariff doctrine in the  
following:

The protectionists have claimed the right  
to study the various features of domestic in-  
dustry with the intention of tempering legis-  
lation according to their judgment. They  
have been accustomed to compare the condi-  
tion of any trade at home with what it was  
abroad, and to deal with it with a careful  
regard to its necessities, giving encourage-  
ment where it was deemed desirable, and dis-  
criminating against the foreigner for the  
benefit of the native. But the Democratic  
party, the people approving, have condemned  
this system as a system of robbery. They  
have described the most carefully-studied  
and skilfully-adjusted exemplification of it,  
the McKinley act, as the "culminating atroci-  
ty of class legislation." This new doctrine  
closes the door forever against the practice  
of discrimination in the regulation of the tariff,  
and prescribes revenue as the only and ever-  
ruling principle. No other idea or design can  
be entertained by the committee on ways and  
means; and therefore, the constitutional  
tariff which they are bound to prepare, must  
lay its impost upon every article in the  
schedule of importation equally and without  
discrimination. Steel, wool, tea, coffee or  
sugar, no matter what, must all pay their just  
and equal share. A free list is as impossible  
under the Democratic platform as a protec-  
tive duty. It is but another form of the un-  
constitutional robbery which constitutes  
protection. It cannot be.

THE daily press have given graphic  
accounts of the exciting scenes at-  
tending the opening of the Cherokee  
Outlet. The spirit of speculation was  
rampant. Doubtless many who took part  
are settlers in good faith, and intend to  
make for themselves a farm home in the  
new country or engage in legitimate busi-  
ness in the new towns. But the great  
majority seem to have been animated  
solely by the spirit of speculation. They  
have no further intent than the securing  
of a quarter section of land or a town lot,

to be sold at the earliest opportunity for a  
good advance on first cost. In a few  
months bona fide settlers will, in all prob-  
ability, have an opportunity to go in and  
buy some of the best lands in the new  
country for much less, considering the  
trouble, the time lost and the hardships  
endured, than they cost the successful  
ones who filed the first claims. The trials  
and hardships endured by the "boomers"  
represent a vast amount of wasted energy.  
Rightly directed, this energy would have  
achieved much toward securing a good home  
in any one of the older settled states of the  
Union. Just as soon as the wild, mad rush  
into the country was over, there com-  
menced an exodus of thousands of the un-  
successful, the disappointed or the prudent,  
as the case may be. In the wild rush not  
a few were killed or injured. There will  
be not a few contests over claims between  
the legal settlers and the "sooners." An  
Indian chief who witnessed the race from  
a hill at one of the town sites sagely re-  
marked: "White man heap fool. Train  
no good; horse beat train; man on foot who  
comes sneak beat horse. Umph! White  
man heap big fool."

IN an article in this issue on agricultural  
machinery at the Columbian exposi-  
tion attention is called to the revolu-  
tion that has taken place in the dairy  
industry. The dairy apparatus on exhibi-  
tion are contrasted with those shown at  
the Centennial exposition, and this com-  
parison enables us to realize more fully  
the great changes that have been made  
since 1876. Close observers of the progress  
of invention in dairy apparatus will not be  
surprised if another great advance is soon  
made. Recent improvements seem to assure  
the success of the butter accumulator. The  
centrifugal separator skims the cream per-  
fectly from fresh milk. The new machine  
carries the process further, and separates  
the butter from the cream. Consumers  
may soon find on the market, butter made  
almost instantaneously from sweet, fresh  
milk. In keeping qualities it surpasses  
butter made from ripened cream. As it  
has a pleasant, agreeable flavor of its own,  
the taste of consumers for the distinctive  
flavor of butter from acid cream will not  
keep it from winning its way to general  
favor in time. Although there is no dis-  
puting about tastes, and producers will  
continue to cater to the demands of the  
consumers, the butter accumulator has an  
open field before it. Its product is one of  
the highest merit. It simplifies the process  
of good butter-making and shortens the  
time between the pail and the package.  
Labor and care of handling the milk are  
reduced to the minimum. These are strong  
points in favor of this new addition to  
dairy machinery.

ONE of the agricultural experiment  
stations reports that beets raised  
from improved home-grown seed  
contain twenty-five per cent more sugar  
than beets raised from imported seed.  
Considering that the imported seed is the  
best seed from foreign countries, where  
the beet-sugar industry has been a long-  
established success, this is a remarkable  
showing. The home-grown seed gave re-  
sults from ten to twenty per cent better  
this year than last. Such rapid improve-  
ment on the best that Germany has pro-  
duced in long years, of patient work  
indicates advantages of soil and climate  
and the probability that this country will  
surpass foreign countries in the production  
of beet sugar.



## FARM AND FIRESIDE.

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We have an office at 927 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., also at Springfield, Ohio. Send your letters to the office nearest to you and address

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The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to which each subscriber has paid.

When money is received the date will be changed, which will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all of our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also, give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

## The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

## Our Farm.

## NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

**P**OUULTY-KEEPING.—Poultry as ordinarily kept on the farm and other rural homes (in limited numbers mainly) does pay, and usually pays better than any other kind of farm stock. There cannot be a particle of doubt about it. The anxious question, "Does poultry-keeping pay?" can only have reference to extensive operations. When I hear of any one keeping (or trying to keep) a thousand hens for egg production, or raising (or trying to) spring chickens by means of incubators and brooders, then I begin to feel considerable compassion for the venturesome fellow, and would like to raise my warning voice. There may be some successes in poultry-keeping and poultry-raising on a large scale, but they are few and far between, counting scarcely one to ninety and nine failures.

But as I said before, poultry in the usual numbers on the farm are a paying stock. And yet they can be made to pay still better than they really do now. The ordinary management is abominable. The scrub stock so generally met with until only a few years ago, is fortunately less common, and signs of mixture of blooded stock, especially of Plymouth Rock, Leghorns, etc., may be seen everywhere. This is at least one great step in advance, but it is only one, and more improvements in management are needed. One of them is in the matter of feeding. Corn is yet fed by far too extensively and exclusively. It is not a fit grain to be used in this manner. Wheat is cheap, and considering its value as a flesh and egg producer, much cheaper than corn. It can and should be made use of for poultry feed much more extensively than it now is.

Then there is this matter of keeping useless males. They are allowed to consume a large share of the food that might be made to produce eggs, and meat worth five or ten cents a pound more than that of old roosters. I keep one male bird for thirty to fifty hens, and the chicks I raise are strong and healthy, apparently every egg being fertile. What is the use of feeding three or four old roosters when one will do as well or better? They do more harm than good. Where hens are kept to lay eggs for table use, not for hatching, we can go much further, even, and dispense with males entirely. The York experiment in Geneva, as reported in bulletin No. 57 (June, 1893), has made some trials in this direction, and gives the following general observations:

"A pen of pullets kept without a male produced eggs at about thirty per cent less cost than an exactly similar pen with which a cockerel was kept.

"Another pen without a male gave during the first three months about the same proportionate excess of product over an exactly similar pen with which a cockerel was kept. After the development of the feather-eating habit the egg product diminished, but during eight months the total egg yields for each pen were very nearly alike.

"In each of the two pens without male birds some pullets had begun to lay from one to two months earlier than any in the corresponding pens in which male birds were kept."

A saving of thirty per cent in the cost of egg production seems to be a pretty big one, and well worth looking after. It is in itself large enough to turn loss to profit, or to double or treble the profits. At the same time these experiments remind us of the losses that may result of even so small a matter as feather-eating. Bad habits of this kind should not be allowed in a flock of fowls, and whenever the first signs of it appear, they should be stamped out by the prompt removal, by killing, of the offenders. Don't let such a habit infect your whole flock, or the profits will soon go.

I have to say something more about keeping males. About one half the number of chicks in any flock are males. If they are early, so to be fit for "roasters" in June or July, you should always dispose of them at that time at the high prices then obtainable. You will make more money selling your two-and-a-half or three pound cockerels at twenty-five or thirty cents a pound than by selling five or six pound roosters at ten cents a pound in late fall or winter. Don't keep "spring chickens" until they are old roosters. The question only is what to do with the late young cockerels. When they are of "spring chicken" size, early or late autumn has come, when the demand for "spring chickens" is past and the call is for old hens. To keep the young cockerels over means to raise a lot of old cocks of little value. I cannot afford to raise that kind of stock. They are a nuisance on the place, always mischievous, harassing laying hens and reducing the profits, and at best they will bring only eight or ten cents a pound that has cost you more than that amount to produce. My way now is to turn them into capons, and thus double the value of their flesh. I am not prepared to say that capons grow faster or lay on more flesh from a given amount of food than unaltered males do, but I believe it. The energy which in the male goes into the reproductive organs, and his spirit and actions, must surely have some effect on flesh production, if saved for this purpose as in the capon. Be that as it may, however, there is the fact of the difference in price. A pound of old rooster is worth from six to ten cents; a pound of capon from eighteen to twenty-five cents. This alone shows the folly of keeping males when it is so easy to double or treble their value by caponizing. The operation, after you have once undertaken it and succeeded, is the easiest thing in the world, and causes but little pain and inconvenience to the fowl, if you do it right and with proper tools. We had to learn it from books and printed instructions, and succeeded beyond expectation, although I think that these instructions might have been made much plainer than now found even in Dow's book. With my little practical experience I think nothing of caponizing twenty chicks before dinner; and I see no reason why a single one of them should be lost in consequence of the operation. I do not say that any one—man, woman or child—should undertake it or is capable of doing it. You should have at least an average amount of mechanical skill. Clumsy fingers have no business to operate on a live fowl. If you are a little nervous at first, it will do no hurt. Your nervousness will wear off after you operate on two or three fowls and see how easy the job is and how little pain it apparently causes to the bird. An excessively nervous person, however, should not undertake it. You must have full confidence in your ability to do it just right, and then go ahead without fear and trembling. And when you are at it once it is far better to operate on all the fowls ready for the operation in one day than fuss along with two or three every few days. The beginner is apt to be a little nervous when he goes for the first bird; but after he gets his hand in once, everything moves off smoothly and nicely. His hand becomes steady, and the work passes off rapidly. Of course, it is an advantage if you can see some one perform the operation, even on a single bird.

No more is needed to teach you the whole operation. But the average person does not often have a chance to see it done. I believe I can describe the process in such a manner that a skilful person will not have the least difficulty in operating on a live fowl, and if this information is desired I will give it in the next issue.

T. GREINER.

## PLAIN TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

Whatever may be the result of the present attempt by Congress to regulate the currency of the country, or the extent of the feeling pro and con the tariff question, there is one question which vitally affects the interests of our people, and which must have the early attention of our legislators.

The immigrant question has long had the earnest thought of students of political economy, and it deserves closer attention by our great political parties. But, like all questions of moment which our legislators are called upon to handle, it must receive its impetus at the hands of the people. It is therefore assuredly time that our people better understand the monstrous wrongs done them by the laws which permit a wholesale dumping upon our shores of the worst elements of foreign nations. The present laws, ostensibly framed to prevent the landing of paupers, are farcical in the extreme. Statistics show us that the average sum possessed by each immigrant landing on our shores for the six months ending June, 1892, was \$20.09. There are hundreds of native-born Americans, familiar with the language and customs of this country who have had more than this sum, and yet have been reduced by one circumstance and another to poverty. Yet our statesmen would have us believe that so small a sum is a sufficient guarantee that the new arrival will not become an object of public charity.

Statistics are dry and oftentimes unintelligible, so let us rather view this question from the standpoint of present events than find its basis on figures. The depression through which we are passing has brought to the light more facts than could be gleaned from a pyramid of figures, and they give unmistakable evidence of the necessity for a broad handling of this question by the people through their representatives in Congress. Like the question of a national currency, it is broad enough and important enough to be lifted above the plane of partisanship; it ought to be and must be handled as a question involving patriotism, not politics.

During the recent gatherings in New York City of supposed laboring people who assembled for the purpose of inciting each other to riot, it was supposed that their desperate language was based on their needs, which bordered on starvation. As an offset to this position, the captain of the police precinct in which these meetings were held makes the following decided statement through the press in reply to the charge that he is breaking up peaceable public gatherings permitted by the law. He says:

"This is a mob; an unorganized body of men. They are not citizens; they don't speak our language; they make and listen to speeches which are inciting to riot; they are not very hungry men, those that I have seen. Look for yourself. They are mostly young fellows with good clothes, some of them with watches and chains. There was one young fellow down at —'s soup-house yesterday, who dropped a bank-book on the floor after eating a free meal."

After reading this speech from a man who is in a position to know whereof he speaks, I visited the districts where destitution was the greatest, and in every case found that the desperation, the inciting to riot, the speeches whose words if acted upon meant murder, were from people who were not citizens, but, if one may judge aught by the workings of the human face, men and women outcasts from their native countries, daring, reckless, and in many cases criminal, while the people who listened to their remarks were in the main like themselves, devoid of the material which makes up even ordinary morality; or they were of the lowest order of intelligence, easily swayed by words which excited their greed and in total ignorance of the laws of the country. On the other hand, while it is true that many of these people are in want of food, there is great destitution among all the poor of the great city; but it will be found that

where this want exists among native-born Americans, be they of French, Irish or German extraction, they are quiet and peaceable, and make their condition known in a manner which brings relief.

These two instances tell the story better than statistics. God forbid that any man should begrudge another food to sustain life, no matter what his degree, but can we not justly consider that if it were not for this class of foreign criminals and weak-minded men and women, our own poor and the better class of the foreign-born poor on our shores might have work and food.

The worst and most decided effects of our illogical laws governing immigration are felt in our great cities, and especially those which are seaports; but the effects are slowly yet surely eating their poisonous way through the entire country. The undesirable foreign element is fast working its way into all of the occupations where physical strength and a modicum of intelligence are the desiderata. Italians are taking the places of the Irish and the Germans in our shops and on our railroads; in the cities they occupy, besides the well-known fields of labor, the positions of street vendors of fruits, notions, etc., positions which ten years ago were mainly filled by our partially-disabled war veterans.

To point out still further the utter futility of our laws which are supposed to improve the class of immigrants landing here, statistics show us that in 1892, France, who sent us the richest and most desirable class of immigrants, sent only 10,000, while the countries of Poland, Italy and Hungary, which send us only their undesirable people, and who supply us with ninety-nine per cent of the undesirable element, sent in the same year nearly 132,000 people. Further, over 8,000 Russian Jews were sent on tickets furnished by the "Baron Hirsch fund," and nearly all were destitute. Moreover, this was done in direct violation of the law which forbids the landing of foreigners if their passage is paid for by another, or if they are assisted by others. So much for the law.

Whatever may be the feeling of the white population in the southern states regarding the negro, it must be confessed that they view this question of foreign immigration with much more common sense than do we in the North. Two years ago, as the accredited representative of a New York agricultural journal, I had an extended interview with Governor Tillman, of South Carolina. During my talk with him the question of the betterment of the agricultural industry of his state came up, and I naturally asked the governor if South Carolina desired immigrants. His reply was certainly to the point.

"Yes," he said, "we want your northern farmers who are trained in the methods and thrift of your northern agriculture. Send them here and we will help them to land, learn of them and do all in our power to make them contented and happy. But do not send us your Italians; we prefer our negroes."

I have italicized this last sentence in order to give it in some degree the emphasis with which Governor Tillman covered it. There is a world of meaning in this remark, and the reader needs no help in order to properly apply it to the question at issue.

Space will not permit of the mention of the hundreds of other points which might be brought out to show the utter inadequacy of our present immigration laws. Nay, more; these laws as they now exist are a constant menace to the prosperity of our country and people. The laws should be based on the utmost protection to American labor of all grades, and we should declare before the world that while we have room and a welcome for people of all nations who will come and make good citizens and add to our strength, we will not permit the landing of a single person who is likely, even in the slightest degree, to menace the rights, liberties or property of our native-born.

The one extreme is the shutting out, for a time at least, of all emigrants. This may not be feasible, but we should no longer allow the free use of the other extreme. There is a safe and equitable middle ground, and it is our duty to find it and occupy it. Why, under our present laws, even those who take advantage of them



laugh at us for being so lax. In the report of the New York commissioner of labor, a Hungarian mechanic is quoted as saying:

"I go back to Hungary a rich man. I will live like a baron. I get married and enjoy myself for all my trials here. \* \* Capital in America wants protection. America had better protect its native-born poor workingman. I have got enough for myself, now I can tell the truth."

Surely, no stronger argument in favor of better laws covering immigration, is needed than the above.

The above facts are placed before your readers as food for reflection, and you are asked to answer for yourself and your countrymen whether it is not your duty as a ruler in this great land to demand of your congressional representatives that they enact laws to protect you from the thousands of vicious pauper criminals which European nations are only too glad to rid themselves of, and whom they are known to materially assist in getting into this land of prosperity.

Let us remember that while the power to work this reform is in our own hands, it will be of little avail unless we use it in the only effective way open to us.

BARTON HALL.

#### AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

[Read before the Columbus Horticultural Society, by Prof. Thomas F. Hunt, Ohio State University.]

Of the two hundred acres of floor space under roof in the exposition structures at the world's fair, about seventy-five acres are devoted to agriculture, horticulture, forestry, dairying and livestock. This ignores the exhibit of vehicles and farm wagons in the transportation department, where there are in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty exhibitors. This also ignores the fine exhibit in the government building devoted to agriculture and kindred subjects. This estimate takes no account of the exhibits in the state buildings, which, in some buildings, such as California and Illinois, form an exhibit in themselves.

In one line, the promotion of which this society devotes itself, there is an exhibit which in its adaptation to the ends sought, has probably never been surpassed. I have heard many things in the exposition criticised by those who make criticism the chief aim of life, but I have yet to hear of one person who criticised the landscape effect of this great exposition either from the standpoint of beauty or utility.

What has been classified under the head of agricultural machinery by the exposition authorities, occupies about four acres in the agricultural annex. This annex is 312x550 feet, and extends south from the palace of agriculture, which is 800x500 feet. The wind-mill exhibit, an exhibit of considerable proportion and interest, is in the open air just south of the annex. The exhibit of dairy implements, including fifteen exhibitors, is in the south gallery of the main agricultural building. There is a pump exhibit in the annex to the machinery hall, which includes six exhibitors. The farm-well exhibit is with the oil exhibit, south of machinery hall. Part of the road-machinery exhibit is in the transportation building, while a part is in the open air.

The lawn-mower exhibit is in the horticultural building. Naturally the patent-office exhibit of the government must claim some of our attention, inasmuch as it is possible for them to show the development of agricultural implements. This exhibit is very interesting, but it is not above criticism.

I spent a portion of nine days at the world's fair in June, before all the exhibits were in place. As I wished to see a little of all the wonders of this two to three hundred acres under roof, and some things that were not under roof, it does not take much of a mathematician to surmise that I did not see the four acres of agricultural machinery with any degree of completeness.

On the floor of the agricultural annex there are about two hundred exhibitors, counting Germany and France as single exhibitors. Of this number Ohio furnishes nineteen exhibitors, or about one tenth the number.

This display of agricultural implements is the most magnificent the world has ever seen. I use the word magnificent advisedly. Not content with covering the iron work with nickel and finishing the woodwork in the highest art known to the cabinet maker, silver and gold trimmings have been used on the iron, and the wood has been inlaid in many cases with

pearl, and pen-work and oil painting, which are real works of art, furnish adornment. This magnificence has been a subject of criticism among foreigners. You and I care nothing about seeing how well the French and German makers of agricultural implements can finish their work, but we are intensely interested in seeing how well they do make implements which are calculated to see actually service in the field.

After all, these works of art are, in some senses, singularly appropriate. There is a great difference between a successful inventor and the successful manufacturer of an agricultural implement. For example, it is claimed that there is not a principle in the McCormick harvester which Mr. McCormick invented, or anyone in the firm ever invented. Mr. McCormick did, it is claimed, invent several things connected with the reaping of grain, and did attempt to put them in practice, but they were found of no value. But no one doubts that Mr. McCormick was a successful manufacturer, and that the firm which bears his name continues to stand in the front rank of manufacturers. On the other hand, Marsh, Appleby and others, who made possible by their inventions the perfect binder of to-day, are not known as manufacturers.

Now, if we look back over the truly wonderful progress which has been made in the manufacture of agricultural implements since the centennial exposition, can anyone point out a single invention that has been made during that time that has had or is likely to have any marked influence on the agriculture of this country. If, however, we look back over the twenty-five years preceding the centennial we can trace the introduction of cultivators, seeding machinery, threshing machinery, and above all and beyond all, reaping machinery, culminating in 1873 in the self-binder, which was exhibited at the centennial exposition. I am not writing sentimental gush when I say that this machine has not only revolutionized farming, but there is not a civilized nation in the world that has not, from its highest potentate to its humblest citizen, been more or less affected by the introduction of this truly wonderful machine.

Much advance has been made in agricultural machinery since the centennial exposition, but this advance has been made largely in the use of materials and the quality of workmanship rather than in the invention of machines of a distinctly new character.

Is there any machine exhibited among the agricultural machines which holds any such place as did the self-binder of 1876? I am inclined to think not among what are classified as agricultural implements, but among dairy implements I think we are at the beginning of a great change. To be sure this beginning has already been well made, but to the multitude the centrifugal separator and the butter-extractor and the Babcock tester are as much novelties as was the self-binder in 1876.

The centrifugal cream-separator is a success beyond all question, whether for the purpose of skimming two hundred or two thousand pounds of milk per hour. In the place of leaving about one fifth of the butter fat in the skim-milk, as is done by the most approved methods of gravity-setting, for all practical purposes all the fat is taken out of the milk by the cream-separator. The handling of this large amount of milk, and the handling each day about six times the vessels in which it is placed, is wrestled at once from the housewife. Just consider what this means in the domestic life of several millions of families in these United States. The introduction of agricultural implements has already greatly lessened the burdens of the household on the farm. The introduction of dairy machinery is going to do much more than has been done. Nor is it idle for us who are interested in the advancement of agriculture, using the term in its wide sense, to consider these things. Nothing to-day stands so much in the way of having our fair land tilled by educated men, as does the work that is entailed upon the good housewife.

If we look upon the cream-separator as a great invention, what shall we say of the machine which literally knocks butter out of fresh milk, and does it, so far as human conception is concerned, instantaneously? Is this not revolutionary to those who have for centuries followed the methods of the Arabs? And this machine is quite as much of a success as was the self-binder in 1876.

Heretofore there has not been any rational method by which milk-cows could be selected that was practicable for the average farmer. The Babcock tester has made this practicable. The cream-separator and the Babcock tester are being used every day in the dairy building of the exposition, with many other dairy implements, and they are thus brought forcibly to the attention of every visitor who will take the trouble to walk that way.

In the Danish exhibit in the agricultural building is a stuffed cow, a shorthorn, evidently, and on this cow in its proper position was strapped a Danish milking-machine, which I examined with more than usual interest. This is what the *Farm Implement News* says about a trial that has been made with it:

"To all appearances a brighter day has dawned for the cow. The cause is the apparent success of the Danish milking-machine. The machine itself has been on exhibition in the Danish section of the agricultural building for several weeks, but last week an exhibition was given of its utility, four cows being milked. It is claimed for the machine that it is a saving of one half of the time, that it is not one tenth as fatiguing as the old way; that it is more cleanly; that the cow can not kick the pail over; that the cow likes it, and that it can never injure her. The trial seems to sustain all these claims, though some of them could not be positively sustained without a continuous use of the machine. As to the cows, they seem to enjoy it immensely. Though surrounded by a noisy crowd of people they seemed to understand that the proceeding was all in their interest, and though they opened their eyes and stared around them in a frightened way, they gave down their milk in the most approved fashion."

Do not these dairy implements mark as great an advance in the dairy world as did the self-binder of 1876 in grain farming?

#### CHANGING PHASES OF SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

Several years ago farmers in Wisconsin and at other points in the West began letting go their fine wool sheep, because the price for wool was unsatisfactory. For a time sheep husbandry sagged greatly, Wisconsin losing about 500,000 between 1885 and 1890. A few years since the industry took a new turn, brought about by the excellent price of mutton sheep in comparison with hogs, and for a couple of years past, up to the present season, there has been a genuine boom in the mutton breeds. With the present low prices for wool a good many who have worked up considerable zeal are wavering and doubtful of the future. To all such the *Gazette* urges patience and a careful consideration of the circumstances under which we are placed.

It is never safe to predict the fluctuations of trade, for no man can see all of the factors which enter into the problem, and if he did, he could not measure the relative importance and bearing of each of them. There are certain facts, however, which must stand as surely as the hills themselves. Our American people are becoming mutton-eaters; that is, of genuine mutton, not the woolly, paper-shelled carcass of the fine-wooled sheep, but the thick, juicy cuts of the mutton breeds. There are many farms in the West where a flock of mutton sheep, not a large one, can be kept at comparatively small expense, none, scarcely, when their beneficial effects are credited to them. These sheep need special care at lambing-time, good pasture and forage at all times, and grain for growing lambs, the breeding ewes at times, and those that are being fattened. It is claimed that Merinos require but little care and can be bunched into large flocks. Such merits do not hold with the mutton sheep, which from their English handling must be kept in small flocks, looked after with care and liberally fed.

It matters but little to the owners of a flock of good mutton sheep whether Australia can produce wool at fifteen cents or at twenty-five cents per pound; there are customers in the first town for his product, which finds a home market just as successfully as does fine butter. Should he be forced to go beyond his own trading town, the larger cities await his product, ready to pay a good price for it. Our experiment stations are showing us that a pound of mutton can be produced about as cheaply as a pound of pork, giving due consideration to the difference in the kinds of food required. Not so many farmers will take up mutton production by choice as pork production, and surely there is as

great a possibility of overproduction with pork as with fine mutton.

A couple of years since we were congratulating an exhibitor of Downs at a fair on his fine animals and the high prices he was getting for them, the boom then being on. He replied that several years before, when wool was fifteen cents per pound, he had declared to his wife that that was the time to go into sheep, that he had done so, and now was reaping his reward. Already there is an increase in the consumption of mutton, which the *Gazette* believes will be further greatly augmented. We have a parallel in the dairy business. For years past it has been argued that with the establishment of so many creameries the prices for butter would fall below that of profit. Creameries have sprung up by the hundreds, many of them turning out a ton or more of butter each day, and yet there is no surfeit. The truth is, there has not been such a greatly increased output; but through the factory system the quality of the goods has been greatly improved, and any market can stand an improvement in quality for a long time without breaking.

The wheat grower of to-day finds his crop selling on the market at less than the actual cost of production—a crop, too, that impoverishes the land rapidly and has little of the elements of thrift bound up in its cultivation. The grower of mutton sheep finds prices lagging somewhat, but the market is widening, consumers are learning the flavor of fine mutton, and this crop with its "golden hoof" blesses the land beyond any other of the farm. The flock-owner has a double crop, wool and mutton, and by the law of chances he will make more hits than does the grower of a single crop, or an animal devoted to a single purpose. To the one that has been leaning toward wool production there is less of consolation, perhaps none in the situation, for the times teach that on many farms fine mutton, with what wool will naturally accompany it, is a far better object to be aimed at than wool with mutton as an incident.

Now is the time to cull the flock closely and get rid of all weaklings and those that give but small returns; by no means let go a good breeding ewe of the mutton type. She will almost pay her way with the wool, low as it may rule for some time yet, leaving the lambs for profit. See to it that a good ram is purchased; take no other; if ever the saying was true that the head is worth half the flock, it is now.—*Breeder's Gazette*.

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Mr. G. W. Twist.

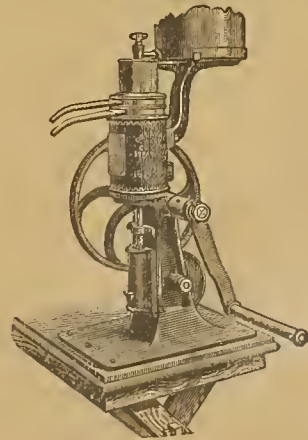
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## Our Farm.

### FIELD AND GARDEN NOTES.

**ENEMIES UNLOOKED FOR.**—Sometimes we have carried one or the other of our garden crops through all right and unharmed by the enemies of that particular crop spoken of by the books. Then all at once something comes and makes short work of the crop and our high-strung hopes and expectations. The books do not always tell of all the foes which come to deprive us of a part of what we think rightfully belongs to us alone.

My melons were looking fine and the ground seemed to be covered with Emerald Gem, Tip Top, Netted Gem, White Japan and other muskmelons, and Long Dixie watermelons. The bugs had been kept off successfully by covering the hills, among the plants, with a mixture of tobacco and bone-dust. Some of the plants had been started in strawberry-baskets in the greenhouse, and consequently were quite early. The dry and warm season also had been favorable, so that there was hardly a sign of the melon-blight, so destructive to melon, cucumber and squash vines in ordinary seasons. We looked forward with fond anticipations to a season of melons in plenty.

Just as the first specimens began to ripen, some enemy came under cover of the night. Melons were found torn off the vines and scattered about, showing marks of sharp teeth. Now and then we came across a specimen half eaten. The marauders evidently had come from the creek near by, and proved to be a family of muskrats. The war then began.

I set a half dozen steel traps in the melon-patch, well disguised, and scattered pieces of luscious melons among and near them. Another trap or two were placed in the muskrat runs near the water's edge. For several nights the animals kept away from the traps, but continued this work of destruction in another part of the patch. I watched the patch for hours during several moonlight nights, shot-gun in hand, without getting sight of the animals. The melons were taken, all the same.

But at last I was rewarded, and one after another of the rats went into the traps. About this time we had a good rainfall, over four inches in one night. Two of the animals got caught that same night and both rats were actually drowned. It proves, too, what a terrible rain we must have had.

Now, after we got the rats we got the melons, and luscious ones they are, indeed. There is nothing in the patch, however, as yet equals the Emerald Gem, although the others already named are fairly good and quite productive. When I want a real feast I take a thoroughly ripe Emerald Gem, cut it through the middle, remove the seeds and scoop out the sweet, aromatic flesh with a spoon. It is a delightful dish.

**KEEPING CABBAGES.**—It will soon be time to think of storing vegetables for winter use. Cabbages may be left out in the field until there is danger of the ground freezing up solid. Should the heads show an inclination to crack before it is time to harvest them, you may pull or push them over sideways in order to loosen some of the roots. This will stop the cracking.

When cold weather is approaching, pull the cabbages out by the roots, wrap the loose, outside leaves tightly around the hearts, and stand the plants upside down in rows upon a dry spot, or perhaps still better, under a shed. Here they may be left until cold weather, to be used in the meantime as wanted, or to be gathered and stored in winter quarters at the proper time.

There is no need of making much fuss about the cabbages wanted for use during the early part of the winter. You may simply throw them into a corner of the barn or some outbuilding, and cover up with straw, hay, or blankets, etc. Thus you can get at them at any time when wanted, and they will keep fresh and nice. If they freeze a little it will do no harm.

Another good way of keeping cabbage for use during the winter is to sink a barrel into the ground, pack this full of cabbage heads, using dry leaves for covering and filling, and then put over it some kind of roof or cover to keep out the rain and snow. Only a very few cabbages should find a place in the cellar under the living-rooms, for the odor they emit when once

beginning to decay is anything but pleasant and healthful.

A subscriber of FARM AND FIRESIDE, A. D. Jameson, of Ohio, recommends the following plan of keeping cabbages: Pull the cabbage, he says, and remove what decayed leaves there may be. Pack in dry-goods boxes until nearly full, then cover with four inches of dry clay loam and place the boxes in a dry, cool cellar. When a head is removed, replace the loam as before. The cabbages should be packed in as solidly as possible. If the cellar is not too warm the cabbages will keep as fresh as in the garden during the summer.

**THE ONION CROP.**—Owing to the long-continued drought, my onion crop is only a fraction of what it ought to be. White Victoria, Yellow Globe, Puget Sound, Danvers and a new red sort sent out by Peter Henderson & Co. this spring, have failed to give a single good-sized bulb. Prize Taker, in the same patch with the others, gives fine-looking onions, real beauties, and of fair market size, a great many of the specimens weighing perhaps half a pound apiece, and all are salable. My boy retails them in Niagara Falls right along at from thirty-five to forty cents a ten-quart peach-basket, and wholesales to grocers at \$1.25 per five-peck crate.

Hereafter I am going to stick to the Prize Taker. I usually know a good thing when I see it. I have boomed this onion from the very first year that it was introduced, as the king of all onions, and I have nothing to take back now. I should have followed my own advice when I knew it to be good, and planted nothing but Prize Takers, instead of experimenting with Yellow Globes, Ivory Balls, Victorias, etc., all of which have not proved a third as profitable as the Prize Taker.

Next year I shall plant Prize Taker and none other, except Barletta for pickling, and perhaps Early American Pearl or Autumn Wax in August for wintering over. My August sowing of these kinds, intended for bunching next spring, is only coming up nicely just now (Sept. 9th), dry weather having delayed germination of the seed. Now the soil has plenty of moisture, and if the weather should remain favorable until pretty near December, probably the seedlings will be large enough to winter well and give me some fine green onions early next spring.

In the meantime I expect to raise a small crop of bunch-onions in the greenhouse. Have sowed seed in flats about August 1st; the seedlings will be transplanted in the greenhouse bench in October, and will be put on the market when ready for sale, or whenever there is a demand for them.

I believe this crop can be made quite profitable. The onions will bear close planting. Rows may be three inches apart, and the plants one inch apart in the row. This gives forty-eight plants to the square foot, and they should bring from twenty to forty cents. Possibly the cold-frames might be utilized in growing bunch-onions during the winter. JOSEPH.

### Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

#### RASPBERRY CULTURE.

It is strange that the raspberry is not more generally cultivated than it is, being easy of culture, excellent for canning, readily prepared for dessert, and certain of a good crop each year. Every owner of a home would do well to devote a few rods of his land to so valuable a fruit. If one hundred plants are selected of different varieties, planted and well cared for, they will provide an abundance of fruit for an ordinary family through a period of several weeks.

When only a few plants are set out they may be placed along a fence, as the plant delights in partial shade. When many are planted, as for market purposes, they should be planted in rows seven feet apart and four feet apart in the row. Cultivation with plow and hoe is preferable the first season, after which a good mulch of straw or clover appears to produce better results, the mulch not only keeping down the weeds, but keeping the soil moist and cool, a condition best favoring the development of the fruit.

After the bearing season is over, the old canes should be carefully cut out and burned. They are cut out that all the nourishment from the roots may go to the new canes, and thus enable them to fully ripen the new growth and thus prevent winter-killing. The old canes are burned to destroy any larvæ of injurious insects which may have been deposited therein.

As the new canes reach a height of three or four feet, the tips should be cut off, that numerous laterals may be thrown out, and thus form a bushy plant, which will the more readily stand erect. For this cutting of tips I have found no better tool than a pair of sheep-shears, with which one may go over a large number of plants in a short time.

As to varieties, who can decide when so many valuable ones are offered him, each with some claim peculiar to itself, and most of them deserving of trial. The chief object is to get varieties with firm, large, well-flavored fruit, whose seasons of ripening are not simultaneous. The Souhegan is usually counted the earliest, but I have an unknown variety, of equal quality and fruitfulness, which by a number of years of careful culture, has been ripening from five to ten days earlier than the Souhegan. The Palmer is an excellent variety, early and productive, as is also the Ohio. The Gregg is a favorite, and Shaffer's Colossal is admired for its enormous fruits, which are produced in abundance. The Golden Queen is one of the most beautiful berries, large, hardy, finely flavored, but not overly productive here.

With raspberries, as with most other fruits, one must contend with fungus diseases and insect foes in many localities. The root and stem borers are liable to attack the plants, and may be detected by the drooping of the canes. The injured canes should be cut out and burned.

Cane-rust, or anthracnose, a fungus disease, is perhaps the worst enemy to the raspberry, and in some localities has been very troublesome. Three or four applications of Bordeaux mixture, in the form of a spray, will prove sufficient if the canes are not badly affected. If seriously diseased, it is best to destroy all the old plants and start a new plantation.

With raspberries to follow strawberries, and continue until the first early blackberries may yield good pickings, who will underestimate their value?

JOHN L. SHAWVER.

### INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

**Apples Rotting on the Trees.**—T. A. J., Athens, Tenn. It is probably possible to prevent the apples from rotting by spraying them with Bordeaux mixture three or four times during the growing season, but varieties that need such treatment are not worth growing, unless of very superior quality; although, if you are troubled with the apple-scab, it would, perhaps, pay you to spray all kinds so effected and those which rot as well. If you have but a few trees of the kind which rots, it would be a good plan to graft them with some healthier kind.

**Sowing Rye Among Raspberries.**—J. P. D., Sioux City, Iowa, writes: "Would it be a good plan to sow rye between the raspberry rows in the fall?"

REPLY:—No, because it would bother you to get rid of it next season. It would afford some winter protection, but for this purpose is no better than oats, which kills out in winter. The advantage of this work is that the stems of the grain hold the snow in winter, which would otherwise blow off. It is more desirable for orchards than for raspberries, which generally hold the snow sufficiently well without this protection. Where mice are abundant, the straw makes a harboring-place for them, and the snow must be trodden down around the trees, or they must be protected from their depredations in some other way.

**Plum-pits Wanted.—Plum Seedlings.**—A. F., Grand Junction, Col., writes: "I wish to know where I can get a lot of plum-pits. I want to plant them and bud on them.—Are there any varieties that will come true from seed? Do prunes come true from seed? Are there any firms that deal in seeds of that description? Where can I get a book that teaches the art of propagation of all kinds of fruits?"

REPLY:—I do not know where you can get plum-pits, as they are rather difficult to obtain. Perhaps you can induce the children of your vicinity or elsewhere to gather them from the woods. This is the practice of many nurserymen. But you can buy rooted cuttings of Marianna plum, and sometimes plum seedlings, very cheap. For Colorado, seedlings of the northern wild plum are preferable, but the Marianna cuttings will do admirably, and are probably what is easiest for you to obtain. You can get them at most of the southern nurseries.—There are no plums or prunes that can be depended upon to come true from seed, though many of them may produce seedlings of very good quality. Most of the larger nurserymen deal in tree-seeds, though they seldom have plum-pits other than the Myrobalan to sell, and plants of it are not so desirable as those of the Marianna, although they are used in large quantities in almost every large nursery, and until the introduction of the Marianna a few years ago, it was almost the only stock generally used for plums.—Fuller's "Propagation of Plants" is a good book on the subject. It can be obtained of FARM AND FIRESIDE for \$1.50.

**Cherry-tree Slug.**—W. M., Arcadia, Washington. The cherry leaves have been injured

by what is called the cherry-tree slug, which is a small caterpillar something less than one half inch long and somewhat resembling a tadpole. They are quite easily kept in check by dusting the infested foliage with air-slaked lime. This may be dusted on the tree from a bag of some open fabric, which may be attached to a pole.

**Cranberry Culture in the South.**—W. W. G., Deervanna, S. C. So far as I can learn, cranberries have never been cultivated as far south as the locality you mention. It is my opinion that they cannot be grown successfully in such a warm climate. If any of our readers have had experience in growing cranberries in the South I should be very glad to hear from them in regard to it.

**Trimming Orchards.—Best Fruits for Home and Market.**—B. D., Nashville, Mo., writes: "What is the best treatment for an old orchard which blossoms, but bears poorly? What few apples are on the trees partially rot, then fall off. Many of the trees bloom, but do not bear. Will trimming help this? What is the best raspberry for this locality (southwest Missouri)? What are the best strawberries? What small fruits would you recommend for home and market?"

REPLY:—Judicious trimming and good cultivation may help considerably, but I rather think the varieties are inferior, and suggest that such be regrafted with more profitable kinds. Of the black raspberries, perhaps the Nemaha or Gregg is the best; and of the reds, the Turner or Cutbert. Of the strawberries, Warfield, Haverland and Crescent, of the pistillate kinds, and Beder Wood and Michel's Early, of the perfect-flowering varieties. That depends very much upon whether the market is near by or far away, and the soil upon which you are located. Please give further particulars in regard to these matters.

**Strawberry and Raspberry Seedlings.—Best Raspberry.—Tansy for Insects.**—J. E. F., Prescott, Wash. You can grow strawberries and raspberries from seed, but seedling plants are only occasionally of much value, and considerable care is required to grow them, although the process is not difficult when once understood.—The proper way for you to do is to buy plants of the varieties which do best in your location. Get them of some good, reliable nurseryman or grower of them in your state, if possible. Before buying consult neighboring fruit growers, if there are any; largely follow their advice as to varieties. If you have not this opportunity, then try of red raspberries Marlboro, Cutbert, Turner; of black raspberries, Ohio and Gregg.—Tansy is of no use whatever as an insecticide. It has been very carefully tried in various ways many times, but never successfully.

**Apple-borers.**—A. P. H., Greenwich, Conn. The difficulty in this case arises from the trees having been neglected, so that now they are badly infested. It cannot be too strongly urged on the growers of apple-trees that it is of great importance to look them over at least twice during the season, once in July and once in September, and remove the borers. They are then very small, and are easily cut out or killed by inserting a wire into the borings. But a better way of keeping this pest out, where it is very abundant is to wash the trunks of the tree in June, July and August with soft soap, thinned with water to the thickness of paint. A piece of soap laid in the crotches of the trees will aid in this matter, as a part of it will be washed down the trunk in each rain; but besides this, the trunks should have at least one good painting of soap about the first of June in the northern states, and somewhat earlier further south. This wash is very offensive to the beetles of this borer, and they avoid trees so treated. It will also help to remove all grass and trash from near the base of the trees. As a remedy for your infested trees, I suggest that the borers be cleaned out at once, using a flexible wire for this purpose. Then bank them for at least six inches above the injury with clean earth, packed firmly. Under the earth the healing-over process will go on rapidly, if the bark is still intact. If the girdle extends completely around the tree and the trunk is riddled with holes, the case is almost hopeless, but even then the best treatment is to bank up, as recommended.

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## Our Farm.

## SEEN AT THE FAIR.

**N**EAR the eastern entrance to horticultural hall at the Ohio state fair, the Ohio food and dairy commissioner, Mr. F. B. McNeal, had an exhibit and men in attendance, showing the various forms of adulteration practiced by manufacturers of grocers, and provision dealers' goods. The most noticeable article shown was an imitation coffee-berry formed like coffee, and made of rye flour and molasses flavored with chicory. It is furnished for the adulteration of berry coffee, and sold for seven cents a pound.

The chemists' report of adulterated articles, analyzed for the Ohio dairy and food commission, for the year ending May 1st, 1893, was handed to all who chose to take it. It contains forty-three pages, and is entirely filled with the most startling examples in almost every kind of grocers' goods. Those who believe that the dairy and food commissioner is an ornamental officer who could be dispensed with, had best send to the secretary of state at Columbus for a copy of this report before they become fixed in their belief. Some most startling revelations are made. For example, samples of cream of tartar were analyzed that contained 73 per cent of gypsum and but 13 of cream of tartar. Other samples, largely adulterated with gypsum, contained no cream of tartar, the sourness coming from 10 to 14 per cent of acid phosphate.

One sample of coffee made in Canton, contained 65 per cent coffee, 20 per cent chicory and 15 per cent coffee-hull, peas, hairs, dirt and wool.

A sample of buckwheat flour sold in Akron, and put up by the American Cereal Company, contained 50 per cent buckwheat and 50 per cent wheat flour. The American Cereal Company is one of the wealthiest milling firms in the country, and the president of it is widely known as a *philanthropist*.

Close to this exhibit was that of the Ohio experiment station. Among many other things of interest the station showed a large and vigorous plant of rape, which has always held a prominent place in British agriculture. As this plant is wholly a pasture plant to be fed off in autumn, and is too spiky to be fed to dairy cows giving milk, its place in American farming will be a narrow one, especially so long as wool is down to present starvation prices.

One of the showiest and most interesting exhibits in the flower line was that of a collection of flowering cannas of the Crozy type, shown by a Delaware county florist. One of the cheapest, most showy and effective floral ornaments to the lawn can be made by deeply spading a circular bed of five or six feet in diameter, working in a heaping wheelbarrow load of manure and planting it with flowering cannas. After they once get started they take care of themselves until frost, when they can be lifted and stored in a dry, warm cellar for use another year.

In the competition between counties for the best one hundred plates of fruit, the counties of Lucas and Ottawa were nearly a tie, but the fact that the plates in the latter exhibit were much the fullest and very artistically arranged with reference to color, enabled Ottawa to carry off the first premium. This is the second time in the last ten years when taste in arrangement carried off the prize, other points being about equal.

In viewing the gardeners exhibit, I could not help wondering when the limit in size was going to be reached, and whether 27-pound Hubbard squashes and 12-pound nutmeg melons were not too large for profitable use, with the average consumer. A family gets tired of squash before the whole of it can be consumed, and the result is that most of a very large squash is wasted. One of 5 or 6 pounds is much more desirable. The same is true of cabbages, and some other vegetables. Watermelons are the only exception, for most of us will set up nights rather than see one waste, be it ever so large.

The dry, hot summer has been particularly favorable to the production of melons of both species, and they helped California fruit and the pauper-grown banana to bridge the yawning chasm left when apples and pears failed to materialize. On the heels of the melons came plums in plenty, with peaches a close second, so the public in Ohio cities have scarcely noticed the almost total absence

of the apple crop except when they wished for pies.

The wonderful exhibit of grapes at the fair, there being nearly four hundred plates, show that there will be no scarcity of this fruit, and the grapes will be seen in our markets, alongside of the Florida orange, to grace the New Year's feast.

Among the grapes, I noticed a new black grape, originated by the veteran pomologist, Geo. W. Campbell. It is of a large size, both in bunch and berry, and of very excellent flavor. One can easily part the seeds from the surrounding pulp without detecting the least acid or pungent taste, and the pulp is meaty like the Muscat Hamburg, which is one of its parents. What is of equal importance with its quality, is its habits of growth and foliage. The foliage is like the Concord, only larger and thicker; more robust in every way. Some samples of leaves shown were wonders of health. Mr. C. is very enthusiastic over this hybrid, and considers it the crowning success of a life devoted to improving and crossing the grape.

The Murdy plum attracted a great deal of attention. This resembles the Pond's seedling, only it is much larger. It is claimed that the tree is much more vigorous and productive. The Albaugh Nursery Company have already disseminated sixteen thousand trees of this variety.

A handsome new clingstone peach of very large size, and as beautiful as any fruit I have ever seen, was shown by S. R. Moore.

The state horticultural society held a session on Thursday evening, August 31st, and devoted considerable time to discussing and censuring the Ohio Columbian exposition commissioners for refusing to allow the Ohio horticulturists some money out of the \$100,000 appropriated by the state legislature. Up to the 29th of June it was supposed that the society was to have \$8,000, but it was suddenly withdrawn on the plea of scarcity of fruit, and Ohio fruit men were left in the back-ground. Some very lurid resolutions were passed at the instance of N. H. Albaugh.

The annual meeting of the Ohio horticultural society will be held at Columbus, commencing December 13th.

L. B. PIERCE.

## MANURIAL VALUE OF FOODS.

One of the many good signs of the times is the farmer's study of the manurial value of foods given to stock. It is not long ago that generally no attention was paid to this important subject. It was the custom, and is now to a certain extent, to sell hay in the spring, when the price was high. Indeed, in the summer when the farmer was getting a good crop of hay, he congratulated himself and his neighbor not only on having a good crop—enough to winter stock on, but also because there would be hay to sell in the spring—in March and April.

It must be admitted, however, that it is hard for a farmer to refuse to sell hay when his taxes are due and he has not enough on hand to pay. If these farmers were asked if they were not robbing the farm, they replied, "O, no; we can buy good manure for three or three dollars and a half a cord, to take its place." But if this plan was good they did not, unless near large cities, adopt it; they sold hay, but bought no manure.

It did not occur to these farmers that they could get a larger crop of hay and other products the next year if they added more stock and turned their surplus hay into beef and plant food; and if they did buy manure to take the place of that sold in the hay, that was about all they would do, that is, exchange one for the other, and losing money, perhaps, if the cost of hauling was counted. And strange as it may be, there are farmers who sell manure. There are no records to refer to, but there can be no doubt that the farmers who are quarreling with the soil, who declare that agriculture is in a very bad way, are the farmers who sell their manure and their hay. There would be as much reason in complaining if they left their crops in the field to perish. A poverty of manure is equivalent to a poverty of money.

The manurial value of hay alone is \$6.46; that is, that is the value of the manure in a ton of hay. Rowen, \$9.25; and with every ton sold goes so much manure. The manurial value in a ton of corn-fodder is \$5.26; corn-stover, \$3.19; ensilage, \$1.64, and mowed oats, \$7.50.

The use of cotton-seed meal as food for milch-cows is likely to be restricted, for there comes a protest from the medical profession to the effect that milk from

cows fed on cotton-seed meal is injurious to infants. To what extent this is true is not apparent, but it is sufficient to cause milk producers to be careful in feeding cotton-seed meal.

The manurial value in a ton of cotton-seed meal is \$24, the price being about \$26. But cotton-seed meal used direct, is an excellent fertilizer. Fine, smooth potatoes have been raised by fertilizing with cotton-seed meal, applied in the hill like the phosphates. The manurial value in a ton of bran is \$14; price of bran, perhaps, \$16, making the cost to the farmer only \$2 per ton. Gluten meal costs \$27 per ton, and the manurial value is \$17.75.

The farmer often complains of the size of his grain bill, and in estimating the cost of a quart of milk leaves out of the account the value of the manure, forgetting that with every bushel of grain added to the hay and added to his bill, adds to the value of his manure and makes less his bill for artificial fertilizers, if, as is usually the case, he buys artificial manure to help out the supply of natural manure. The question of manures is a vital one, and the more the farmer studies it and makes use of his knowledge of it, the more prosperous he will be. GEORGE APPLETON.

## UNPROTECTED FARM MACHINERY.

A binder's life is not determined by the number of acres cut. I know of one binder that cut over one thousand acres before it was worn out. It was placed in shelter as soon as the work of cutting was done. The average life of a binder is about five years, cutting from thirty to fifty acres yearly. I saw a new binder this year taken from the wheat-field, which was adjoining the barn, and placed under a tree in the clover-field. Last year the same man placed his binder under a tree after cutting his harvest; and there were twenty-five head of cattle and this binder under one tree during July, August and September. I do not know which suffered the most, the cattle or binder.

If any one will observe he will see mowers, corn-plows, binders and hay-rakes left out in the field during hot weather. I also notice that in almost every instance the farmer who neglects his implements is behind, and says farming does not pay. How long will it take a man to fill a barrel with water if it is leaking between all the staves? How much will a farmer gain if he must buy a new outfit every three or five years, with wheat at fifty cents per bushel? I know a hard-working man, who has been and is yet a renter, who scarcely ever puts a tool in shelter, and who keeps a large stock of hogs, cows and colts all together. He has had a chattel mortgage on his horses for many years. But talk, lectures and papers will never cure such men. Predestination holds good for some farmers; they are destined to be poor. "The poor ye will have with you always." But there is no excuse for being so poor. If they would sit under the shade of a tree one day every week and think of some better way, and follow it, they would be gainers. It appears there is no thought—all elbow-grease misdirected.

Now, as wheat is so low in price, the wheat industry will follow the sheep industry, and then some other crop will have to be overdone. There are hundreds of acres in this township now running wild, with some good grass and many weeds and bushes, because there are no sheep. One man has two hundred and eighty acres—more than half hill land—and blue-grass knee-high going to waste. Such conduct in any other business would bankrupt any man in one year. And yet farming does not pay.

Ohio. MICHAEL JONES.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM ONTARIO, CANADA.—The yield of wheat is more satisfactory in many cases than was anticipated. Barley is a poor yield, but oats in many cases is doing fairly. The straw is short, and being well saved will make good rough fodder. Fall wheat is over the average. Clover seed is a light crop. Fall pasture has made no appearance whatever, and young cattle, with all the run of new fields, are falling off. The plague of grasshoppers has not abated any, and many farmers are delaying sowing fall wheat till they see how that does that has been sown. From the August report of the bureau of industries just issued, we find there are 217,291 acres in corn for husking, 95,865 acres for the silo, 913,954 acres in fall wheat and 356,721 acres in spring wheat. Altogether, Ontario has in cereals, hay and roots 8,054,612 acres, being slightly less than in 1892. J. O. Wyoming, Ont.

FROM OREGON.—This country—Rogue river valley—has been having some warm, dry weather in compensation for the unusually wet and cold spring. The wheat crop in acreage and yield is not up to the average. The quality of grain is very good. Corn is looking remarkably well. There has been no rain since June 20th, and yet corn promises a good yield. Can any other country do better than this? Hay is abundant. Fruit is more than an average crop in many lines. We will have thousands of bushels of apples, pears and peaches for export. The prune crop of the state is very large and fine. Times are pretty hard, owing to the stringency of money elsewhere. While things might be in better shape here, we are better off than most localities. Mining is looking up this year owing to the great demand for gold properties. Our output of gold has been unusually large this year, and the future looks very bright for this industry. Much attention is being given to quartz mining, and quite a number of promising leads have been opened up and quartz mills erected. We hear of many big propositions to develop and work old placer grounds, known to be rich in gold, but hitherto unworked on account of the great expense of bringing water to the ground. Time, capital and labor alone can develop these properties and determine their value as bullion producers. A railroad from the center of the valley over the Cascades to eastern Oregon is proposed, and will probably be built within the next two years. Irrigating canals conducting the water of Rogue river and Mountain lakes to the lower foothills and valleys are in contemplation, with a strong probability of construction in the near future. These will open up vast stretches of now semi-arid lands, and add great value to all other lands reached by water. Taken all in all, while we are temporarily pinched, the outlook is hopeful. The future is big with promise. S. M. Spikenard, Oreg.

FROM LOUISIANA.—We have a very healthful country. As we are only twenty miles from the gulf we have a gulf breeze that not only makes it healthful, but keeps us from extremes of heat and cold. We have fine water, both well and cistern. Our land is level, but easily drained. The soil is generally very fertile. We have garden vegetables the year around. Our climate is peculiarly adapted to the growth of vegetation. The list of productions of southwest Louisiana is a long and varied one, including all the crops and fruits of the northern, middle and southern states, and in addition thereto a great variety of semi-tropical fruits and vegetables. Corn, cane and rice are considered the money crops. The cane crop generally gives from \$75 to \$100 per acre, and rice from \$40 to \$60. We raise all fruits that are raised in the north, and in addition many of the semi-tropical fruits. Peaches ripen from May to November. The LeConte, Kieffer and Chinese pears can be grown here successfully, of fine flavor and large size. The Japanese plums and persimmons grow to an immense size, often measuring three inches in diameter. The orange has been grown in Louisiana for over one hundred years. Some trees in this parish have grown in one year over nine thousand marketable oranges. They grow larger than either the Florida or California, and are not equalled in flavor by either, but you must test the real fruit to fully appreciate this. There are many varieties planted, but none surpass the old Creole orange in color, size and flavor. And as the Louisiana orange ripens from four to six weeks earlier than the California or Florida orange, they always find a ready sale at the highest price. As our lands are very cheap compared with orange lands in other states, there is no reason why orange culture will not in the near future be one of the chief occupations of our people. Society is fairly good. We have a number of good public schools in the parish, and church facilities are good. In the yards and gardens may be seen flowers and roses from Christmas to Christmas. L. A. M. Abbeville, La.

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## Our Farm.

## THE POULTRY YARD.

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## A SIX-HUNDRED-HEN FARM.

**T**HERE are but few large poultry farms, and a design of one in practical operation may be of interest. The illustration is of two large buildings, one being 30x110 feet, and the other 16x200 feet. At present the houses contain six hundred laying hens and twelve hundred



A SIX-HUNDRED-HEN FARM.

growing chicks, with two incubators due to hatch. The owner, Mr. C. H. Hawley, has been engaged in keeping poultry in large numbers about four years. He uses four large incubators, and expects to largely increase his operations. The hens are kept in yards, though there is a large area outside of the yards upon which they sometimes have the privilege of foraging. The houses are plain, not elaborate, and the enterprise is a paying one, which is the best evidence of its being a proper method of keeping poultry in large numbers.

## LATE-HATCHED PULLETS.

It is unwise to sell off the old hens and retain only pullets, unless the pullets are of early hatch. There is a great loss every year on the farms, due to keeping pullets for winter laying without regard to circumstances which govern the matter. It is unnecessary to wait until the winter begins in order to know if the pullets will lay. Now is the time to know all about them, and it is not a difficult matter to understand whether the pullets will lay or not. Some of the pullets will be much heavier than others, and will show a greater development of the comb. If the combs appear enlarged to even the slightest degree it is an indication that the pullets will begin to lay early. The comb always enlarges and becomes of a bright scarlet red just before the first egg is laid by a hen or pullet, and as the hen begins to decrease in the number of eggs the comb gradually becomes pale. If the hen is sick the comb turns dark. If the pullets are small, and yet are of the large breeds, or crosses thereof, they will not lay this winter, as they have not made sufficient growth in time to lay during the cold months. When the pullets are very thin, with long, pointed beaks (known as "crow-head"), and do not appear to improve, they should be discarded, as such birds are seldom worthy of being retained. If a pullet is from a small breed she will herself naturally be small, hence her size will indicate nothing, but she should have that trim, mature appearance denoting a near approach to maturity. It is now too late in the year to expect any results from pullets unless they are well on in growth. The best food for pullets is meat and bone. Grain is not required, as it may bring them into a very fat condition, which will only retard them in laying. The laying hens should now be in full plumage, and over the molting stage. If the hens and pullets have bright combs it is a sure indication that they are in good health and free from disease.

## MILLET SEED FOR FOWLS.

There is not much in a gill of millet seed, but there is nothing that entices both hens and chicks to industriously work over a pile of litter, such as cut straw or leaves, as a small quantity of millet seed. They will be content to find but a seed now and then, and they will more than pay dearly for each seed by hard work, but as exercise is one of the essentials to egg production, and keeps

the hens in health, the cost of the seed is but a trifle compared with the advantages derived. The point is not to give them a feed of the seed, but only enough to induce them to seek for them.

## BUYING HENS FOR USE.

At this season, when hens are somewhat cheap, many persons buy a large number for winter layers. In fact, it is a common occurrence, when one wishes to keep a large number of hens, to go out and buy them wherever they can be obtained. This is one of the principal causes of failure. When a lot of hens are procured they must be obtained from any source

available, hence there are as many liabilities of disease as there are sources from which the birds come. A flock from one yard may be healthy and perhaps well bred, while the hens bought of another person may be from a yard in which roup has appeared, or where the stock is constitutionally weak. We have never known of any one buying birds that some difficulty did not spring up. Lice, roup, inbred stock, and many other drawbacks appear when it is too late to rectify them. There is but one course to pursue, and that is to raise your pullets, and begin with a few selected hens, not expecting to make a profit the first year, so as to get stocked with good, healthy birds.

## CORN AND WHEAT.

Grain is cheap, and great inducements will thus be held out to feed it liberally—too liberally. Grain is the staple food for poultry, and will be used for that purpose as long as fowls are kept on farms. But the hens cannot give good results on grain alone. It is beneficial to them and will be at all times relished, but the demands of the hens are such as to call for a variety. In the shells of the eggs, and also in the composition of the eggs, are several forms of mineral matter, as well as of nitrogen, which can be but partially obtained from grain. Even the several grains vary in composition, and when the fowls are fed on one kind for a long time they will begin to refuse it, as they may be oversupplied with the elements of the food partaken and lack the elements that are best supplied from some other source. For this reason they will accept a change of food, which is of itself an evidence that the best results from hens can only be obtained from a variety. Corn and wheat, however, may be used as food with advantage, but they must be given as a portion of the ration only, and not be made exclusive articles of diet.

## CHEAP GRAINS.

Grain may be cheap, but it is costly food if it is used exclusively for the laying hens in winter, for the reason that while grain cannot be excelled for keeping the hens warm, it will not supply them with egg-forming material, and if fed very liberally it causes them to become too fat. It is not an uncommon occurrence for farmers to meet with disappointment in not procuring eggs, although they supplied grain liberally, and yet if less grain and a proportion of meat had been given the hens they would perhaps have done better and allowed a profit. We do not condemn grain, but we advise not to feed it exclusively to laying hens.

## THE DUCKS AT THIS SEASON.

Any kind of shelter will serve for a flock of ducks, provided the floor is of boards and covered with straw. The floor soon becomes filthy, and the feet of the ducks will pack the straw down hard and firm, which is not conducive to a saving of labor when cleaning out the house. Cut straw or hay should be used in preference to that which is uncut, and if they can be procured, leaves are better than

anything else. Ducks are soon injured by dampness, and though they prefer a swim in the water when such can be indulged in, yet they must have a dry place at night.

## DYING IN THE SHELLS.

Chicks are often found dead in the shells, and no cause can be assigned unless each egg could be traced to its original source. With operators of incubators one of the losses of chicks in the shells, in all stages of growth, is often due to too much moisture and permitting cold drafts of air to come in, which induces rapid evaporation of the moisture, loss of heat

ensuing. As a hen is never disturbed when hatching, the same rule applies to an incubator that is filled with eggs.

## ROUP AND ROOSTS.

When the turkeys and guineas are compelled to roost on trees they must select such trees as are convenient, and something depends upon the situation of the tree and its protection from winds. Before the season is over the exposure may cause roup, which will be passed to the hens, as the disease is contagious. When protecting one kind of fowls, therefore, a safeguard is thrown around all. Do not permit roosting on the tree limbs if it can be avoided.

## GATHER THE LEAVES.

Now that the leaves will begin to fall, a large supply of them should be raked up and stored away for winter use. Leaves on the floor of the poultry-house will serve to prevent cold drafts, and also give the hens something in which to scratch and work. As leaves cost nothing but the labor of collecting them, they should not be overlooked. Keep them dry and under shelter, ready for use at all times.

## WHITEWASH.

Light is a source of comfort to the hens, and nothing adds more to making the poultry-house cheerful than a thick coating of whitewash. Lime will not only arrest disease to a certain extent, but destroys lice and gives the house a clean appearance. Being cheap it is within the reach of all, and should be used freely. Apply it hot, and also apply it frequently.

## INQUIRIES.

**When to Rack Eggs.**—A. E. H., Beatty, Ohio, writes: "When and how are eggs racked? If they are to be turned how often should it be done?"

**REPLY:** Eggs may be placed on racks, for preservation, at any time, but it is usually done when they are cheap. Simply place them on a rack, or a shelf, and turn them half over twice or three times a week. Keep them in a cool place.

**Loss of Young Turkeys.**—Mrs. D. H. M., Paxton, Ill., writes: "Please give the reason why some of my turkeys die when the red begins to come on their heads. They are in the field all day, and roost in the trees at night. What is the cause of chickens becoming blind in one eye, mope for two or three weeks, and then die?"

**REPLY:**—"Shooting the red" is always a critical period with young turkeys. Until that ordeal has passed they should be protected from storms, fed often, and a careful search made for the large lice on the heads. After they pass through the "red" stage they become hardy. The hens that become blind in one eye are exposed to a draft at night while on the roost, the draft of air being on that side of the house next the affected eye.

**Bronze Turkeys.**—Mrs. J. J. R., Randall, Wis., writes: "I have had black, white, and gray turkeys, but no sick ones until I procured the Bronze. Are they more liable to disease than other kinds?"

**REPLY:**—"The Bronze variety is as hardy as any, but readily shows the effects of inbreeding. If a gobbler is procured from a flock that is in no manner related to your own, there should be no difficulty with them."

**Pekins and Aylesbury Ducks.**—E. R. S., Beatrice, Neb., writes: "How can I distinguish the Pekin from the Aylesbury duck?"

**REPLY:**—"The Pekin has an orange-colored bill, while that of the Aylesbury is flesh color. The legs of the Pekin are also of a deep orange, while those of the Aylesbury are light orange."

**Late Pullets.**—S. T. B., Marengo, Ill., writes: "Will pullets of a cross of Light Brahma and common fowls, hatched in June, lay in winter?"

**REPLY:**—"The probability is that they were hatched too late, and will not lay until February or March."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**OVERFEEDING.**—Brahmas are rather indolent, will keep themselves quiet, and soon become too fat. It is best, therefore, to keep this in view while feeding, for it is easy to feed Brahmas too much, and though the Leghorns are not so large, they, nevertheless, are compelled to eat large quantities in order to produce the number of eggs for which they are so famous. This does not imply that Brahmas and other large breeds must become too fat. They are easily kept within bounds by judicious feeding. Grains in excess should not be given, while bulk may be allowed in the shape of vegetables and green food. If grass is not convenient, procure a bale of good clover hay, chop it fine, steep in warm water, mix with the soft food and give them all they wish. It is necessary to study the habits of each breed in order to know just what to do. There are hundreds of complaints that fowls do not lay, even when well fed and comfortably housed, but this is due to not allowing them the proper kind, or from feeding too much. Tonics are unnecessary when the fowls are healthy. The best tonic is a constant change of diet, which promotes regularity in the system, and prevents droopiness. Variety will cure many of the ills that afflict fowls, provided the food be sound and wholesome.

Elwood, New Jersey.

J. L. L.

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## Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

**Home-made Hose.**—G. W. S., Fordyce, Ark. Hose for irrigating a garden can be made out of twelve-ounce duck. Take a piece thirty feet long and cut it lengthwise into three strips, making ninety feet of hose about two and one half inches in diameter. Bring the edges together, double once over, and with a sewing-machine sew twice through the four thicknesses, which makes a hose that will stand six or eight foot pressure. For making it waterproof, melt together five gallons of boiled linseed-oil and one half gallon of tar. Put the hose in a wash-tub, turn on the mixture hot (160°), and saturate the cloth well. Then run the hose through a wringer screwed down tight, and hang it up to dry. To keep it from sticking together, tie a string around one end, gather the other end around a small tube and blow the hose up. The pieces are joined together with a tin tube, two and one half inches in diameter and one foot long, inserted into the ends, the hose being tied tightly around the tube.

**Straw Mats.**—E. R. W., Centerville, Mass., writes: "Will you kindly inform me how to make a plain loom for making straw mats for hotbeds?"

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Make a simple frame of six-inch boards, say seven feet long and four feet wide. Screw hooks or drive nails in the edge of end pieces, ten or twelve inches apart, and tightly stretch parallel, stout, tarred strings from top to bottom. The frame may be set up, slantingly, against the side of a building or wall. Have as many balls of lighter tarred string, and fasten one end to each upright string next to the bottom, leaving the balls in front of the frame. Now lay a whisk of long rye straw, cut sides out, in the junction of the strings at the bottom, and fasten it there by twisting each of the smaller strings once around the straw and the upright string. Next put on another whisk of straw, and continue until the frame is full and the mat finished. Cut the sides straight with a sharp ax or batchet, chopping along a straight edge.

**Fire Hotbeds.**—E. S. E., Nokomis, Ill., writes: "Some of us who are not able to build greenhouses would like to know how to construct and operate fire hotbeds."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—A fire hotbed wants a pit and ditch for the fireplace and flue. The former may be constructed of fire-brick, six or eight ordinary grate-bars, and an iron door in front. The flue must begin six inches or so above the grate, so that there will not be much chance for ashes, etc., to lodge and stop up the flue. Use fire-brick for the first ten feet of flue; the balance may be constructed of terra-cotta drain-pipe, and must have a slight rise from fireplace to chimney at upper end of bed. Then build a strong foundation for the bed, using 3 by 4 or 4 by 4 timber across, and matched plank lengthwise. A six-inch layer of damp soil or sand is pretty heavy, and the framework of the bed must necessarily be strong, or it will soon give out. Let it be ten or eleven feet wide, or just wide enough to accommodate two rows of ordinary hotbed sashes set together to form a gable-roof. The sides on which the lower ends of the sashes rest may be ten or twelve inches high from the level of the ground. Ridge-plate and rafters can be made of two-inch scantlings. I would hinge the sashes at the top. The thing is as simple as can be, and the only objection I have to the whole arrangement is the amount of attention which keeping the fire requires.

**Making Fertilizers.**—E. J. M., Oswego, N. Y., writes: "Please inform us whether it is practicable for farmers to make their own superphosphates; and if so, give us a formula for potato and grain or meadow land, also. Would be pleased if you could also tell us about what we ought to pay for each ingredient. It does no harm to be posted somewhat when dealing with druggists."

REPLY BY JOSEPH:—Fertilizer men usually like to make fair (and sometimes pretty good) profits, but they are surely not as bad as druggists, who only ask an advance of 200 to 1,000 per cent on goods sold in retail. No, it is not practical, ordinarily, for farmers to make their own "superphosphates." By this I mean it is not practicable for them to buy phosphates (bone, etc.) and make them into superphosphates by acid treatment or similar means. Plain superphosphates (dissolved bone, etc.), analyzing 15 or more per cent of soluble phosphoric acid, can now be bought at about \$15 per ton in the East, and the phosphoric acid in this form costs only five cents a pound, or much less than the value conceded to it by the experiment stations. If a complete fertilizer is wanted, or needed, it can be made on the farm by mixing this superphosphate with muriate of potash, or sulphate of potash, and with nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia; or the same effect

may be had by applying these ingredients separately. Write to W. S. Powell & Co., Baltimore, Md., or to any other eastern fertilizer firm, for prices on chemical fertilizers. Nitrate of soda costs about \$45 per ton; muriate of potash, \$40 or \$45; sulphate of potash, \$50 or more, and sulphate of ammonia, \$50 to \$60.

**Horse-radish.**—W. R., Toledo, Oregon. Horse-radish can be profitably grown as a second crop, succeeding early cabbages, radishes or beets. When the roots are prepared for market in the fall, all the small rootlets are broken off and kept for planting. These rootlets, which are one fourth to one half inch in diameter, are cut into pieces about five inches long. The bottom of each "set" is cut slanting, so it will surely be planted out right end up and grow into a handsome root. These sets are kept through the winter in boxes of sand in a cool cellar, or pitted in the ground. About a month after the early cabbages or beets are planted, the sets are put out, between the rows, about eighteen inches apart and two inches below the surface in holes made with a sharp-pointed stick. If it grows so rapidly as to interfere with the other crops, the tops may be cut off with a sharp hoe. Good, rich garden loam and good garden culture will produce large yields of horse-radish. It makes its growth during July, August, September and October. Late in the fall, when the plants have completed their growth, they should be dug. After trimming off the tops and the small rootlets that are to be kept for the next season's planting, the roots should be pitted in the ground like beets or turnips.

## VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.  
Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

**Castrating Calves.**—S. R., Oak Ridge, Miss., writes: "I see in a sheep book that lambs can be castrated when a week old, by cutting the scrotum off. Do you know whether it will do with calves?"

ANSWER:—It can be done, and it is a good enough method, provided the testicles have descended into the scrotum and are removed, and provided the butcher or dealer, who afterward buys the steers when fattened, does not object to the absence of a scrotum.

**Barrenness.**—J. L. H., Wolcott, Col. Barrenness may be due to various causes. In your case the cause, very likely, consists in a chronic inflammation of the uterus, which, according to your statement, seems to be of two years standing, and therefore may be looked upon as incurable. You may try carefully applied injections into the uterus with mild antiseptics; for instance, a one per cent solution of pure carbolic acid (1 of the latter to 100 of water), or a solution of corrosive sublimate, 1 part to 1,000 or 1,500 of water, repeated once a day for several days in succession.

**Lame.**—C. W. F., Jaqua, Kan. You say your mare has been lame in the coffin-joint of the right hind foot since last February, but failed to describe the lameness. I will not doubt your word, but in the hind foot lameness in the coffin (navicular) joint is very rare, while ringbone (in the joint above) is quite a frequent occurrence. If you think your mare is not affected with ringbone, I have to request you to give a complete description of all observable symptoms, the manner of showing the lameness, etc., and if you come to the conclusion it is ringbone you may look out for an article on that disease in FARM AND FIRESIDE of November 15th.

**Either Gluttons, or Affected with Heaves.**—A. J. W., Nocona, Tex. Your mares either are gluttons—eat too much bulky food—or the same are affected with heaves; that is, a chronic, feverless and incurable difficulty of breathing. The best you can do is to feed considerably less bulky food, to make up the loss by giving more grain, or concentrated food of small bulk, to see to it that the animals are never costive, and, if kept in the stable, that the same have fresh air and perfect ventilation. Costiveness is better removed by giving occasionally a bran mash than by medicines. Concerning your pony I cannot give you any advice. Your description is too incomplete.

**Bloody Milk.**—W. E. N., Napoleon, Mich. Bloody milk may have many causes. For instance, congestion of the mammary glands, causing the rupture of small blood vessels, injuries to the mammary glands, an inflammatory condition of the same, rough milking, a rapid change of food from poor to very good or rich, eating of acrid plants, etc. It may also constitute a symptom of certain infectious diseases, and is then usually associated with bloody urine. A red color also may be given to the milk if certain plants rich in coloring matter are contained in the food of the cows. The treatment consists, in all cases, in removing the cause or causes, which, of course, must first be ascertained. Frequent, but very gentle

milking is indicated under all circumstances, and a reduction in the food, and cooling salts, such as sulphate of soda and saltpeter, in moderate doses, are useful in many cases. Even washings of the udder with cold water may, in some cases, at least prove to be beneficial. In some cows the milk has a tendency to be a little bloody whenever the cows are in heat.

**Probably Milkstones.**—D. A. L., Preston, Mo. The lumps in your cows' teats, about which you complain, are probably milkstones, composed of calcareous precipitates. The same are apt to be formed if the milking of very good milk cows is attended to at comparatively too long intervals. If the same can not be removed by forcible milking, because too large to be pressed through the teats, there is no way to remove them except by a surgical operation, which, however, is not under all circumstances advisable, and requires for its performance an expert operator. A presence of milkstones in the lactiferous ducts, in the milk systems, or in the teats, can not possibly have any injurious influence upon the quality of the meat of the animal.

**Probably Fed with Brine.**—Mrs. M. B., Earlville Iowa, writes: "Please tell me what ailed my hogs. I took ten from the pasture and put them up to fatten. I fed them on ground barley soaked in water. After they had been up about ten days I went to feed them in the morning and found one dead and five or six sick. I turned them out and they kept going all the time. In four days I lost four. I have two now that are sick. They have some kind of spells and walk backward. Can you tell me what to do for them? They were not shut in a tight pen, they had a yard to run in."

ANSWER:—If you have given a correct description and have not omitted important symptoms, it is probable that your hogs have been fed (poisoned) with brine, either from beef, pork or salted fishes.

**Wants to Know What Caused Death.**—C. M., Corsicana, Mo., writes: "I just lost a two-year-old filly. She was doing well on clover pasture. All at once she got stiff from the hind legs. When pressed on the flank it seemed to hurt her. She walked as if she had kidney trouble. I treated her for inflammation of the bladder, but she kept getting worse all the time. Her hind pasterns swelled up, then the stiffness and swelling gained the front legs. She kept her appetite for over a month, but losing flesh all the time. I tried to purify her blood; gave her copperas and sulphur in feed, but without effect. She was hide-bound at first, but in the last stage was not. She had access to my orchard and ate many green apples. In the last stage she never laid down except for the two last days, when she could not get up any more. She did not have any cough or discharge. Can you, by this short description, give me your opinion on what killed her?"

ANSWER:—I cannot, unless I should venture a bold guess, which I do not like to do. If you had made a carefully-conducted post-mortem examination, and noted the morbid changes presented, it would not have been difficult to answer your question.

**Infectious Abortion.**—R. E. M., Coon Rapids, Iowa, writes: "I have eight cows. One aborted last January, and only three out of the eight will have served their time. They carried their calves from three to eight months. I know of no cause except aborting be catching in a herd. Some thought it may have been caused by two going in the stable door at a time. Two lost theirs while in the pasture. I would like to know if abortion is catching in a herd, and will they lose their calves again the next year? I did not separate them."

ANSWER:—Epizootic abortion is infectious. The only thing that can be done is to remove all cows with calf that have not yet aborted, to a noninfected place, and if any one of them should already have become infected, and should abort, to thoroughly disinfect the place when she calves, and to wash the genitals with a one per mille solution of corrosive sublimate. Afterbirth, etc., is best burned. Meanwhile the infected premises may be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Abortion always leaves behind a more or less developed tendency to abort again. Where infectious abortion has made its appearance a prompt separation and removal of all cows with calf usually stops it at once.

**Nymphomania.**—F. C. Z., New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a blooded mare six years old that goes in heat every three or four months, and although put to the stallion any number of times, never conceives. While in heat she is very unruly, kicking in stable (not in harness, however), and bolting, shying and running away when in single harness. In double harness, with mate, she goes all right. Is this fractiousness attributable to nearsightedness? If so, what is the cure? Will goggles remedy it? If so, how can I find the proper glasses or sizes for her? If fractiousness is attributable to a species of nymphomania is it curable? If so, how? If it is nymphomania can she be made to conceive through an impregnator? If so, which is the best to get, and how should I use it? Is there any truth in the sight of horses being affected by 'wolf-teeth'?"

ANSWER:—According to your description your mare suffers from nymphomania, caused, probably, by diseased ovaries. The remedy

consists in having the ovaries removed after Charlier's method. If you have no veterinary surgeon in New Orleans able or competent to perform the operation, it will be best to drive the mare only with a mate. Nearsightedness may cause a horse to shy, but not to be fractious. Theoretically, spectacles or goggles would remedy nearsightedness in a horse as well as in a man, and if you do not mind to buy every day or so a new pair of goggles, and have all the street arabs of New Orleans follow you when you are out driving, you may go with your horse to an optician and have goggles made. I do not know that any are in the market. So-called "wolf-teeth" are innocent, and most assuredly do not affect the eyesight. I have a faint suspicion that the celebrated horse-dentist—I have stricken out that part of your inquiry—is a fraud. The "wolf-teeth" man undoubtedly is.

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## Our Fireside.

### THE PINEAPPLE CAKE.

When next you see this spiky fruit  
Fresh in the market, buy to suit;  
And here's a recipe to make  
A filling for pineapple cake:  
One cup of sugar, and one cup  
Of the pineapple grated up;  
A heaped teaspoon of corn-starch; one  
Good pinch of salt; this being done,  
Stir all together well, and then  
Add one scant cup of water when  
The kettle boils. Set on the stove  
And boil until quite thick. Remove  
And set aside to cool. Then make,  
From any recipe, your cake.

—Florence E. Pratt.

## A MARRIAGE LICENSE.

It was a clear, mild winter morning, after a fresh fall of snow. Mr. Amos Brownlow stepped into his sleigh and took the reins from his man-of-all-work.

"I am going over to Candia to get the school-teacher," he said. "If anybody comes for me, tell them I will be back about four o'clock this afternoon."

The little Lambert mare gave an impatient bound, as the reins tightened over her neck; the sleigh-bells burst into a sudden clear chime, and the damp snow, thrown by the mare's hoofs, flew to right and left of the cutter, as Mr. Brownlow drove down the long, level village street and out into the open country beyond. For three or four miles he sped on at a dashing pace. Then he came to a long hill, up which he compelled the little mare to walk. At the top of the hill there was a piece of woodland. Brownlow could hear the steady blows of an axe echoing among the trees, and presently he came in sight of the chopper, a grizzly-bearded man of about sixty or sixty-five. At the sound of the sleigh-bells the man looked up, then struck his axe deep into the tree he was chopping, left it sticking there and came toward the road.

"Good-morning, Pattison," said Brownlow, reining up. "Did you want to speak to me?"

"Yes, if you ain't in too much of a hurry," replied the other, stepping out into the road and laying his hand on the dashboard of the sleigh. "Going to Candia?"

"Yes," said Brownlow. "Anything I can do for you there?"

"Wal—I guess so," responded Pattison, "if it ain't askin' too much of a favor. You see, I cal'late to get married again next Wednesday, and I thought if you would jest step into the town clerk's office at Candia and get me a license, 't would save a trip for me. Oh, it'll be all right. You see, three fourths of my place lies in Candia limits, and I've always got my marriage licenses there. Here's the money. The clerk'll understand."

Brownlow looked at the old man with a whimsical smile. "Supposing I hadn't come along," he asked, "what would you have done for a license?"

"Somebody else would 'a' b'en goin' over, most likely," replied Pattison, dryly; "and if wust come to wust, I might 'a' gone myself."

Brownlow leaned back in the sleigh and laughed.

"Well," said he, tucking the bill which Pattison had given him into his overcoat pocket, "I'll go in and see what the town clerk has to say about getting a marriage license by proxy. If he says all right, why, I'll get you one, of course. Good-morning."

There was silvery laughter in the sleigh-bells for Brownlow all the way to Candia. He wondered what made him so light-hearted, so unwontedly cheerful. Surely, it could not be altogether amusement at the idiosyncrasies of poor old Pattison, whose fifth Sahara of widowhood was now about to be brightened by another oasis of matrimony. Could it be because he was going to meet the school-teacher again? At this rather startling self-suggestion Mr. Brownlow's heart gave such a jump that he could fairly hear it, as well as feel it, impinge upon his epiglottis.

Amos Brownlow was a bachelor of thirty-three, whose timidity in matters concerning the fair sex had become so proverbial that the most sanguine and successful match-makers in the country had long since given him up as a hopeless case. Indeed, he had given himself up, with a certain self-pity mingled with indignation; for he knew perfectly well that, if he could only muster courage enough to woo and win a woman, he would be positively the happiest man under a canopy of stars two thousand million miles square. But he hadn't—or at least he thought he hadn't—and there was an end of it.

How, then, happened it that this bashful bachelor, apparently foreordained to celibacy, was gliding along in a trim, mouse-colored sleigh, behind a mare which was the envy of the country, for the sole purpose (exclusive of Mr. Pattison's unexpected and commonplace errand) of bringing Miss Hungerford, the village school-teacher, back to her boarding-place after a two weeks' visit at Candia? This was a question which more and more puzzled and disturbed Amos Brownlow, as he drove along. And yet the situation had evolved itself naturally enough. The Widow Murchison, at whose house Miss Hungerford boarded, was an aunt of Amos Brownlow's.

Amos managed her property, and consequently was a frequent caller at the house. He had met Miss Hungerford perhaps thirty or forty times during the school year, thus far. Very often he had found her assisting Mrs. Murchison with the latter's accounts, and his customary embarrassment in the presence of a young and attractive woman had been considerably lessened under the influence of a clear, businesslike way in which she helped him straighten out the widow's rather erratic memoranda of "paid out" and "received." Once, to the wild wonder and interminable gossip of the whole village, he had escorted the pretty teacher to church during a rain-storm which required something more expansive in the way of an umbrella than either of the feminine articles in the Widow Murchison's rack. That experience had been to Amos Brownlow like a draught of nectar cunningly seasoned with gall. Never in his life had he felt so terribly uncomfortable and at the same time so exquisitely happy. It was like the experience of an eastern pilgrim waltzing through some splendid Persian garden with peas in his shoes.

Only this once had Amos Brownlow and Myrtle Hungerford been together without the presence of some third party. And that they had not was all Amos' fault, of course. He felt as if the delicious agony of that unique experience were enough to last him for a long time. Nevertheless, a remarkable complexity seemed to have somehow gotten itself into the Widow Murchison's financial affairs, for scarcely a day elapsed (previous to Miss Hungerford's vacation) when Mrs. Murchison's nephew did not drop in (after school hours) to look at the accounts. So it was perfectly natural that when the time came for Miss Hungerford to return from Candia, it should occur almost simultaneously to Mrs. Murchison and her nephew that it would be more agreeable for the young lady to ride behind Brownlow's fast Lambert mare than in the creeping old stage, with its boxes and bales and often uncongenial company. So Mrs. Murchison dropped a line to Miss Hungerford, saying that her nephew had business in Candia on Saturday, and would be happy to call for her and bring her home in the sleigh. This was the way it came about.

By the time Amos Brownlow drove into Candia he had clean forgotten Mr. Pattison's errand. As it was nearly noon, he proceeded at once to the hotel and procured dinner for himself and the mare. Then he had a cigar in the waiting-room, blowing wreaths of meditative smoke ceilingward, in which diaphanous framework constantly floated, and dissolved and reshaped itself, the sweet, oval face of Myrtle Hungerford. Before he finished smoking, Mr. Brownlow's courage had nearly forsaken him, in view of that long, lonely ride with the young lady, and had it not been for the note sent by his aunt, he certainly would have turned tail and scurried home, in advance of the stage, as fast as he could go. But there was nothing for it now but to face the music—music, truly, of form, feature, glance and tone, embodied in the person of pretty Myrtle Hungerford.

At fifteen minutes past one o'clock P. M., Mr. Amos Brownlow again stepped into his sleigh. Setting his teeth firmly together, he drove at a slashing pace to the house where Miss Hungerford was stopping, hitherto his mare and rang the door-bell. Miss Myrtle herself met him at the door, with a smile and a blush which caused a sensation to pass through the young man's body as if he had plunged through a combing breaker of spiced wine.

"Why didn't you come to dinner?" cried the girl. "We were all expecting you, and were so disappointed."

Brownlow stammered something about lateness of arrival and hasty refreshment, which, in view of the fact that he had dined leisurely for forty minutes upon one square inch of fried steak and cup of tea, was wholly irrelevant and misleading.

"But you must come in, at any rate," cried Miss Hungerford. "We want to have you visit with us for a little while."

Brownlow caught sight of other young feminine faces in the hall, and quailed. Ah, happy thought—Mr. Pattison's marriage license!

"I am sorry," he said, "but I have an important engagement yet to attend to, and have promised to be back home at four o'clock. I really think we shall have to be starting, Miss Hungerford."

The young lady's traveling-bag stood in the hall by the door. Brownlow picked it up without further ceremony and carried it out to the sleigh. Then he unhitched the mare and waited while Myrtle was putting on her wraps, conscious all the time that the family were looking at him curiously from the windows.

Presently Miss Hungerford came tripping out. She looked fairly bewitching in her neatly-fitting sack, mink boa and saucy fur-trimmed cap. Brownlow helped her into the sleigh, tucked in the robe on her side of the seat, got in himself and gathered up the reins. In an instant they were whirling away toward the town clerk's office.

"Will you be afraid to hold the mare for a few minutes?" Brownlow asked, as they drew up in front of the little town hall.

"Oh, not at all," cried the girl.

Brownlow handed her the reins and plunged

into the building. The town clerk was very busy and up to his ears in papers; but Brownlow was excited and in a hurry.

"S. H. Pattison wanted me to call for a marriage license," he said rapidly, throwing the bill which the old man had given him on the desk. "Is it all right?"

"All right, Mr. Brownlow," replied the clerk, absent-mindedly.

He was evidently searching with some anxiety for a missing paper among the heap on his desk. "Will attend to you presently."

Brownlow glanced nervously out of the window. Was the mare getting a bit restless, or did he only imagine it? Yes; Miss Hungerford tightened her grasp on the reins and looked appealingly toward the window.

"I'll wait for it outside," cried Brownlow, and dashed out of the building.

In about five minutes the town clerk found the missing paper and filed it. In the meanwhile the young assistant had come in from dinner.

"Let's see," mused the clerk. Who was it called for a marriage license? Oh, yes, Brownlow, of Weybosset. Well, who's the girl, I wonder, and where does she reside?"

The clerk rose and went to the window. Brownlow and Miss Hungerford were chatting together in the sleigh, confidentially. Brownlow's impatience seemed to have evaporated.

"Martin, do you know who this young lady is?" asked the town clerk of his assistant.

The young man looked out.

"It's a Miss Myrtle Hungerford. She is teaching school at Weybosset. Resided here previously, I believe."

"Oh, well," said the clerk, returning to his desk, "if the lady's residence is here, I can give them a marriage license, I suppose."

He hastily made out the document, inclosed it in a big brown envelope, and sent his assistant out with it. Two minutes later the little Lambert mare had struck into the main road between Candia and Weybosset, and the sleigh-bells were jingling merrily homeward.

On the way Brownlow told Miss Hungerford about Mr. Pattison's marriage license. Subjects of conversation are none too abundant between young people whose minds are preoccupied by the most engrossing of possible subjects, which, however, must not yet be mentioned. Besides, this story was too good to keep. They both laughed over it heartily.

"I wonder who his next wife is to be?" speculated the young lady.

Brownlow almost unconsciously drew the big brown envelope from his overcoat pocket. It was unsealed, and as he held it up tantalizingly, the precious paper slipped out and half unfolded itself in his companion's lap. Being a woman, how could she help glancing furtively at it? Suddenly, a furious blush overspread the girl's face, followed by an ashen whiteness.

"Good heaven!" she exclaimed. "There's my name!"

She snatched up the marriage license, opened it and read the two names engrossed therein.

"Stop the sleigh this minute, Amos Brownlow, and let me get out!"

The clear, young voice rang like an alarm bell; the brown eyes flashed fire. At the girl's startled cry, the little mare only bounded forward the faster. Amos Brownlow was simply paralyzed. Think of it—that a man of his abnormal sensitiveness to the feminine, entirely without his own fault, should be thus addressed by a young woman.

Myrtle Hungerford read his complete bewilderment and exquisite suffering in his face, and the thought flashed across her mind, "Perhaps it isn't his doing."

"Read that!" she said, thrusting the paper into his hand. It rattled and fluttered in the wind as the mare sped on, but Brownlow read. It was a marriage license, duly made out to himself and Miss Myrtle Hungerford, and certified by the town clerk of Candia.

"It's a mistake, a dreadful mistake!" groaned Brownlow. Then he broke out fiercely, "Confound old Pattison!"

The girl's face softened. A vivid blush sprang to her brow. She began to see how the "dreadful mistake" had occurred.

"Oh, say it was not intentional on your part, Amos!" she cried appealingly. "Say you did not mean to do me a wrong."

"I swear before heaven," he cried, "that I would sooner die than suffer one wrong thought toward you, Myrtle!"

Myrtle! How strangely sweet the name sounded on his lips. The girl looked up and met the earnest, tender, worshipful eyes of the man at her side. There was no mistaking what those eyes said. Slowly Myrtle's head sank down until her jaunty, fur-trimmed cap nestled against Brownlow's shaggy overcoat. The marriage license dropped from Brownlow's left hand and fell into the bottom of the sleigh.

"Shall we keep it, darling, or tear it up?" he asked, a minute later, as his eye fell upon the fluttering paper.

"Keep it," whispered the girl. And the westering sun seemed to meet a kindred light from her upturned face that was like the flooding forth of a soul's unspeakable joy.—James Buckham, in Domestic Monthly.

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## SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.

How could she help knowing she was beautiful? If she had never looked into a mirror, she would have known it; she would have seen it in her mother's proud face, and in the softening of her father's glance when his eyes rested on her; she would have heard it from her impulsive schoolmates, who "adored" her for her beauty; would have learned it from the admiring gaze of boys, young men, old men.

Well, she did know it. She was beautiful, and she enjoyed her own beauty as the lily enjoys its whiteness; the violet, its perfume; the sun, its splendor. There was something glorious about it; it surrounded her with an atmosphere of warmth and sunshine. I have seen her hold up her small, shapely, shell-tinted, pink-tipped fingers, and look at them as admiringly as I would at a La Marque rosebud. It seemed an impersonal homage that she paid to her own beauty, when, drawing that same hand through the crinkly masses of her hair, and looking with pleased eyes on its "golden fleece," she would say:

"I am a very Portia, you see, cousin mine."

What a contrast "cousin mine" was to her, a fitting foil to her fairness—so dark, so sorrowful, so everything that the other was not. There they sat that evening by the fire, as I lay half asleep on the lounge. It was the voice of "cousin mine" to which I first gave heed.

"Let me tell you something strange," she was saying, "I always feel that I am beautiful. Do not start so. I know that I am ugly, 'insultingly ugly,' as I once heard some one say of me. I have known it ever since I was a little child, for I overheard one of the negro aunts, who still linger on the dear old home place, say of me: 'Fore God, dat pore chile is ugly chile. I dunno hucome pretty 'owman like mistis to hab ugly little gal like dat. She got face like little hatchet, she is, mum! 'Fore my Lord an' Marster, she ugly!'"

"Then I began studying my face, and whenever I was before my mirror, I knew that I was dowered with ugliness. And yet, as soon as I turned my back upon the mirror this depressing consciousness disappeared. It seemed that I had put on 'a roobe for to goe beautiful,' as in the early dramas an actor sometimes put on that piece of stage property labeled, 'a roobe for to go invisible.' A strong delusion or hallucination seizes me the moment I turn from the mirror. Did you ever have a delusion and believe for one brief moment that you were ugly?"

"No, no; not even for one swift, passing moment; such a feeling would chill me to the heart."

"Yes, I am sure that it would; an ever-present consciousness of ugliness must be terribly depressing to a woman. It is strange that I am not thus depressed; but really, it is but rarely that the thought of my ugliness obtrudes itself upon me. My being organically incapable of a tune—this, too, never seems a reality to me unless I try to voice my songs unsung. In my every-day life I seem to be singing anthems 'as sad as earth, as sweet as heaven;' my voice seems as full of music as an unused music-box whose key is lost."

Then I opened my eyes, for, with the next words, a new thrill came into the voice of "cousin mine."

"Don't laugh at me, please; I wanted to tell you all this because it is true, and because I have sometimes seen pity in your eyes when you looked at me. You love me, I know, but my ugliness rasps against your beauty-loving nature, and then, blaming yourself for allowing it to do so, you have been tenderer to me through pity. Do not repeat this experience, my dear. 'A weed,' you know, 'is only a flower in disguise,' and I am conscious all the time of the flower, not of the weed."

The pretty girl rose impulsively, went to "cousin mine," and bending to her brow with a kiss, said:

"You are beautiful within, cousin mine. Your light shines clear in your lamp of clay; help me to keep mine burning in my vase of alabaster."

There were tears in two pairs of eyes, not to say three. The ugly girl went on:

"There is still another side on which to survey my ugliness. I know that beauty attracts, and that to a woman who is 'insultingly ugly' there is danger that no wooer will ever come, and that, ever ahunger, she will hear in the dim recesses of her soul, the question: 'What wait we for, oh, heart of mine?'"

"If I were fair, Perhaps, like other maidens, I might hold A true heart's store of tried and tested gold. Love waits on beauty, though sweet alone, It seems to me, for aught might well atone."

"But a true woman is ever content to wait for her soul's mate, and when the wooer comes to an ugly woman who is not wealthy, she knows that she is loved with a love that the angels in heaven might well envy, and that she need not hesitate to unseal her heart's sacred fountain to pure and passionate tenderness. But suppose he never comes? Then somewhere—as Alice Cary once said—somewhere, all living instincts will be fed. Beyond the stars she will be loved."

"When I see, dearest, the triflers that your beauty keeps fluttering about you, I feel that yours is a dangerous gift, and I am content to be only a little, plain, dark woman, even while I joy in your beauty as I do in the glory of the dawn. You see, I have thought it all out, and forever and forever the blossomy feeling of the flower thrills through the heart."



of the weed. Do not laugh at me, please; but I know you will not. I have never before talked these thoughts out. Indeed, they seemed to be close locked in one of those 'nooks that do not open to the keys of speech.' Once, and for you alone, the nook was opened—the rest is silence."

Five years after this, in the fitful firelight, some one was bending over to kiss "cousin mine"—a bearded lip this time. As he laid his strong hand tenderly on that of the baby girl asleep on her bosom, I heard him whisper:

"I hope our baby will be like you—exactly like you, little wife."  
He saw her soul.—*Inter-Ocean.*

#### THE ART OF BREATHING.

Major-Gen. Drayson, of the English army, has made a special study of the art of breathing, and is now free from coughs, colds, sore throats and other ailments from which he suffered as a young man. He declares food and liquid insignificant in comparison with air in the support of life. A man may live for days without food, but he dies in a few minutes without air. Rapid breathing in pure air, making forty or fifty deep inhalations per minute (the usual number is about twenty), is his panacea for the immediate recovery from headache, toothache, pains in the heart, restlessness and sleeplessness. He recommends for the two latter, walking about the room to make sure of not breathing the same air a second time. He considers it an advantage in some cases to place a handkerchief over the nostrils and filter the air as it passes into the lungs, then forcing it out through the mouth. By continued lack of proper oxidization the blood becomes permanently bad, and tissue of the same character is formed from it with the result of impairing the health.

#### SUNBEAM SOUNDS.

Now it is the rays of the rainbow that are accredited with hitherto unsuspected qualities. A recent scientific discovery shows that colors emit sounds under certain conditions, varying in degree according to the material of which they are composed. A piece of blue cloth and a fragment of red worsted when analyzed recently, proved to be exceptionally noisy; whilst some subdued browns and grays behaved themselves in an admirable manner, being seen but not heard. The experiments were made with a prism, the colors being allowed to pass through it into a glass vessel filled with water; and with the ear placed to the vessel the manifestations were distinctly audible. It was found that green and red produced more discordance than any other combination, either when the green was above the red or below it; but red and blue were quite harmonious. With due development of the color sound perhaps Mr. Keely may be able to simplify his perpetual motion machine and find the effect of the rainbow sufficient to produce the initial movement of the pendulum.

#### FACTS ABOUT GLYCERINE.

Glycerine is one of the most useful and misunderstood of every-day assistants. It must not be applied to the skin undiluted or it will cause it to become red and hard, but if rubbed well into the skin while wet, it has a softening and whitening effect. It will prevent and cure chapped hands; two or three drops will often stop the baby's stomach ache. It will allay the thirst of a fever patient and soothe an irritable cough by moistening the dryness of the throat. Equal parts of bay-rum and glycerine applied to the face after shaving, makes a man rise up and call the woman who provided it blessed. Applied to the shoes, glycerine is a great preservative of the leather and effectually keeps out water and prevents wet feet. A few drops of glycerine put in the fruit-jars the last thing before sealing them, helps to keep the preserves from molding on top. For flatulency there is no better remedy than a teaspoonful of glycerine after each meal.

#### THE ANT PEST.

Having had years of torment with ants, both black and red, we lighted upon the following remedy, which, with us, has worked like magic: One spoonful of tartar emetic, one spoonful of sugar, mixed into a thin syrup. As it evaporates or is carried off, add ingredients as needed. A sicker lot of pests would be hard to find. Whether they impart the results to the home firm or whether all are killed, I trow not. Certain it is they do not pay us a second visit.

For ants on the lawn, a spoonful of paris green, cut with alcohol and made into syrup with sugar and water, can be placed on pieces of glass or crockery—cover from domestic pets—and the slaughter will be satisfactory.

#### DIVIDING CALIFORNIA.

The desire for a local self-government in southern California arises from no jealousies, no antagonisms to northern California, and least of all, to political place-hunting. It is the result of economic and political necessities. We need a state government of our own. In federal affairs we have our own separate officers, courts, military department, etc., just as Oregon has; we have our own financial and industrial independence as much as Oregon has, and we have a new population quite as distinct from that of northern California as is that of the state of Washington.—*The Californian.*

#### A REBUS ON AN ENVELOPE.

A curiously-addressed letter lately passed through the post-office at Madrid, which was deciphered and correctly delivered, notwithstanding all difficulties.

The address was a perfect rebus. At the left-hand side was the figure of a lady; it was clear, therefore, to which sex the recipient should belong. Over the lady's head the sun was rising, hence her name was inferred to be Aurora. For her surname stood a hill with a castle at its foot, which gives us, "Montes y Castello."

Next comes the town, for which a plan of a city was drawn, on which the Alhambra was legible. This indicated Granada, but in order to leave no doubt possible, a pomegranate was drawn beside the plan. To complete the address, a number was indicated in one of the streets of the city plan.

The postal authorities took three days to study this curiosity, and then triumphantly delivered the letter to "Senorita Aurora Montes y Castello, Azacayas, No. 20, Granada," and so far from censuring the sender, they had the envelope photographed, and a copy printed in the Madrid papers as a proof of the intelligence of the department.

#### THE VANISHING DOMESTIC.

Women-servants, like men-servants, prefer only one master. It is practically impossible, where there is a family of girls, to keep a servant long.

First one girl tells her to do something, then another wants something else done, another another thing, and so on, until the poor girl does not really know whom she is to obey. She goes to the mistress and complains. She is immediately looked upon as a discontented creature, and is given a month's notice, or the place is made so hot for her she is pleased to give notice on her own account.

Another reason why girls prefer factories is, they have their evenings to themselves; that is a great temptation to many, especially those who have swains. I do not mean to argue that these girls spend their evenings wisely—far from it; but they certainly enjoy themselves, in their own manner, which is more than one in a thousand is able to do in service. Again, the factory girl is able to purchase her own food. She, therefore, is at a great advantage over the poor domestic, who is very frequently ill-fed and overworked.

#### MISAPPLIED SERVICE.

"Whenever I try to do anybody a service," said a good-natured young man, "something seems to go wrong, and I make up my mind that I'll never try again. In a street-car the other day I saw a mother quiet a crying infant by what seemed a very simple expedient. She pointed her finger at the little one and said, with increasing rapidity of utterance, 'Cutcher, cutcher, cutcher-cutcher-cutcher,' at the same time advancing her finger rapidly toward the child with a sort of corkscrew movement. The child appeared to be greatly amused by this; it stopped crying and began to laugh. In a street-car this morning I saw a mother with a crying child; the mother appeared too tired to make even an effort to quiet the infant. Catching the child's eye I said to it, 'Cutcher, cutcher, cutcher-cutcher-cutcher,' at the same time advancing my finger spirally. But the charm didn't work; the child looked at me for a moment with a frozen sort of look, and with a stillness that was positively alarming, and then it began to scream louder than ever."—*New York Sun.*

#### INTERESTED IN BEARDS.

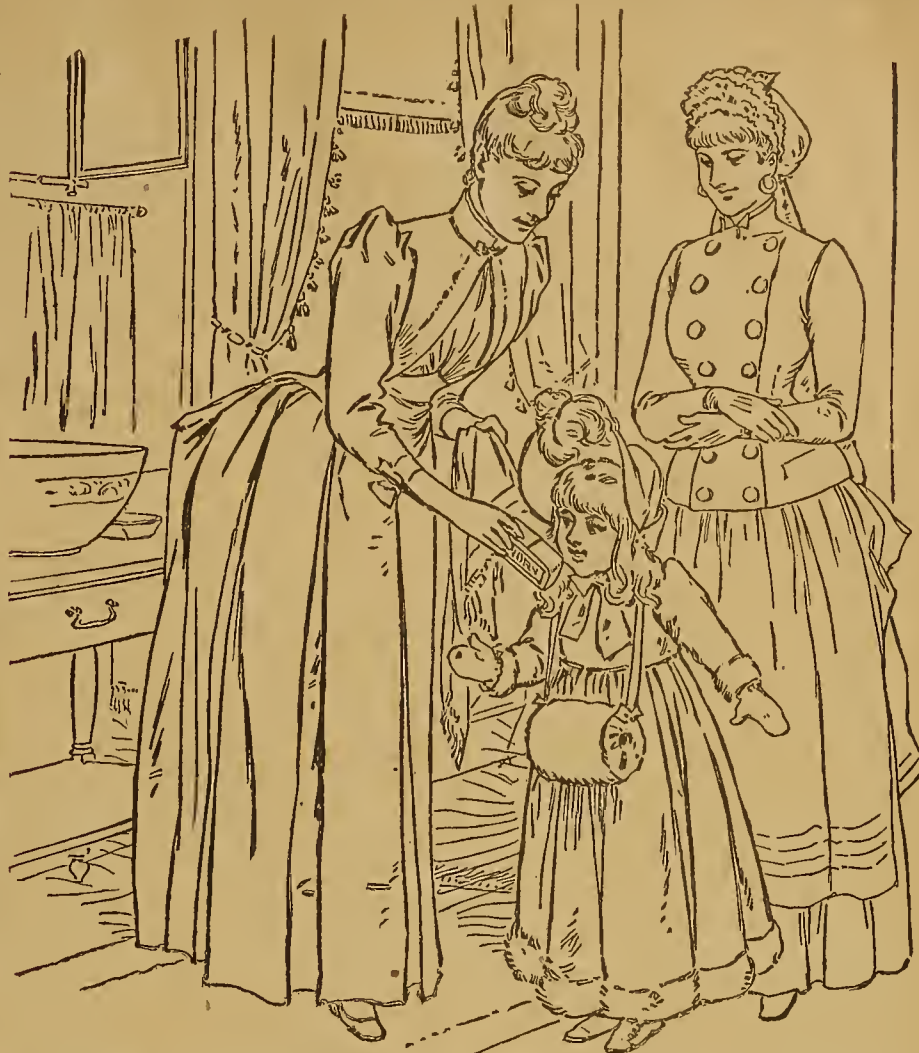
Captain H. Bower, of the Seventeenth Bengal Cavalry, is one of the most recent travelers in that secluded country of Tibet, which in all its barrenness, is gradually being made known to the West by the explorations of modern travelers. From an account which the gallant captain gave of his experiences in the country, at the Royal Geographical Society lately, it would seem that if ever Tibet should be opened up to trade, remedies for promoting the growth of the beard are likely to find a good sale there, for according to Captain Bower, "anything like a decent beard is almost unknown in Tibet, and the natives expressed great admiration for the beards of the travelers, and wanted to know if they could supply them with any medicine that would make theirs grow."—*American Druggist.*

#### LEW WALLACE'S ROYALTIES.

The presence of Gen. Lew Wallace in the city has revived gossip in literary circles about the royalties he received from "Ben-Hur." One of those connected with the Harpers' house said recently that at the last settlement Wallace was shown to have received nearly \$140,000 in royalties for that book. If that is so it is the largest sum ever earned by a romancer, at least by an American.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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## Our Household.

### FATHER'S LICKINGS.

Come, Harvey, let us sit awhile and talk about the times  
Before you went to selling clothes and I to peddling rhymes—  
The days when we were little boys, as naughty little boys  
As ever worried home folks with their everlasting noise!  
Egad! and were we so disposed, I'll venture we could show  
The scars of wallpings we got some forty years ago;  
What wallpings I mean I think I need not specify—  
Mother's whippings didn't hurt, but father's—oh, my!

The way that we played hookey those many years ago—  
We'd rather give 'most anything than have our children know  
The thousand naughty things we did, the thousand fibs we told—  
Why, thinking of them makes my Presbyterian blood run cold!  
How often Deacon Sabine Morse remarked if we were his  
He'd tan our "pesky little hides until the blisters riz!"  
It's many a hearty thrashing to that Deacon Morse we owe—  
Mother's whippings didn't count—father's did, though!

We used to sneak off swimmin' in those care-less, boyish days,  
And come back home of evenings with our necks and backs ablaze;  
How mother used to wonder why our clothes were full of sand,  
But father, having been a boy, appeared to understand.  
And after tea he'd beckon us to join him in the shed,  
Where he'd proceed to tinge our backs a deeper, darker red;  
Say what we will of mothers, there is none will controvert  
The proposition that our father's lickings always hurt!

For mother was by nature so forgiving and so mild,  
That she inclined to spare the rod although she spoiled the child;  
And when at last in self-defense she had to whip us, she  
Appeared to feel those whippings a great deal more than we!  
But how we bellowed and took on, as if we'd like to die—  
Poor mother really thought she hurt, and that's what made her cry!  
Then how we youngsters snickered as out the door we slid,  
For mother's whippings never hurt, though father's always did.

In after years poor father shriveled down to five feet four,  
But in our youth he seemed to us in height eight feet or more!  
Oh, how we shivered when he quoth in cold, suggestive tone:  
"I'll see you in the woodshed after supper all alone!"  
Oh, how legs and arms and dust and trouser-buttons flew—  
What florid vocalisms marked that vesper interview!  
Yes, after all this lapse of years, I feelingly assert,  
With all respect to mother, it was father's whippings hurt!

The little boy experiencing that tingling 'neath his vest  
Is often loth to realize that all is for the best;  
Yet, when the boy gets older, he pictures with delight  
The bufftings of childhood—as we do here to-night.  
The years, the gracious years, have smoothed and beautified the ways  
That to our little feet seemed all too rugged in the days  
Before you went to selling clothes and I to peddling rhymes—  
So, Harvey, let us sit awhile and think upon those times.

—Eugene Ficht.

### HOME TOPICS.

**CLEANING FLUID.**—In repairing, making over and fixing up last winter's dresses, to make them serve another season for either the original owner or some younger member of the family, a bottle of good cleaning fluid is invaluable, and it is equally helpful in removing spots from coats and vests and cleaning coat-collars. For many years I bought this cleaning fluid of an old colored man who made it, but when I was about to leave the city where he lived he kindly gave me the recipe:

Melt four ounces of white castile soap in one quart of water, over a slow fire. Remove it from the fire and add one gallon of warm water, stirring it until well mixed, and when it is nearly cold add four ounces of ammonia and two ounces each of alcohol, glycerine and ether. Put it into a

stone jug or glass demijohn at once and cork it tightly. It will keep for any length of time. Keep a small bottle filled for daily use.

To remove spots from clothing, pour a little of the fluid on a damp cloth and rub the spots, or if the article is much soiled, add a gill of the fluid to a pint of water; apply with a clean sponge or cloth, and rub well with a second cloth. For dark goods, use a dark cloth.

**CARE OF THE SICK.**—In many neighborhoods, if a person is sick all the neighbors consider it their duty to call at the house daily, and feel that they are not well treated if they are not invited into the sick-room. Sometimes two or three will be there at the same time, and each inquiring of the patient how she feels and what the doctor thinks, and then volunteer the information that "she looks dreadful," and "why don't she have Doctor A instead of Doctor B," or that "she seems just as brother John's wife did who died last spring," all of which is very edifying and encouraging to the patient. Often two or three will whisper or talk in a low tone with each other, occasionally glancing toward the patient.

If those who have the care of the sick would watch, they would see that the face flushes and the fever is increased by each of these visits. It is all meant in kindness, but is a sad mistake. It is well to call and inquire about the sick one, and if there is nothing one can do to relieve either the patient or the nurse, to go away immediately.

Even in the best regulated families sickness adds much to the work, and it is especially so in the country, where help is often difficult to procure. There is extra washing, ironing, etc., and the members of the family are less able to do this work on account of anxiety and loss of sleep. Suppose the husband or a child is sick, go in some day carrying a loaf of bread, a pie or some other dish ready for the table, then don your big apron and do the churning, ironing or whatever you see that needs to be done. If there is need of help in the sick-room, learn just what is needed concerning the giving of medicine, etc., and then quietly take the place of the nurse and ask no questions of the patient. Never disturb the sick one unless something is to be done, then attend to her wants quickly and quietly. If the patient is convalescing and conversation is permitted, be very careful to introduce no exciting or depressing subject.

I remember a young girl who was thrown into a relapse after being able to sit up in

ease. The poor child, in her weak state, felt certain that one of these catastrophes hung over her, and her fears came near causing her death.

Another memory is of a dear aunt whose face was a benediction in whatever home of sickness it appeared. Her gentle voice and cheerful manner were sure to have a good effect on the patient, and she cheered the whole household by her kindly helpfulness and cheery, encouraging words. It seemed as if she always had known of just such cases before that recovered rapidly, and she imbued everyone with her own hopefulness.

Another kindly woman that I think of now, always said that she knew nothing about taking care of the sick, and yet she was invaluable when there was sickness in the neighborhood, for she knew just how to help the household. I have known her to appear at the door, saying: "Now, pick up all the clothes that need washing; I am going to take them home." And she would do it, too, bringing them back nicely ironed. Sometimes, if a mother was ill and there were little children in the family, she would take them home with her, and the mother's mind was relieved of all uneasiness on their account, for she knew they would be taken care of in the best manner. These were neighborly kindnesses which were helps in the true sense of the word. In time of sickness, as in time of health, the teaching of the Golden Rule is a safe guide to follow in our attempts to help others.

MAIDA MCL.

### FALL WRAPS.

The style of wraps for the coming season will be much fuller in the skirt, and some have the cape effect of sleeve, to accommodate the large sleeves. Also the seams of the back of the skirts will be left open, with the trimming carried around it. Wide braids will be used, and are a very effective trimming. The sleeves of all coats will be quite large.

L. L. C.

### HERE AND THERE.

Now that the autumn days are coming close upon us, we must begin to look about and make preparations for the winter. While we "do not live to eat," yet we must eat to live; and while pickles are not essential to keeping body and soul together, it is well to have a few put away with the winter's store.

Cucumbers are such rapid growers that it is sometimes necessary to gather them twice a day for canning (larger ones may be used for salt pickles). They should be wiped carefully, and put into a stone jar filled with a rather strong salt-water. Those picked in the morning should remain until evening in the salt-water. Those picked at night should soak until morning.

If you want green pickles, line your kettle with grape leaves, or add a teaspoonful of powdered alum to a gallon of vinegar. To a quart of good cider vinegar add a teaspoonful of sugar (this makes them a little sweet) and a little horse-radish. Let this

simmer, but not boil; then add the cucumbers, and let the mixture simmer (boiling softens them). Add two or three live coals (this hardens the pickles), and remove them in a short time. Place the pickles in glass cans and pour the vinegar over them. Seal at once.

Don't forget to add a few nuts to the winter store. The walnuts, hazelnuts, but-



FALL WRAP.

ternuts and hickory-nuts will all be appreciated. If you want to make some city friend an appropriate present or remembrance at Christmas-time, then pick out some nut meats, put them into a pretty box and send them on. They will be sure to be very acceptable, and more appropriate than something bought from "the store."

Of course there must be a few jars of butter put away—it helps so much through the winter. If you tire of the old-fashioned apple butter, try these:

Stew a kettle of grapes or elderberries, or both, together. Strain the juice as for jelly. Cook apples, and mash them fine; thicken the juice with these, and when almost done, sweeten to taste and flavor with cinnamon. Quinces and pears, mixed, make a delicious butter. Grape butter is better if a few apples are added.

"Let each of us try a glass of jelly, and please don't you come into the kitchen while we are making it." I was in sympathy with the plea, for I well remember how much I enjoyed doing a thing if I did it all myself. So a ready consent was given, and two amateur cooks went away happy. The result was some beautiful grape jelly—neither too thick nor too thin. To make jelly too stiff, like liver, is a mistake with some jelly-makers.

Give the girls something to do except dish-washing. Let them take some new responsibility, and you will be surprised at their ability. If the responsibility is left entirely with them, they will take a great pride in their work.

MARY D. SIBLEY.

### RENOVATING PILLOWS.

It is said that home renovation of feather pillows is not a very difficult task. Proceed as follows: Choose a bright, windy day; have the wash-tubs filled with hot suds and plunge the pillows into it; put them through several suds, rubbing the soiled spots on the ticks where necessary, and rinse through half a dozen waters. Pin them securely on the line where the wind will have the best chance at them. It may be necessary to hang them out for several days, but when perfectly dry they will be fresh, sweet, and filled to bursting with live feathers.



FALL WRAP.

her room, by the visit of two well-meaning ladies, who entertained her for an hour by recounting instances they had known of people who seemed to be almost well and suddenly died, and of those whose minds had been injured permanently by the dis-



## A CHAPTER ABOUT CHAIRS.

THE very word "chair" indicates a high degree of civilization. When oriental nations progress beyond the customs of their ancestors, the adoption of chairs is one of the most marked outward signs of their change. For instance, of the Parsis, the most cultured and prosperous of India's inhabitants, it is said, "They are getting to take their meals sitting in chairs, instead of, as formerly, upon the floor."

Originally, the word referred to the seat of an official. In the French language "chaire" means a pulpit. It was derived from the Latin "cathedra," which means the same, and "cathedral," which conveys to us the idea of magnificent architecture, meant originally the seat of the bishop of a diocese.

Chairs for domestic comfort followed long after, and it is with these that we chiefly concern ourselves at present. There is no article of furniture that has more individuality. Baby's high chair is a volume of poetry. The little chair suitable for the short legs of three-year-olds has a new library of association. Father's chair, mother's chair, how much they mean! What shall we give for a birthday present? What for a wedding present? A chair. Nothing else is more durable, less subject to change of fashion.

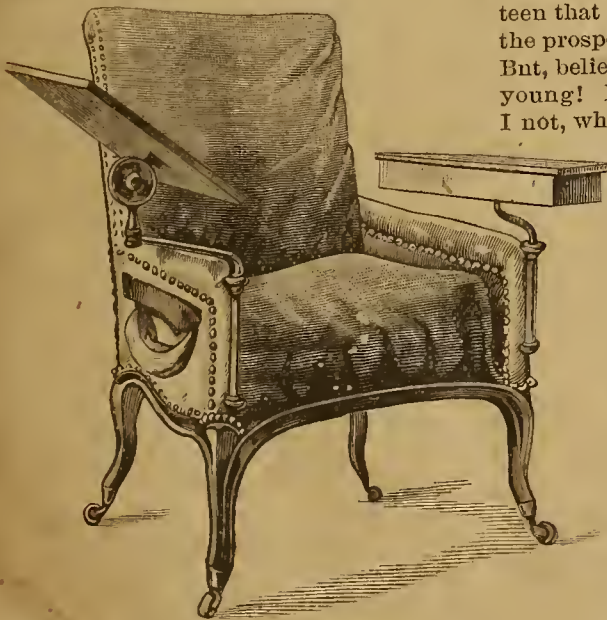
Fashion, however, has a great deal to do with chairs, and fashion is governed by the characters of the men and women high in society. Kings and queens of dignified manners and austere principles sat in stiff, wooden chairs, rich with carving, perhaps, but guiltless of effeminate cushions. In the times of Mme. Pompadour and Marie Antoinette the art of upholstery had reached its climax. The wooden part of their chairs was refined almost to a point of weakness, while cushions of dainty brocades covered the seats, the backs and arms.

The history of our own country may be read in its chairs. Look at the chair of Governor Carver, the first governor of Plymouth colony. It is stern and upright, composed of a few strong spindles and a "split-bottom" seat. It compromises with no thought of luxury.

The chairs of the early Dutch settlers of Manhattan are of massive carved oak, with leather cushions.

At the time of Endicott the chairs were mostly low-seated, with tall, straight back, having four flat rungs. About the same time the three-legged stool was a common article of discomfort.

Our generation is not content with one design of anything. It may be called the composite age of the chair. We have, and often in a single home, specimens of the stiff spindled chairs of the colonial time, dainty upholstery of the Louis Quinze period, solid chairs of state fit for warrior kings, and the new-fashioned taboret. This little article, so much affected for afternoon tea, is a cross between a stool and a table. If we look up its real significance, we shall find that it means "stool of repentance."



VOLTAIRE'S WRITING-CHAIR.

Among historic chairs one of great interest is that wherein Voltaire died. It was his writing-chair, and has all the accompaniments which render convenience to the craft of authorship. On the left is a desk in the shape of a covered box, which answers also for an arm-rest. At the right is the adjustable writing-place, and on the outside, below is a pocket which is handy to receive waste-paper. The chair is on casters, and has ample cushions.

A chair intended for the chief officer of a club or any kind of an organization should express qualities peculiar to its purpose. An illustration is given you of a presidential chair designed by Mr. Ashbee, a prominent English artist. The heavy wood and the large nails which fasten the upholstery express dignity. On the embossed leather of the back is this sentiment: "Here sit I. Firmness, justice, gravity speed me; likewise, as I sit, patience, brevity and wit."

In Boston last winter there was exhibited a massive chair made of old rails. It was fashioned into rude beauty, and decorated with two brass eagles at the top. "Ah, that chair has a history!" was the first thought of each observer. Yes, it was the property of a certain G. A. R. company, valued because it was made from parts of a rail fence, behind which the soldiers had fought and won a desperate charge.

At the world's fair, in the Kansas building, is a chair which came over in the Mayflower. It bears this inscription:

"England was my birthplace, the Mayflower my cradle, Plymouth Rock my refuge, Newburyport, Mass., the heyday of my youth, Boscawen, N. H., my attic prison-house, and Kansas my last hope and redemption. My early friends were Miles Standish, the stalwart, and John Allen, the scholar. My latest friend, whose household god I now am, lives on the boundless prairies. Her name is Mrs. L. W. Harris, and her address is Miltonoola, Cloud county, Kansas."

But although historic and official chairs may claim our curiosity for a moment, the home chairs will hold our enduring affection. One woman wrote, but thousands of women have felt:

I love it; I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it  
with sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;  
Would you know the spell? A mother sat  
there!

And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

These good old chairs have a vigor of constitution and a sensible simplicity of form which make them ornaments long after more pretentious pieces of furniture have passed their days of usefulness. The "home rocking-chair" illustrated gives you hints of how you can give modern touches with tassels, cushions and fringe. Neither is it wise to wait till the dear old chair reminds you of a dead father or mother. The living can be cheered by the delicate attention of a pretty, cozy rocking-chair, and it is infinitely better to decorate the chair and prize it while it has an occupant, than when its emptiness preaches a sermon on the sad text, "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

KATE KAUFFMAN.

## AN OBSERVATION.

Yes, it is true! If I had been told at sixteen that at forty I should be an old maid, the prospect would have seemed dreadful! But, believe me, it is not so bad. I still feel young! Laugh as you will! Why should I not, when I never have the neuralgia, and am so healthy in all my organs that I don't even know them by name? Then, too, many youthful annoyances have dropped away from me. The subject of marriage, for instance, causes no anxiety. It is an event which I don't expect, and although I know that I am liable any day to be asked in marriage by some fine man of fifty, and the thought is pleasing (there, you are laughing again!), still, if this never happens, it is not a disappointment.

A long time ago when I never dreamed that my destiny would be the same, I heard an elderly maiden say that her chief enjoyment in life was to see how things turned out. When she said it, her remark was scarcely intelligible, but now it is plain.

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.

Each person's "world" is his circle of acquaintances, or his acquaintances are his "stock company." We like to watch these actors play their parts (we who scarcely have a part to play and can therefore be the audience), and because each is

so earnest in his doings, the world's stage is entertaining even in the least significant by-play. Ah! by the time you are forty you will appreciate all this. You will have acquired theories and principles of philosophy, and as "things turn out" to



HOME ROCKING-CHAIR.

strengthen them, you will experience the pleasure which, in its most disagreeable expression, is embodied in that saying, "I told you so," or events may bring confusion to your preconceived ideas in a way that will modify your theories.

In the "stock company" no characters are more interesting than the young girls. How sweet they are with the bloom on their cheeks, and in their eyes "the light that never was on land or sea." But what troubles they have! How restless they are with their ambitions! They wish to be pretty and tasteful, but what mistakes they make in dress and toilet! They wish to be charming, but how long it takes to learn good manners!

I love Hattie Morse. She is eighteen, pretty, vivacious, and everything she does is full of verve. She is not a bit of a stick, but whatever her part, she throws her whole soul into it. Fate has not given her serious characters as yet. She has been the charming child and aspiring young girl with a touch of dignity, but thus far fun has predominated in her sayings and doings. She has lately passed through a crisis; namely, a year at boarding-school. When her father, who is a farmer, gave his consent for her to go, he anticipated a prosperous year, but his wheat crop was not so good as he expected, and political complications brought about such a state of affairs that his wool brought only half its usual price. Consequently, there was considerable sacrifice at home in order to pay Hattie's expenses, but Mr. Morse was too good a manager to be seriously embarrassed by one unprosperous year. It will all be made up in a short time, but, as I said before, Hattie's school year cost her parents enough self-denial to make her feel under deep obligations. And she does. Then, too, she has brightened up things so much with her new accomplishments, that her education seems a paying investment. But one day coming from church—I have been visiting the Morse's—Hattie said:

"Oh, Aunt 'Selda, if the people weren't so ungrammatical!"

"Well, don't let on that you notice it," said I.

"Oh, it does so annoy me to hear 'knowed' and 'throwed,'" she complained.

"No matter," I answered, in a soothing tone. "You are not schoolma'am to all your neighbors, and you would much better make them think you a charming girl, unspoiled by boarding-school, and keep your criticisms to yourself, than to turn up your nose at them and lose all your influence by showing off your superior education."

Hattie paid me the compliment to receive my little sermon in good part. Next day was a trying one. Washing, baking and all the other household occupations pecu-

liar to Monday brought a load of care, and at noon, when she was nervous with overwork, the devil crept into Hattie's heart. At the dinner-table her hungry father, with innocent haste and apparent enjoyment, which it seemed too bad to destroy, shoveled (yes, "shoveled," it was Hattie's word, and very appropriate) his food in his mouth by means of his knife. I noticed it, but at my age a little thing like that does not upset my equanimity. The most cultured Germans eat with their knives, so when I see an honest American do it I imagine that I am dining with some distinguished inhabitant of the Fatherland. But not so with Hattie. She fell back in her chair and cast upon her parent such looks as from the Gorgon would have petrified every object within their range. She turned red, she gulped down great lumps of indignation. But Mr. Morse continued "shoveling."

"Father!" cried Hattie, with an explosive force that could not be represented by less than three exclamations marks.

"Humph?" returned her offending parent, pausing with his mouth full and his knife heavily loaded as it halted in its ascension.

"If you can't eat like a civilized being, I'll leave the table!"

Gracious! I never was more surprised in my life. That ladylike Hattie should make such a scene as this! And my goodness, if I am an old maid, I understand men too well to suppose that you can scold them into anything! Mr. Morse had his back up instantly, and he said:

"Very well; go."

And Hattie went.

You may imagine how the rest of us felt. At first there was an awful silence, during which we ate industriously, and then somebody ventured to say something which fell rather flat, but encouraged us to talk a little.

It is terrible to see a child impudent to its parents. But they will be sometimes.

Now, on the stage we see the finished performance. We can only surmise by the perfection of the acting how many rehearsals have been gone through. So in life we behold our neighbors' good behavior, but do not know of the prayers which made such good behavior possible.

Hattie kept to herself all afternoon, and I think she was rehearsing, for at supper she played a glorious part. We were the same persons who had been at the dinner-table. Mr. Morse was a trifle sulky, till suddenly Hattie said in her sweetest voice:

"Father, I'm sorry I was sassy to you to-day."

It struck me as a good sign that she said "sassy" instead of the correct "sancy."

"I think I was tired and nervous," she continued, "and I am making such plans to entertain the girl who was my best



PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.

friend at boarding-school, and I thought I'd be so ashamed when she came if everything isn't nice, but I know to see anybody eat with his knife wouldn't be half-no, not one thousandth part—as disgraceful as the temper I showed, so, if you'll forgive me—

"Why, certainly, little girl," interrupted her father, "and," he added with a moist twinkle in his eye, "I will try to—what was it you said?—eat like a civilized being."

"Well, of course I'd be glad," said Hattie, while I pulled her dress and whispered, "Bravo!"

AUNT 'SELDA.



## Our Household.

### A HARD-WORKING WOMAN.

All day she hurried to get through,  
The same as lots of wimmin do;  
Sometimes at night her husband said,  
"Ma, an't you goin' to come to bed?"  
And then she'd kinder give a hitch,  
And pause half way between a stitch,  
And sorter sigh, and say that she  
Was ready as she'd ever be,  
She reckoned.

And so the years went one by one,  
And somehow she was never done;  
And when the angel said as how,  
"Miss Smith, it's time you rested now,"  
She sorter raised her eyes to look  
A second, as a stitch she took;  
"All right, I'm comin' now," says she;  
"I'm ready as I'll ever be,  
I reckon."

—Albert B. Paine, in *Kansas City Journal*.

### CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

**C**O-OPERATIVE housekeeping is usually considered impracticable, not very pleasant, and from the nature of things, entirely unadapted to country life. But the co-operative housekeeping we have in mind is practicable, pleasant, and just as much adapted to life on the farm as elsewhere. It is the co-operation of all the family in the housekeeping.

Why should not the boys as well know how to sweep a floor or make a bed as the girls to drive a horse or milk a cow? If the latter are no less womanly because in the rush of work they can go into the field and drive a corn-planter, reaper or hay-rake, why should a boy consider it less manly to be able to sew on a button, darn a sock or wash dishes?

In a large acquaintance with farmers and farm life, I know of but few families where, in cases of emergency, the women of the family would not or do not help with the outdoor work. But, alas! In but few families indeed do the boys help about the house work, and in many cases even the milking is expected of the "women folks."

I do not believe in such one-sided arrangement and teaching. It is my good fortune to know some men and boys who are almost as handy about the house as women, and they are manly, noble men, gentle in all their ways and the best of fathers and brothers.

Many mothers regret that their boys grow up rude and rough. If they would keep them with them more this would not be so. And how better can they do this than by teaching them house work? Along with it they can teach them many other valuable lessons, and have opportunities for quiet talks that would otherwise be hard to manage.

Usually it is easier to procure help out of doors than indoors, and why should not one of the boys be detailed to "help mother?" They might take turns in helping, so that each one might have a chance to profit by the mother's teachings and companionship. Then when emergencies come, as come they do to all, the boys are ready for them, and are not helpless if mother is suddenly taken ill, or unexpectedly called away.

When farm work is not pressing, it should be the rule in every family for the boys to make their own beds and care for their own rooms; get certain meals and clean up afterward, including the putting of the room to rights, and sweeping, or scrubbing the floor if it is uncarpeted; help with the washing, learn to iron, darn, patch, sew on buttons, run the sewing-machine, bake good light bread, make coffee, tea and cook all plain dishes.

In no other way can men learn to rightly appreciate woman's work—which seems so easy—but by knowing how to do it themselves. And unless they have this knowledge they cannot justly lay claim to that independence of which young men and boys particularly are so proud.

If boys are trained to household tasks, so that family co-operative housekeeping is possible, many a "reign of terror" occasioned by the rule of careless, slovenly "girl" may be avoided, much to the peace and comfort of the household, and the family pocket-book not become depleted by the wages, waste and breakage of one not interested. If wages are paid to whoever does the work (and it would seem only fair and proper to do so), the money yet remains in the family, and while increasing the independence and self-respect of those who earn them, they by no means cause a shortage in the family exchequer.

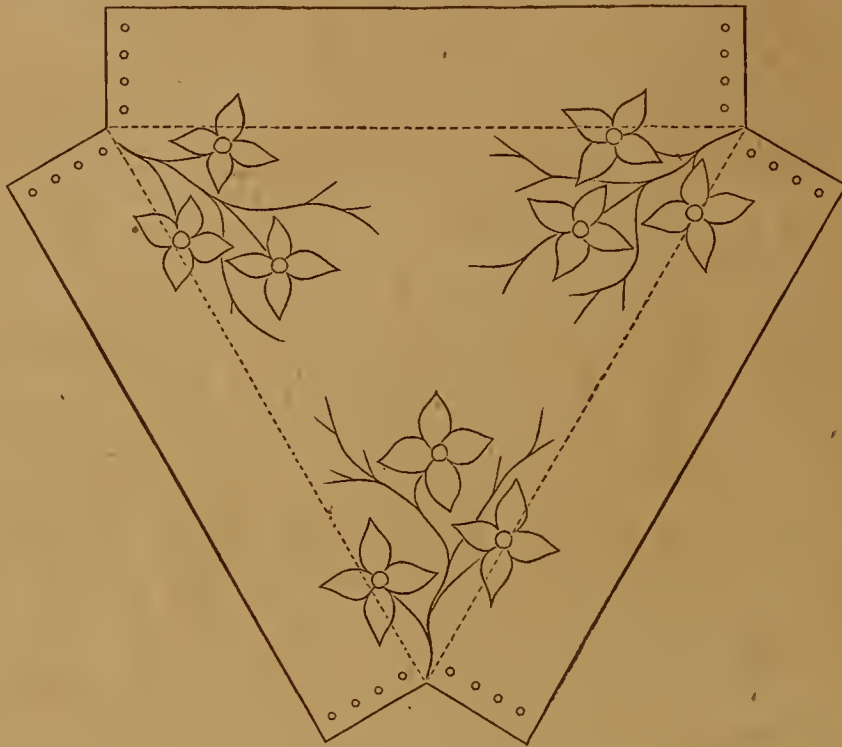
CLARA SENSBAUGH EVERTS.

### PIN-TRAY.

Make this of heavy linen duck, embroidering the flowers in the filo silk. The eye-lets at the corners are worked in white. When done, was hand starch very stiff; then iron the sides so they will stand up at the dotted lines. Have the embroidery come inside the tray when finished. Lace up the sides with colored bebe ribbon. Trim the edge with lace or work it in small scallops. L. L. C.

### "POOR FOLKS HAVE POOR WAYS."

Now, just why it is said that "poor folks have poor ways," is a mystery to me. That many poor people have remarkably good ways is an acknowledged fact. It is said the most wealthy are the greatest economists, but I confess I am not so certain of that. People who are in abject poverty do not possess enough of this world's goods with which to economize. But there is a vast difference between poverty and poor.



PIN-TRAY.

The highly respectable poor ("one of whom I am which") surely exercise a great deal of ingenuity in one way and another, not merely to make "both ends meet," but to have something ahead against the rainy day; also, that the children, when grown, may be given the best of educational advantages. Hence, the necessity of practicing economy while those same little ones are small; and how better can we do this than in the matter of dress.

It is never economy to purchase cheap materials; thus, in order that the little waists and dresses be not outgrown before they are worn out, provision must be made for the growing propensity of the wee ones. It is always a laborious task to lengthen dresses and aprons that have "been turned in at the top," taking out plaits and gathers and putting them in again is tedious. Letting out a hem and facing the garment instead, is also attended with more or less labor; besides, the stitching often shows. The best way that I have found is to cut the skirt long enough to hem, plus the amount desired to lengthen it. This extra length to be run by hand in a tuck on the under side of hem. The tuck can be run on the wrong side of the goods, so that only the seam can be noticed on the under side of hem. With what ease and rapidity can this tuck be removed and the dress be lengthened.

If the little boys outgrow their pants (pantaloon, I suppose I should say), they can be hemmed at both bottom and top, and be let out as desired. The one at the top will lengthen the seat, while the ones on the bottoms of the legs will render them of sufficient length.

Blouse waists are better made with an elastic run in around the bottom than on a belt; and at first more than is necessary for this elastic can be turned under, which, being let out and facing put on, will lengthen the waist.

Sleeves can be turned in around the arm-hole one or two inches, or if they are puffed over a lining, this can extend into arm-holes and let out at will. Deep cuffs can also be added, with good effect. There is really little need to subject a child to the humiliation attendant upon wearing outgrown clothes.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

AN OPPORTUNE FRIEND will be found in Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, when racked by a severe cold, and the many Lung or Throat affections which sometimes follow. This old remedy has met the approval of two generations, and is to-day as popular, safe, and effective as ever.

### EXCUSES.

The cries which fear rings from the robin's breast,  
But serve to show the cat where lies the nest;  
Just so excuses, be they short or long,  
But go to prove the existence of some wrong.  
—Annette Rittenhouse.

### A SEWING CLASS.

Sewing by hand has become an almost forgotten art, yet the work is beautiful if neatly done. A lady who learned the art in the "good old days," and who is noted for her exquisite handwork, was lately induced to take a class in sewing. An hour on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons was set apart for the work, and to the home of this lady the little maidens of the village, provided with thimbles, needles and thread, betook their way for the useful instruction. They were taught to fell seams, to baste and to hem, and to put together undergarments. Ten cents

That "poverty is a blessing," and that the poor boy holds an enviable position over the child of wealth is not without truth, but at the same time money is very convenient.

It seems to me that a family educational fund is one of the finest endowments that can enrich a family. In this way the sum which will educate one may (to take E. E. Hale's idea of ten times one is ten) be made to educate as many as the honor and integrity of the family will allow. For instance, when John is a baby, his parents begin to save a certain sum, yearly, which shall be set aside for John's education. As the years go by the sum increases, and when John is old enough to become a "Freshy," the money is all ready for him. John is to be plainly told that this money is not his except as a loan, which he must make good to some younger member of the family, who takes it with the same understanding. This plan, although it must in many respects be a visionary one (because John might turn out "bad"), nevertheless has splendid advantages. This same sum may come back to educate John's children, who shall in turn carry on the good work. Each time the money changes hands, it places a most helpful obligation upon the new possessor. It makes him realize that what some one else has done for him, he in turn must do for another. It is undeniably true that if an aim, an object, is in view, then there is just so much more purpose to accomplish the goal. More earnestness, more aim, more purpose is what is needed to characterize the coming generation of young Americans.

Then, to "summerize," if you want to be a philanthropist, if you would confer favors of high degree, then begin even in this panic-stricken time an educational fund, that your boy or girl may enjoy what has been denied to you, in order that your child may become a helpful member of society.

MARY D. SIBLEY.

### WEARING MOURNING.

There are some very good people who are waging war against this time-honored custom of wearing black for our departed loved ones. There is no custom so rigidly adhered to that has so little to recommend it as this.

Why those who are left should swathe themselves in repulsive black, for the punishment of those who remain behind, is a problem to many. There is something repellent in black clothes to little children, and to many it is so unbecoming as to entirely change the appearance.

Added to this is its great expense. Nothing in black to be durable can be bought cheap. People going into black for the first time are amazed to find that a good mourning-veil costs from fifteen to twenty-five dollars; a good black shawl the same; all good grades of dress material in mourning goods, two dollars and upward a yard.

Very frequently one's wardrobe is sufficient without laying those articles aside to replenish with an entire wardrobe just



CASE FOR RINGS AND THINGS.

per hour was charged each pupil. Many a woman in a small place might add to her pocket-book in this way if her fingers be deft, and many a mother will be glad indeed to have her daughters schooled in such valuable instruction.

MARY D. SIBLEY.

### A CASE FOR RINGS AND THINGS.

There are old things we like to keep when they are past their prime—our first party gloves, the ribbon on an especially becoming bonnet. A little trifle made as such a souvenir can be used as a traveling-case for such jewelry as we do not care to wear traveling.

Make the bottom of pasteboard, the size of a small saucer; cover one side with silk, the other with kid. Around this sew a wide ribbon lined with the kid, into which make a shirr in the edge for a drawing-cord. To one side attach a little round pasteboard, covered, with a button sewed to the top to act as a lid.

Put this on top of your things, pull the strings, and when it is full, the jewelry cannot get out and about in among your other things. The kid inside makes it soft so nothing will scratch.

S. A. R.

### EDUCATIONAL FUND.

All things considered, the optimistic outlook is much more helpful than the gloomy meditations with which the pessimist indulges his fancy. That "money is the root of all evil" should be an idea outrooted, and supplanted by "money may be the source of all good." It is a good exchange, with boot for the best side.

Money and brains are enviable possessions, and one does not always accompany the other. Brains, I suppose, is the preferable pre-requisite, for brains may bring money, while the wealth of all the nations couldn't buy a thimbleful of brains.

But to waver a little, we readily consent that money is a very handy article to educate the brain, which nature may have given freely, yet in a state requiring much cultivation. Many an earnest boy and many an ambitious girl, both eager and hungry alike for the chance that a more favored neighbor has for educational advantages, wonder why it is that one should have so much more of this world's goods than another, and almost grow desperate when they realize that such opportunities are not within their grasp.

ou account of color. If one feels some change is necessary, just a quiet suit of ordinary black might be worn for a time, but not swathed in crape from head to foot.

Some people's attempts at mourning are ludicrous, as in one case I remember of a lady who wore the deepest crape mourning for her husband's mother, because she thought it would be so becoming, and her crape veil reached the bottom of her dress behind, while in the front of her bonnet she had put a band of scarlet velvet to lighten it up a little.

Another lady, a widow, wore deep black for her husband, in everything except the very dressiest kind of a black lace bonnet, entirely out of keeping with the entire suit.

Fashion intrudes just at a time when grief is overwhelming, and it seems hard to have to turn one's attention and time from the beloved dead to the demands of



the milliner or dressmaker. Then your most familiar friend will say, "How long will you wear black?" as though it is something after all to hurry out of as soon as possible. That being so, why put it on at all? There is no dress renders a woman so conspicuous as elegant black and a widow's cap. In nothing else would any woman consent to so completely label herself as a woman does when she puts on that costume.

That it is an unhealthy dress many concede, as the odor from crape and some kinds of black lace is very sickening.

After all, a quiet dressing at all times is best. Then no startling changes need be made in it for any reason.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

#### USEFUL RECIPES.

**FRUIT GLACE.**—Boil one pint of granulated sugar and one cupful of water until brittle. Have oranges peeled and divided into quarters. Carefully dip each piece in a portion of the syrup and set in a cool place to dry. Do not stir the syrup. Pineapples, bananas or other fruits can be prepared in the same way, and mixed with the oranges in a glass bowl, form a very handsome dish.

**CORNEB MUTTON.**—This is a dish which seems to be known to comparatively few housekeepers. Have your butcher put a nice leg of mutton in the pickle for you, just as he does beef, to corn, leaving it in about a week. Then boil it thoroughly, and serve with drawn butter and caper sauce.

**"LITTLE PIGS IN BLANKETS."**—They make a delicious dish for entertainments, and are made as follows: Take nice breakfast bacon, trim off the rind and ragged edges, and slice as thin as possible. Be careful to keep the lean streaks whole, as they represent the borders on the blankets. Next, take large oysters and lay one on the borderless end of each blanket; fold the border ends over the oysters, making both edges of the blankets meet, and pin together with wooden toothpicks. Broil in butter and serve hot.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* gives the following recipe for a luncheon delicacy: Two eggs beaten separately and very light; stir in sifted flour until it can be rolled out on molding-board. Roll as thin as possible, and cut in strips an inch wide and an inch and a half or two inches long. Fry a delicate brown in very hot fat. Sprinkle either with powdered sugar or salt as you take them from the fat. To be eaten soon after frying.



INITIALS FOR MARKING HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

**FOR INVALIDS.**—A tempting dish for an invalid is made by taking one large tablespoonful of arrowroot mixed with half a tea-cupful of cold water. Put one pound of sugar, the juice of four lemons and the rind of one lemon into a bowl and pour over it one quart of boiling water and the arrowroot. Stir until all dissolves, strain, cool and freeze.

To keep the bright, green color of summer cabbage and some other vegetables, boil fast in plenty of water in which has been dissolved a piece of washing-soda the size of two peas; cover until the water boils and take off the lid. If the steam is shut in, the cabbage will be yellow and unsightly.

There is an immense cake and pastry baking concern in New York City, which is using cotton-seed oil and ground nut (peanut) oil for shortening altogether, and

I am assured that many private housekeepers are doing the same. Should any of my readers care to try it, they can get cotton-seed oil, probably under the name of Union salad-oil, of any good druggist, and it ought not to cost more than seventy cents per gallon, as at wholesale an excellent quality is worth about forty-five cents. The quantity used is less in bulk than lard. Thus, where your recipe calls for "half a cupful of lard" use a tablespoonful of the oil. The result is a perfect marvel of flakiness—at least in the samples which I have had the pleasure of interviewing.

**PEACH GELATIN.**—Press half a can of peaches or apricots through a colander; whip a pint of cream stiff; take a quarter of a box of gelatin, soak in two table-spoonfuls of cold water, and stir it over boiling water until it is dissolved; strain it into the purge of fruits, mix well, and stand the mold—which should be a tin one



INITIALS FOR MARKING HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

—on the ice or in the snow, or stir from the bottom and sides until it begins to set and thicken, then add half the whipped cream, mix thoroughly and set away to harden. Turn out on a pretty dish and pour the remainder of the whipped cream, which you have kept in a cool place, around the base.

Two apples kept in a cake-box will keep moderately rich cake moist a great length of time, if the apples are renewed when withered.

#### HELPS.

**WASHING GINGHAMS.**—Four ounces of white castile soap, four ounces of ammonia, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of glycerine. Shave the soap in one quart of water over the fire. When dissolved, add four quarts of rain-water, and when nearly cold, the other ingredients. Bottle and keep in a cool place. One cup of this mixture in two quarts of water will be sufficient for ordinary use. Now lay the goods on an old sheet, and iron rapidly and lightly on the wrong side, and then roll tightly on a curtain-pole or any round piece of wood. If this is carefully done, you do away with the creases made by folding. For black silk or cloth, dissolve one tablespoonful of borax and one tablespoonful of indigo in one pint of warm water. Sponge the pieces well and lay smoothly, one above the other, and if possible, put in the sun to dry.

If you want to make the children's last summer lawns and gingham look bright and new enough to warrant the letting down of the skirts, and the making of new waists, boil a quart of bran, inclosed in a bag, in a gallon of water for an hour. Take out the bran and divide the water in which it was boiled, putting one half to one gallon of warm water in which the dress is to be washed, and the other half to a second gallon in which it is to be washed again. Dry in the shade, and iron on the wrong side. Use no soap and no starch. The extract of bran cleans sufficiently, stiffens and preserves the colors.

**FANCY TABLE.**—A pretty Duchesse table can be made of a wooden frame, cut in kidney shape, curving in at the center. It should be ample and low enough to enable the possessor to dress her hair sitting before it, if she desires. The frame should be padded on top and covered, and the sides draped with white, yellow or pale pink silesia, over which can be put Swiss muslin, mull or any transparent material, decorated with flowing bows of ribbon, the color of the silesia used. A good-sized mirror is hung above it and draped with the sheer material, tied with bunches of ribbons.

**TRAVELING-BASKET FOR SMALL INFANT.**—Very pretty and convenient for other purposes are the christening-baskets which are now so popular. They are shaped like the basket in which Pharaoh's daughter discovered little Moses. They are lined inside with fluted muslin, and have a deep

frill around the edge made of muslin and lace. At the head is a little muslin cover shirred up on reeds, trimmed all around with a plaited frill, and made to fold back or to cover the baby's face. It is a comfortable little-nest for a tiny baby, much preferable to holding in one's lap, and for traveling they are said to be most convenient, for the child can sleep comfortably wherever the basket is placed, and the basket has no weight of itself.

#### BLACKBERRY PUDDING.

Butter a pudding-dish, and fill with berries to the depth of one inch; then put on a layer of dough prepared exactly the same as for soda biscuit or short-cake (it does not seem necessary to give a recipe for that); then another inch or so of berries, and cover with a layer of the dough. A little sugar and a small piece of butter should be scattered over the berries. A

quart of berries and the dough from one cup of wetting will make enough for six or seven persons, so fill your measures accordingly. The pudding should be put in a steamer and placed over a kettle of boiling water and steamed for one hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

Any other berries are just as good as blackberries. Many people are so fond of elderberries. Try a pudding, putting in a little vinegar with them, or a few slices of sour apples with the sugar. Apples alone make a good pudding in this way. Be sure to steam one hour, that it may be thoroughly cooked. GYPSY.

#### USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW.

The question, "What does a man buy when he purchases the title to a farm?" has been often asked, but not so satisfactorily determined. From the latest decisions on the subject it is plain that he buys the ground, of course, and all the buildings erected on it, whether these are mentioned or not. He also buys all the fences, but not material once used, then taken down and laid aside, nor material purchased for a new fence, unless these are specifically mentioned. He also buys all adjuncts necessary to the farm, except implements and machinery. For instance, if there is a pile of bean-poles cut and once used for the purpose, these go with the farm; but if cut and never used, they are the seller's property, unless specified as sold. Standing trees and trees which have fallen or blown down go with the ground; but if cut down and made into cordwood, they become personal property, and to go with the land must be specified in the sale.

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When from domestic scenes a man  
Will quickly disappear;  
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Housecleaning waxeth rife,

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## Our Sunday Afternoon.

### CHRIST IS OURS.

'Tis the same sweet, blessed story,  
Christ is ours;  
We must tell it for his glory,  
He has saved us from all sin,  
He has made us pure within,  
And his blood now keeps us clean.  
Christ is ours.

Yes, our heart with joy is singing,  
Christ is ours;  
All our thoughts to him are winging;  
He has claimed us for his own,  
And our heart is now his throne.  
Where he reigns and reigns alone.  
Christ is ours.

Through life's changes as we go,  
Christ is ours;  
He will needed grace bestow,  
He will all our steps attend,  
Keep us even to the end,  
Blessed Saviour, truest friend.  
Christ is ours.

### WANTED—SUNSHINE.

It is a curious fact that the world hasn't the slightest use for us when we are sad or in trouble. Our best is all that it cares for, and our worst it will not have under any circumstances. Some years ago a lady who had met with more mishaps and reverses than often fall to the lot of mortals, invited an acquaintance, whom she had not met for some time, to call upon her. This acquaintance was a man not unknown to fame, and one who had some reputation as a writer of helpful and comfortable articles. He stood for a moment in a thoughtful attitude, and then said slowly: "Oh, well, I will come around some time when you get your affairs all straightened up. It gives me the blues to see you so full of mishaps and troubles. When it's all clear sailing again let me know, and I will come in just as I used to." It was a sort of brutal and cold-blooded answer, but it echoed the sentiment of the world exactly.

The world doesn't want us when we are in trouble, and it doesn't want to come near us. It has no special sympathy to give us, but is an insatiable monster and is ever demanding. It will take even our heart's blood if we will give it, and sometimes take it whether we will or no. Unpleasant as the fact is, there seems to be no gainsaying it, and the only thing left to us is to accept it and make the best of it. We all know people whom we instinctively shun because their entire conversation is a recital of their misfortunes. They are depressing and trying to the nerves; and after all, we cannot blame the world so much, for as individuals we are quite worried by them as is the community at large. There are two classes of people who are comfortable and comforting to have about—those who are too easy-going and indifferent to take or hold trouble, and others who have self-control and philosophy sufficient to keep their misfortunes to themselves.

### A GOOD CREED.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead, but show it in acts of kindness; this fills their lives with practical considerations. Speaking approving and cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind acts you mean to do when they are gone, do before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they brought them out in my weary and troubled hours, that I may be refreshed and charmed and cheered by them; one would rather have a plain coffin without a single flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of human sympathy and love. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand. *Post-mortem* kindness does not cheer the burdened spirits. Flowers on the coffin soon wither and cast no fragrance backward.

### DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Cougo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

### ONLY A STICK.

Greatness is not usefulness. There are many things too great to be useful. What would a crowbar be worth in repairing a watch? Persons sometimes belittle themselves, and seem to regard themselves of no account.

Says Marion Lawrence to Sunday-school teachers: "Don't allow yourselves to get discouraged in your work. One of my teachers came to me one day and said, 'I cannot teach this class, I am only a stick.' I replied, 'Do you know what the Lord did with a stick? He opened the Red sea with a stick. He brought the water out of the rock with a stick. You go back to the class and be a stick—be a good stick. That is all the Lord wants of you.' The trouble is that we want to be something that we are not. If we are crooked sticks, the Lord will find crooked places for us to fill."

No man should be discouraged about his place, his opportunities or his calling, but each for himself should look to God for guidance, for help, for wisdom that cometh from above; and those who look to God with loving, joyous trust, will find that he will never forget them or forsake them, but will guide their efforts to his glory and the good of other men. And the work of the small may be as useful as the work of the great, for it is not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.—*Safeguard*.

### WOMAN EVERYWHERE.

I have found among all nations, says Ledyard, that the women adorn themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable, generous action; nor are they haughty, arrogant or supercilious; but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable in general to err than man, but in general more virtuous and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise.

In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar—if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner that if I was dry I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with double relish.

### I AM ON YOUR SIDE.

A Bible colporteur was not long since distributing Bibles in one of the departments of France, when, being weary, he sat down under the shade of some large trees near the road; and placing his bag, filled with Bibles and Testaments, at his feet, he had taken up one of the books, and was refreshing his soul by reading it. No sooner had he begun than he heard a voice saying to him from the other side of the hedge, "I am on your side." Turning around, he saw, through a gap of the hedge, the face of a woman, expressing the greatest satisfaction. "Yes, I am on your side," said the woman, making her way through and sitting near the colporteur. "I saw by your bag and by the holy book in your hand that you were one of that small band of Christians who endeavor to diffuse the knowledge of the Savior by the circulation of his word. It is through those good people that my husband and I have been brought to Jesus Christ, believing all that he teaches, and rejecting all that he does not teach."—*Bible So. Rec.*

### THE SIN OF FRETTING.

There is one sin which, it seems to me, is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably everyone in the room, or in the car, or the street corner, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot,

it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things.

### THE GOOD-NIGHT STORY.

"Every night when I watch my little daughter working off the big thoughts that sweep over her brain as her tired body begins to relax, while her mentality seems to be briefly and proportionately stimulated, I tremble to think of the harm that could be done to her or any child—for Mabel is not an abnormal child in any way—by an ignorant nurse or thoughtless parent.

"The fact that every normal child cries out for a bedtime story shows that its mental nature needs it just as its physical nature craves sweets. You want to give your child pure candy, so give him the unadulterated story. Leave out the fearful personalities, the grim and gigantic figures—these, even if they are properly vanquished by the gallant hero, are too distinct for the crib-side tale.

"Sit down by your little one's bed and speak low and evenly. Weave a fanciful but quiet story that tells of pretty fairies, and birds, and flowers, and droning bees, and loving little boys and girls—these woo sleep to the weary but still active brain, not with the suffocating pressure of the gathering storm lit with lurid flashes, but with the soft clouds of the sunset horizon that change from rosy pink to tender enveloping gray, and gradually deepen into restful gloom."—*New York Times*.

### HOW MUCH DID YOU TAKE?

"Haven't we had a fine sermon!" said one lady to another, while passing out with the congregation at the close of a Sunday service.

"Yes," replied the other, "I think we have. How much of it did you take?"

The sermon was really a good one upon "Charity," which "suffereth long, and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." The diction of the sermon was almost unexceptionable. The lady who so warmly praised it was fashionably dressed, accustomed to living quite at her ease, and so far as we could learn, not particularly given to sacrificing her substance or convenience for the benefit of anybody else, and was often heard making very uncharitable remarks about others; yet she was captivated by the sermon. It was a fine one, she thought—she had been interested and entertained. While we remained within hearing she had not framed a reply to the question, "How much did you take of it?"

This is the test question as to the true appreciation of a sermon. What avails it that we praise the sermon while never taking it to the heart and the home for practice? How often is the sermon eulogized, and the preacher complimented, with no manner of profit to the hearer? So it was in Ezekiel's day, and so it will continue to be. "Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not." "How much of it did you take?" is the question that remains after all the pleasant compliments.

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## Our Farm.

### THE FAMOUS WHEAT BELT OF AMERICA INSPECTED BY FOREIGN VISITORS.

FOREVER memorable in the history of the American wheat country will be the recent tour of the foreign commissioners of the World's Columbian Exposition through the famous bonanza wheat farms of the Northwest. Representatives of twenty-seven different nations of the globe on that trip were shown a practical wheat harvest on a scale so gigantic as to cause them the most genuine astonishment. On their return home they will tell of the Red river valley wheat farms as one of the most remarkable sights they saw in all America.

The party, numbering over one hundred people, left Chicago Wednesday evening, August 23d, in an elegant special train bound for the Northwest, and guests of the Great Northern railroad. Included in the cars of the train were dining and sleeping cars, so that the tourists were never compelled to stop at hotels or to pay any attention to towns along the way in the matter of lodging or meals.

Thursday forenoon was devoted to driving about and viewing the scenery of Kilbourn City, Wis., and the famous dells of the Wisconsin river. Friday and Saturday were filled with sight-seeing, speech-making and receptions at St. Paul and Minneapolis, and they were busy days, as the twin cities gave them a most royal reception. Monday the distinguished tourists sped through Minnesota and North Dakota, through the British Columbia boundary line, reaching Grand Forks, North Dakota, on their return trip, Monday noon. Here they were driven about and shown the sights, including the North Dakota university and the fleets and grain vessels in the Red river of the North.

the procession down the long field. At the rate of an acre every forty seconds, these machines kept on their march in a grand, peaceful warfare against poverty, while the commissioners looked on, asked questions of Mr. Larimore and his son, and took copious notes, which will be used as the basis of exhaustive reports made to their home governments on their return.

After viewing this impressive sight, the commissioners adjourned to one side of the field, where scientific tests of draft were being made under the supervision of Mayor O. H. Phillips and Mr. C. H. Olmstead. Here a new principle was involved, a principle that may work a revolution in the harvesting machinery of the world and save the farmers millions every year. It was the application of the ball and roller bearings, such as are used in bicycles and bicycle snikeys, to harvesting-machines. The machine in question was the Deering Pony binder, a small machine built down low and weighing only 1,035 pounds, or from 400 to 500 pounds less than ordinary binders, and the Deering Ideal mower. Six tests were made on each machine with the Ostenheld & Eickmeyer dynamometer, each representing the draft involved in cutting a six-foot swath, one hundred feet in length, in twenty-five seconds of time. The Pony binder was tested first. The six tests showed an average of 298 pounds of draft. These were followed by six tests in which the machine was run in gear over the tops of the stubble just cut. This test, which is known as "rolling draft," showed an average draft of 207 pounds. The Deering Ideal mower, a new machine which is also filled with the bicycle bearings, was given similar tests in heavy grass. The cutting draft averaged 126 pounds and the rolling draft 92 pounds. The remarkably low draft shown by these figures for both machines was carefully noted by the visitors as demonstrating the practical ability of the bicycle bearings.

itors, told of the various resources, not alone of this fertile valley, but of the whole state.

Commissioner Ruano, of Uruguay, made a rapid and, to all appearances, eloquent address. We had to rely on appearances, as he spoke in Spanish. Captain Concas followed with an interpretation that confirmed this surmise of eloquence.

The commissioner of Costa Rica confessed that this tour had divested him of every atom of conceit. "My little country," said he, "is a great farming country; but after visiting the great valley of the Red river of the North, I find that we are simply 'not in it' with you."

Mr. N. G. Larimore had the rapt attention of the visitors, who listened, notebook in hand, while he gave a practical talk on wheat-raising. He said that by the adoption of improved farm machinery and methods he had reduced the cost of raising wheat to \$4.50 or \$5 an acre. "In good years," said he, "when we raise twenty bushels to the acre and get sixty cents a bushel for wheat, the investment pays a big dividend. Even this year, which we call an off year, with light crops and low prices, we still have left a profit of ten per cent on an investment of \$15 an acre for land." He explained, in a witty vein, that he used mules in preference to horses, because a mule has sense enough to take care of himself and knows enough to kick back when his drivers maltreat him. He astonished his hearers by saying that he plowed in furrows six miles long and made two round trips a day with each plow.

Mr. John F. Appleby, the famous inventor of the Appleby binder, was greeted with warm applause as he arose to speak. He said: "Binder inventing has been to me a lifetime work. Way back in the fifties, when I was a lad of seventeen, I began on my self-binder. At the age of eighteen I put my first knotter onto a har-

At 4 p. m. the company embarked on the special train for Casselton and the Dalrymple farms, where they witnessed threshing-machines working at a crop of wheat raised on 54,000 acres and cut with 190 Deering binders, a make that is used exclusively by the Dalrymples.

From Casselton the special train moved southward to Fargo, where part of Wednesday was spent in driving about and viewing the sad wreck left by the fearful fire of June 7th. Wonder at what the fire had destroyed was completely discounted by astonishment at what man had rebuilt in less than ninety days. Long rows of imposing, solidly-built brick blocks were already receiving their finishing interior touches, while hundreds of others equally promising were in all stages of construction. To the mayor and citizens who greeted them, the commissioners expressed their astonishment at what they said seemed to them to be a modern miracle.

From Fargo the excursionists made a "bee line" for the world's fair city, where they arrived Thursday, August 31st, enthusiastic over the wonders of American "bonanza" wheat culture.

The tour will be of incalculable benefit to America, as the exhaustive reports which each of these commissioners will make upon returning to their homes cannot fail to attract widespread attention and vast sums of capital to this country.

#### TO DISCOVER BAD LEGS.

In examining the legs of a horse, the purchaser should first stand with his face to the broadside of the horse, as he stands on the level ground, and observe whether he rests perpendicularly on all his legs, having the natural proportion of his weight on each straightly, squarely and directly, or whether he stands with all his legs straddled out, or with all drawn together under the center of his belly, as if he were trying to stick them all in a hat; or lastly, whether he favors one or more of his legs either by pointing it forward, or by placing it in any position in which no weight at all, or a very small stress of weight is thrown upon it.

#### INSECTS HARD TO FREEZE.

Insects that spend most of their lives in a torpid or semi-torpid condition are not always killed by being frozen. Instances are numerous of travelers in the Rocky mountains finding butterflies above the snow line frozen stiff. When carried to a warmer climate or into a cabin, they often completely revive. Their normal vital power is so low that a degree of cold that would prove fatal to other creatures does not kill them.—*St. Louis Exchange.*

A unique way of calling attention to the absence of a tool from the tool-room is recommended by Mr. W. I. Chamberlain. As soon as the tools are hung in the best order in a new room, he marks the outline of each on the wall back of it with a heavy pencil. Thus, when the hatchet or hammer or saw is gone, its picture is there to call for its return. Another advantage is that when one is working in the shop and using several tools, their outline on the wall helps greatly in hanging them up rapidly in the proper place.

**HANDY COBBLER COMPLETESHOE and Harness Kit** for home use. Great time and money saver. Articles separate cost \$6. Price 25 articles, boxed, 20 lbs. \$2. No. 2 without extra harness tools, \$2.25 articles, 17 lbs. \$2. Catalogue free. Agents wanted. In order give R. R. or Exp. station and name this paper.

**KUHN & CO., Moline, Ill.**

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We give away Lace Curtains, with \$4, \$6, or \$8 orders. White Tea Set, \$6 and 70 pieces, with \$11 and \$15 orders. Pair Ladies' Dongola Kid Boots, with \$8 orders. Safety Bicycle, Cushion Tires, with \$80 orders. Decorated Granite Dinner Sets, 112 pieces, with \$20 orders. Hanging Lamp and Decorated Shade, with \$10 & \$12 orders. Violin, Banjo and Guitar, with \$12, \$16, and \$25 orders. Moss Rose Toilet Set, with \$15 orders. Stem Winding Swiss Watch, Ladies' or Boy's, with \$10 orders.

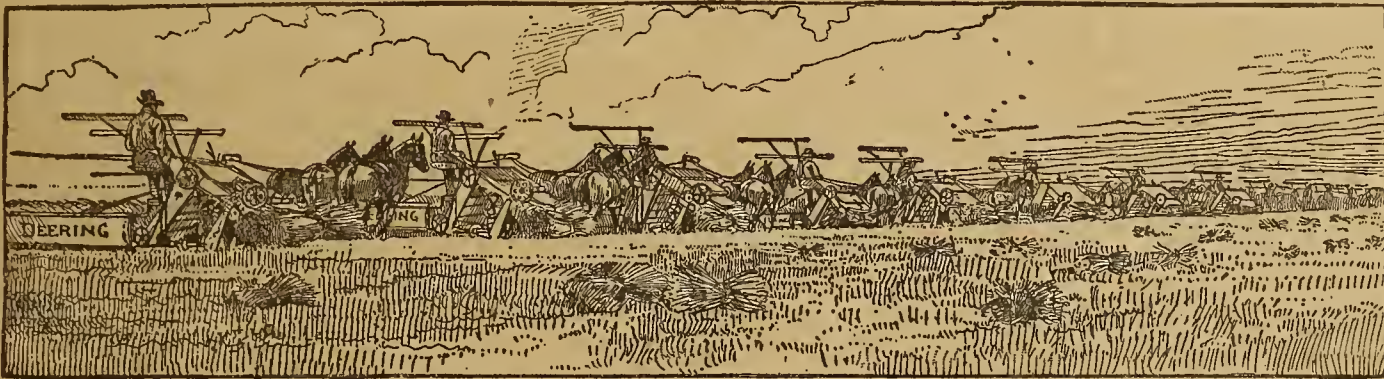
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Address FARM AND FIRESIDE,  
Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.



PART OF THE LINE OF 43 DEERING BINDERS ON THE ELK VALLEY FARM, AS VIEWED BY THE COMMISSIONERS.

Then they were feasted and toasted at the Hotel Dacotah, and given the freedom of the city.

All these events were simply preliminary—a sort of preparation for the greater sights that awaited them at Larimore, North Dakota, the real destination of their tour. Hitherto they had been spinning through small one and two thousand-acre farms, on which the harvest was already finished. At Larimore they were to see the famous Elk valley farm, covering an extent of 12,000 acres, 9,000 acres of which are annually planted in wheat. In other words, nineteen square miles of fertile, almost absolutely level land, fourteen miles of which had waved with No. 1 hard wheat.

A glorious sunrise Tuesday morning, August 29th, found the special train on a side-track at Larimore, with early-rising citizens lined along it in an endeavor to get a glimpse of the distinguished visitors, who still slept soundly within. In due time a delegation of citizens, headed by Mayor O. H. Phillips, met the guests with a variegated cavalcade of horse-power conveyances, and piloted them three miles over the dead-level wheat-field, most of which had already been reduced to shocks, and some to grain already threshed and stored for future shipment. One square mile (640 acres) of wheat had been left standing at one side of the big field, in order to show the commissioners a sight that would forever live in their memories. Forty-five Deering binders, six and seven foot cut, advanced through the grain to weird, sweet music of their own, a mighty phalanx of artillery. On they came, while the visitors viewed the spectacle with silent wonder. Silence soon gave way to action, and the commissioners, eagerly dismounting from their carriages, followed the machines on foot in order to learn the secret of their perfect action; then climbing into their carriages again, followed

A notable feature of the binder test was the use on the Pony binder of the Deering "rawhide" twine, made from a wood-fiber paper. The twine, patented by William Deering & Co., bids fair to prove a Waterloo to the grasping twine trust, as it is said that it can be made and sold at prices considerably below those now paid for the hemp and sisal fibers. At the Deering exhibit in the machinery annex to this agricultural building of the world's fair, where it is being manufactured, this twine is causing a decided stir, thousands of people requesting samples every day.

From these tests the company of sight-seers, now amounting to fully three hundred people, adjourned to a huge tent, where Mrs. Larimore and her neighbors, with true western hospitality, spread before them a delicious prairie-chicken dinner. Speeches and toasts followed, the Hon. Wm. E. Curtis acting as toastmaster. An address of welcome was made by Mayor Phillips, of Larimore, in which he told something of the marvelous development of the Red river valley, "the bread-basket of the world, the home of the famous No. 1 hard." The Rev. J. H. Keeley delivered an eloquent and witty address. Europe, he said, had given to America Louis Agassiz, the world's foremost scientist. Agassiz had discovered and given his name to a wondrous lake, now the great valley of the Red river of the North; and now, as a great reward, this Red river valley, this Lake Agassiz, was sending to Europe nutritious food for ten thousand souls.

Commissioner Harry Vincent, of the island of Trinidad, said: "In my youth I thought that the greatest thing in the world was a battery of troops marching across the plains to victorious war. But I have seen to-day a better and a nobler sight—a mighty phalanx of perfected binders marching across the plain to a grand victory of peace."

Gov. Shortridge, in welcoming the vis-

vester, and those of you who go to the world's fair will see, in the exhibit of William Deering & Co., in the agricultural building, the identical little device that tied the first bundle ever bound with twine in all the history of the world. [Applause.] Soon after I completed my invention the war came. I went to the front, and in my active campaign invented an improvement to the repeating rifle, which at the close of the war gave me enough capital to begin pushing my invention. Then followed years of struggle, and it was not until 1879, when William Deering had the enterprise to adopt my invention, that I began to receive my reward for years of struggle. A great deal of honor is due to Mr. Deering, the pioneer in the work of building twine-binders. In 1879, when he built seventy-five of these machines, the world laughed at him. In 1880, when, with unbounded determination, he built three thousand of them, the manufacturers of the old reapers and of the impractical wire-binders declared that the man was crazy. If Mr. Deering was crazy, then all manufacturers of harvesting machinery who have since been forced to follow his lead have also become violently insane [Laughter], and the millions of farmers who use the twine-binder, Mr. Larimore prominently among them, are fit candidates for a lunatic asylum." [Laughter and applause.]

Commissioner Grinevsky, of Russia, thanked the American people, and especially the farmers of the Northwest, for the noble way in which they had come to the assistance of his starving countrymen during the recent famine. He caused considerable merriment by saying: "I want to drink to America, but as this is a country where you don't drink very much, I feel I will have to leave de toast go."

Judge Latimer ended the speech-making by giving a witty and eloquent toast "to the ladies."



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A World's Fair Souvenir Coin valued at

# ONE DOLLAR.

A Souvenir Coin of the World's Fair will be given Free to any one sending three yearly subscribers to FARM AND FIRESIDE. Millions have been sold at one dollar each, and they will probably be worth two dollars each in a few years, as only five million were made by the United States government, and they are becoming scarcer every day. Price of one Silver Coin and one year's subscription \$1.25. Order at once as we only have a few. Address

FARM AND FIRESIDE,  
Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.

## Our Miscellany.

IN an advertisement by a railway company of some uncalled-for goods, the letter l was dropped from the word "lawful." The notice read: "People to whom these packages are directed are requested to come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

Mr. Thomas Pierce, of Lilly Chapel, Ohio, was restored to sight, from total blindness, by the new operation for cataract, at Dr. T. F. Bliss' Eye Hospital in this city (Springfield, Ohio), last week. The operation was entirely painless and he made a quick recovery, returning home in nine days. He was nearly 80 years old and had been blind a long time.

### MISSISSIPPI'S LIQUOR LAW.

There is a good deal of inquiry in different parts of the country as to the actual working of the Mississippi laws for the abridgement and suppression of the liquor traffic. On that subject no man is more competent to speak than Bishop Galloway. As one of the foremost citizens of that commonwealth, and as the ardent, intelligent and constant advocate of prohibition, he is entitled to be heard. The following letter is of such interest that we give it a prominent place:

"It will be gratifying to friends of the legal suppression of the liquor traffic to know that the cause makes constant and intelligent progress in this commonwealth. Our step has been steady, if not as quick as all have desired and some have lamented. Every year has marked an advance in sentiment, and every amendment to our liquor law has tightened the statute and made it more effectively prohibitory.

"So drastic is our present measure and so potential has been its influence as already to make this almost an absolute prohibition state. Of the seventy-five counties in Mississippi, intoxicating liquors are sold only in ten. And the indications are that in the next few months the number will be reduced to five. And in the ten counties still in the small wet column, liquor is sold in possibly only ten places, and those are towns sufficiently large to have police protection. The large county of Hinds, with the state capital and twelve towns, has only three saloons, and they are in the city of Jackson. One of these will close in three weeks, and the others are doomed. The villages and country places are now entirely rid of these dreadful storm-centers of crime and vice.

"Under our new constitution, with its educational qualifications upon the suffrage, we have not lost a single local option election. Every contest has been a victory. One county after another is swinging into line for the complete overthrow of this gigantic evil. Over in the delta, where prohibition sentiment was formerly too weak for organization, and had no heart or hope for battle, we have recently gained four wealthy counties, and out of that 'cornucopia of the South' will soon drive every grogery.

So much for the growing prohibition sentiment of our state and the effectiveness of our prohibitory law. I believe in the prohibition that prohibits. Whether our statute is approved or not by some ardent friends who study it afar off, if it closes the saloon and drives the accursed traffic from the horders of the state, I shall sustain it, aid in its rigorous enforcement and resist any emasculatation of its provisions. It is doubted if there is a state in the union with a more wholesome sentiment on this subject than Mississippi.—Chas. B. Galloway, in Christian Advocate.

### PLENTY OF WORK LEFT.

If Charles Dudley Warner aches for some real hard labor, he should get in front of a hayloader, ride a mower, or get in close working proximity to any of the many labor-saving machines of the farm, all of which have become a necessity because of the great scarcity of farm laborers, and the ability of one man to do the hard work of several with them; and as for cares and exacting duties, his midnight oil on a short-time magazine article or a sick baby won't compare to the every-day and night calls on a large farm. No! Charles is not in it.—Our Grange Homes.

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. Free by mail. Circular. Fredonia, N. Y.

### WHEN I GET TIME.

When I get time—  
I know what I shall do:  
I'll cut the leaves of all my books,  
And read them through and through.

When I get time—  
I'll write some letters then  
That I have owed for weeks and weeks  
To many, many men.

When I get time—  
I'll pay those calls I owe,  
And with those bills, those countless bills,  
I will not be so slow.

When I get time—  
I'll regulate my life  
In such a way that I may get  
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—  
O glorious dream of bliss!  
A month, a year, ten years from now—  
But I can't finish this—  
I have no time.

—Vogue.

### THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

If that English poet who wrote those oft-quoted words, "The best study of mankind is man," could have visited the Columbian exposition, straightway he would have made for the Midway Plaisance. Pope, alas, died a century and a half too soon to see the glories of the world's fair, but to know that his admonition is being followed by a host of people who are determined to see man in all his diversified forms as exemplified in the four quarters of the globe, it is only necessary to visit Jackson Park. Here it will be discovered that those things which most interest the throngs of visitors are those which deal with mankind. Even in the department of fine arts it is the rule that the genre painting always calls forth the admiration of the largest number who stop before the picture which depicts some story of human sorrow or joy, while the more artistic and possibly superior landscape is neglected save by the comparatively few whose taste has been developed to a higher degree. If the chief study of mankind, then, may be said to be man, surely the Midway Plaisance is a university. Here the throngs of visitors may be seen daily. The thoroughfare is crowded from morning until night, and when jewels, pictures and machines, flowers, fish and sculpture become, from their very interest and abundance, tiresome, "flat, stale and unprofitable," then tired sight-seers have yet strength and enthusiasm for the Midway Plaisance.

Leaving the exposition grounds proper—although the Midway Plaisance is within the exposition inclosure and no additional fee is required to reach it—the visitor sees before him on either side a mile of buildings of all conceivable schools of architecture, and of none at all, stretching from the rude log cabin to the Moorish palace and the minaret-crowned structures of Cairo street, and filled with wares of the East and West, from the rude ornaments of the American Indians to the most valuable curios of the Orient. The visitor is first of all impressed with the different nationalities he meets upon this boulevard of the nations. Like as not he will first spy a quartet of young girls from the Irish village, and, gazing at them, he is pushed aside by two Turks calling, "Look out, look out!" whose foreheads, beaded with perspiration, tell the number of pounds avoirdupois of American humanity within their sedan chair. There he spies an Arab, with his flowing robe, an Egyptian following him, while a little farther on is one of the quaint little women from Java. Posing before the white front of a fruit-stand is a little, hare-foot Sioux Indian boy, dressed in red, and not far distant in the arms of his father is a "real, live" Chinese baby, looking for all the world like a Chinese wax doll in a toy-shop. Natives of the Fiji islands, Dahomey, Johore or one of the Soudanese glide through the crowd. There stalks a proud halberdier from the street in old Vienna, and fast after him trips a West Point cadet with a pretty girl on either arm. These are some of the queer people the sight-seer may discover, but beside all these are the Europeans, from almost every country on the continent, the people of our own land, from almost every state and of every station in life. "All sorts and conditions of men," indeed, are on the Plaisance.

At night the scene changes. The same classes of people may be seen, but there are more of them. The theaters, shops, "villages," and the different exhibitions of one sort and another are crowded, and the place is as lively as Paris in carnival time, while the diversification of races is even more marked than in the daytime. Perched high up in the cars of the brilliantly-illuminated Ferris wheel, the whole exposition grounds pass before the gaze of the enthusiastic onlooker. The buildings loom up in the night like the palaces of Aladdin, resplendent with the jewels of electric lights. On the north the search-light from the manufacturers' building bathes the minarets of Cairo with a flood of light. On the south, the roof over panorama building shows its circle of light.—Chicago Graphic.

### CANCER AND ITS CURE.

Drs. McLeish & Weber, 123 John St., Cincinnati, O., have made the treatment of Cancer a specialty for twenty years. Their success is set forth in a "Treatise" mailed free to anyone.

### THE ROADS DETERRED HIM.

A gentleman who had enjoyed a suburban home where the roads were kept in excellent condition, was offered a big price if he would part with his ground, the purchaser wishing to plat an addition to the city. The offer was accepted, and the former owner of the "Home on the Brookside" became a prospector for new hut larger premises. He visited several farms offered for sale, finding it difficult to select one that suited him in every respect. First, the farm must be well improved, good houses and barns, must have fruit—he was too old to think of growing apples, pears, peaches, etc.; at his time of life; true, he had many years prospectively, but he wanted to enjoy the fruit now.

Second, the farm must be well under-drained. He could not think of spending four or five years to get rid of the excess of water before he could grow the best crops.

Third, the land must be in a good state of cultivation, proportionately divided as to crops and pasture, and fences in good condition.

An agent showed him where almost every want which he had named seemed to be met. The land lay well, was thoroughly under-drained, had an abundance of fruit, with beautiful pastures, substantial and tasteful farm buildings, a good farm-house; everything in order—lovely. The agent thought there could be no objection, asked about the prospect of a sale. The prospector shook his head. The agent was astounded. Would the place not suit?

"It is certainly all that you have described, and has the reputation of being very healthy—no malaria, water abundant and delicious."

The trees waved their leafy branches in every part of the landscape, the air bore the fragrance of a thousand flowers. What could be the objection? The answer was sharp, short and decisive:

"I could not endure for one season these terrific roads."

Miserable, unkept highways are worse than a plague to investors in rural homes.—The Drainage Journal.

### COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

The genial Cbauncey M. Depew, just returned from Chicago, has been giving his views of the fair to a New York Tribune reporter, and among other things Mr. Depew comments as follows:

"Yes, the world's fair is doing superb business now. If it had not been for this panic it would be as great a financial as it is an industrial success. Before the panic set in and the mills and factories closed, we were negotiating in every town for excursion parties, composed mainly of factory and mill operatives and their families, to the fair. The closing of the mills stopped the whole of this business. I have no doubt that from this source alone the fair has lost many millions of visitors. These millions being compelled to husband in the most careful way possible their resources, could not go to the fair, no matter how limited the expense. The cheap excursion train which we have been running since the first of July carried about two hundred during the period of stringency, and yesterday it carried one thousand."

On the subject of the suggested continuance of the fair through the summer of 1894, Mr. Depew said:

"There is some talk at Chicago of running the fair for another year, but it will not materialize in anything practical. It will cost about \$1,000,000 to preserve and reopen it, besides the difficulty of inducing the exhibitors to restore their exhibits and reappear another year. In view of the countless numbers who have been prevented from going because of the phenomenal condition of the country, it might seem like a quixotic suggestion, but it certainly would be an admirable and patriotic movement if the government would take steps which would enable the fair, because of this unexpected and unprecedented misfortune, to reopen its doors under the favoring auspices of a prosperous year, as the next one will undoubtedly be."

### THE HONEST DOLLAR.

A fifty-cent dollar won't do.  
Neither will a dollar-and-a-half dollar.  
The country needs one-hundred-cent dollars, and plenty of them.

A fifty-cent dollar cheats creditors; a dollar-and-a-half dollar cheats debtors; a hundred-cent dollar is fair to both.

In the time of Moses gold and silver were used for money, and all the generations of men since that time the world over have used both metals for money.

An attempt is now being made to use one of these metals and to do away with the other, and as a consequence the whole business world is turned topsy-turvy, and chaos has come again.

And in consequence, we are in danger of coming to a dollar-and-a-half dollar or a fifty-cent dollar, when what we need is a good, old-fashioned, constitutional, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, one-hundred-cent dollar, no more and no less.—Farm Journal.

### CONVINCING PROOF.

Brer. Johnsing—"Hahn't yo' nebbber heered dat some ob de 'postles war brack?"  
Elder Snowball—"I reckon some ob 'em war; else I can't see w'y Sain' Peter sh'd 'a' b'en so 'sturbed by dat rooster's crowln'."

**A GOOD SCHOOL** Do you want an education, classical, scientific, business, legal, pharmaceutical, musical or fine art, do you want to educate your children? If so, send for catalogue of the Ohio Normal University, Columbus, Ohio, one of the largest and best schools in the country. Last annual enrollment, 2,834, 30 states represented; also several foreign countries. Advantages unexcelled, expenses low. Will furnish room, good board in private family, and tuition ten weeks, for \$28; 49 weeks, \$118. Has university powers and confers all degrees. Teachers are thorough and experienced. Students can enter at any time to advantage. If things are not found as represented, we will pay all traveling expenses. Send for catalogue. H. S. LEHR, A. M., President.

**A BEAUTIFUL CRAZY** quilt of 500 sq. in., made with p.p.g. of 60 splendid silk pcs., asstd. bright colors, 25c.; 5 p.p.g.s., \$1. LEMARIE'S SILK MILLS, LITTLE FERRY, N. J.

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**FREE** A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it's yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address: **THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO.,** 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Mention Farm and Fireside.

## GIRLS READ THIS!

**FREE RINGS.** Do you want one? No. 1, genuine diamond; No. 2, genuine pearl; No. 3, solid gold band beautifully engraved. All are warranted. We only ask a few hours' work introducing our new goods among your friends. Over 20,000 girls have received presents from us the past year. Send for our illustrated circular and see all the premiums we offer. Write at once as we want you NOW. I. M. Asselation, 269 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Mention this paper when you write.

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**SURELY CURED.**

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York. Mention this paper.

**FAT** reduced, 15 lbs. a month; any one can make remedy at home. Miss M. Ainley, Supply, Ark., says, "I lost 43 lbs. and feel splendid." No starving. No sickness. Particulars (sealed) 2c. HALL & CO., Box 404, St. Louis, Mo. Mention this paper when you write.

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**DROPSY** TREATED FREE. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases called hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. 10 DAYS TREATMENT FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, ATLANTA, GA.

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The space allotted to it measures 25 feet by 14 feet. Years of patient work were required to complete this colossal and beautiful Painting. But the Artist was well recompensed, for it brought him not only fame, but fortune also.

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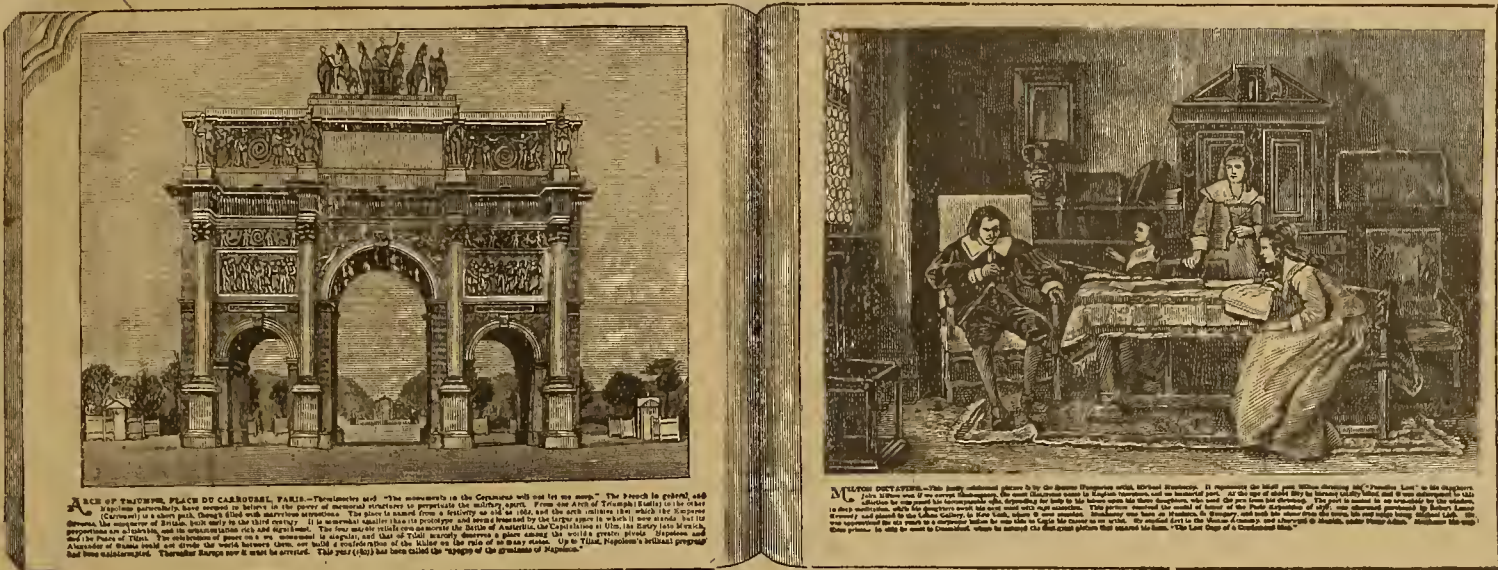


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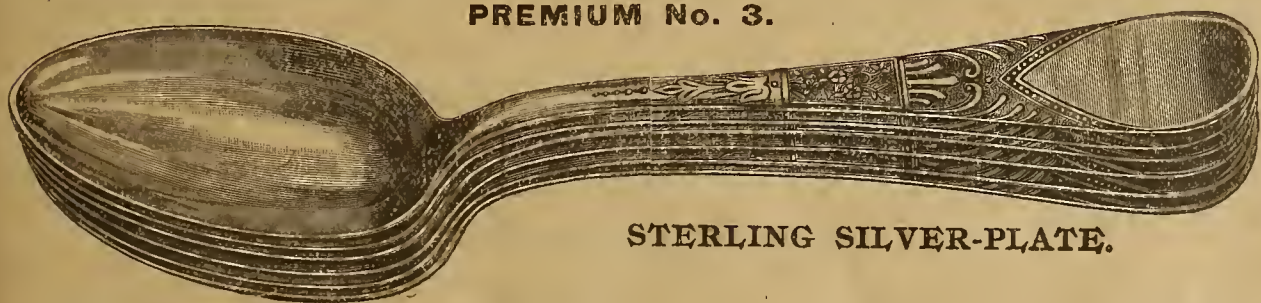


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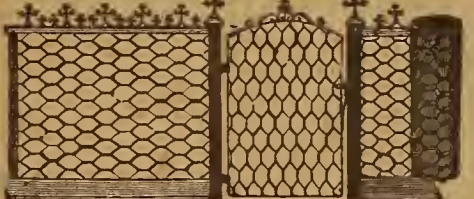
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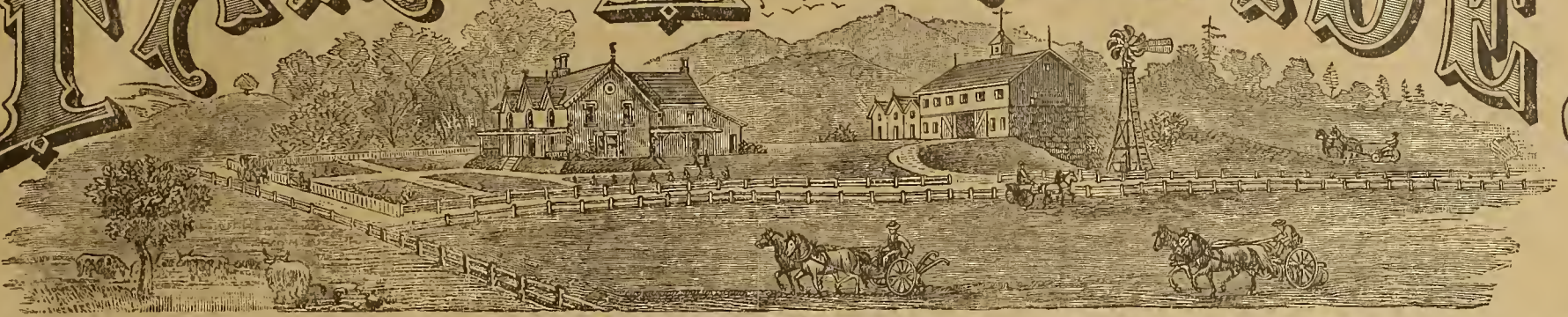
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VOL. XVII. NO. 2.

OCTOBER 15, 1893.

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## Current Comment.

THE last general assembly of Ohio adopted a joint resolution that a proposition shall be submitted to the electors of this state on November 7, 1893, to amend section 2, article XII, of the constitution of the state of Ohio, so that it shall read as follows:

### AS PROPOSED.

Laws may be passed which shall tax by a uniform rule all moneys, credits, investments in bonds, stocks, joint-stock companies or otherwise; and all real and personal property, according to the true value thereof in money.

In addition thereto, laws may be passed taxing rights, privileges and franchises, and such other subject matters as the general assembly may direct; but burying-grounds, public school-houses, houses used exclusively for public worship, institutions of purely public charity, public property used exclusively for any public purpose, and other property, may, by general laws, be exempted from taxation; and the value of all property so exempted shall, from time to time, be ascertained and published as may be directed by law.

The first paragraph provides that taxation shall be by a uniform rule, the same as under the section as it now stands. The italics call attention to the important changes proposed.

First, the legislature will be empowered to pass laws taxing franchises and privileges, thus adding millions to the grand duplicate and making great corporations bear their equitable share of the burdens of state government.

Second, under the exemption clause (and other property), the legislature can frame laws that will avoid double taxation of property.

In the present constitution the exercise of the power of taxation is limited. Under the iron-clad restrictions imposed it seems to have been impossible for the legislature to give to Ohio a just and equitable system of taxation. No thorough reform can be effected until the constitution is amended. The proposed amendment gives our law-

makers full discretionary power over the subject of taxation.

The adoption of the amendment is opposed by some on this very ground. Their objections are based on a lack of confidence in the law-makers elected by the people. As for the members of the legislature, they are neither better nor worse than the people who elect them. The objections imply that there is something radically wrong with the voters. If her own citizens cannot be trusted, it is high time for Ohio to import its legislative timber from those states which by their constitutions give to their legislators full discretion in the exercise of the power of taxation. Assuming that one legislature enacted tax laws more unjust and inequitable than we now have, what would be the effect? The people of the state would be thoroughly aroused to the necessity of selecting only capable and honest men for law-makers, and there would be a decided improvement in the character of the following legislature.

In our opinion, the people have little to fear and much to hope for by the adoption of the proposed amendment.

In order for the amendment to carry, it must have a majority of all the ballots cast. If you are in favor of its adoption, be sure to make the X mark at the left of "Amendment taxing franchises—Yes," and get your neighbors to do the same.

WHEN an oriental priest arose in the Chicago Parliament of Religions and stated that the Golden Rule was more closely followed by his own people than by the people of this country, he caused no little astonishment. That he may be nearer the truth than we are willing to admit, however, is strongly confirmed by what we find in current literature. In a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review* is an article by an English Christian minister, on the poor of India, Japan and the United States. "In India," says the traveler, "we had been depressed by the hopelessness, in China by the ugliness, and in America we were to be depressed by the wickedness which accompanies poverty; in Japan we found the poor touched by friendship into hope, and real sharers in the national life." Concerning the comparatively happy condition of the poor in Japan, he says:

What is the reason that Japan has no poverty problem? One reason is probably to be found in the land system, which has given to every worker a holding and encouraged him to supply his wants by his own labor. Effort has thus been developed and wants are limited. Another reason lies in the national taste for country beauty. Nowhere else are parties formed to visit the blossom-trees, and nowhere else are pilgrimages simply for the sake of natural beauty. A country life has, therefore, its own interest, and men do not crowd the cities for the sake of excitement. There is, too, in Japan a curious absence of ostentatious luxury. The habits of living are in all classes are much the same, and the rich do not outshine the poor by carriages, palaces and jewelry. The rich spend their money on curios, which, if costly, are limited; and the most popular agitation is that against the big European houses which ministers build for themselves. Wealth is thus not absorbed, and is more ready for investment in remunerative labor. The last reason which occurs to the mind of a traveler with comparatively few opportunities for forming opinions, is the equality of manners in all classes. Rich and poor are alike courteous. It is not possible to distinguish employer from laborer by their behavior; all are clean; all are easy; all are restrained. The governor lets his child go to the common school and sit next to the child of the casual laborer, certain that his child will pick up no bad manners and get no contamination in thought or in person. This equality enables rich and poor to meet as friends, and gifts can pass without degradation. The rich nobles in the country, just as the university

men whom we met in Tokio, are thus able to give to those whom they know to be in need, and friendship becomes the channel of charity. The question is, will this survive the introduction of the industrial system? It is possible that some may, and that Japan may teach the West how to deal with the poor.

The lesson taught by the example of a people who have no poverty problem is the lesson of obedience to the Golden Rule.

A GEORGIA subscriber writes: "What will Congress do for the people? is the great question in this country now. I will give you an idea. When I was a small boy, a dollar had hardly half the purchasing power that it has now. The trouble is, farm products are too cheap and money is too high. Whatever would make money cheap and produce high would greatly benefit the farmer. The southern farmer is in debt, and if he could get 15 cents a pound for his cotton he could pay off his old debts. Some argue that it would make clothing and everything else high in proportion. What if it does? It would only force the southern farmer to be more careful about what he bought, and compel him to raise his meat at home. I will give you my word for it, there are three things that have crushed the farmers of this section and put mortgages on their farms; namely, the constantly decreasing price of cotton and the constantly increasing purchasing power of money, bringing meat and corn from the Northwest that should have been raised at home, and, last but not least, the infernal credit system."

Undoubtedly, more cash dealing, more home-grown hog and hominy, and a higher price for cotton would greatly benefit the southern farmers, and we sincerely hope that they may have them all. But how can they expect a higher price for cotton when the production is far in excess of the demand? During the years 1890 and 1891 they produced about eighteen million bales of cotton. The world's demand for American cotton during the same time was about fifteen million bales. For years the world's annual production of cotton has tended to exceed the world's demand, and the price has been decreasing, as a matter of course. A cheap dollar would make it easier for the debtor to pay his debts, if he had other things than his labor to exchange for the cheap dollar.

With cheap money, farm products would bring nominally higher prices; so would all other products. But unless the rate of daily wages was also changed to correspond, the millions of wage-earners would find that their labor would buy much less of the necessities of life. A cheap dollar scales down an old debt, but at the same rate it scales down the exchange value of a day's labor, and the accumulated savings of the laborer.

The decline in price since you were a boy has not applied to all commodities. If the present low price of cotton, wheat, wool and iron is due alone to an increase in the purchasing power of the dollar, then everything else for sale, or exchangeable for money, ought to be correspondingly lower in price.

Labor, more than any one other thing, is exchanged for money. If the dollar is higher than it was when you were a boy, it would buy more labor; wages would be lower. But wages have been rising. Just before the "lack of confidence" panic of 1893 commenced to darken our sun of prosperity, real wages had reached their highest mark since the time that you were a boy. You must look elsewhere than at a change

in the dollar for the present low price of farm products, and elsewhere than to cheap money for relief.

"What will Congress do?" It is uncertain. That is the question all over the country. Business men, manufacturers and idle wage-earners, as well as farmers, are asking it. Everybody is asking it. Columbia says to her young (Congress) man, "What are your intentions, sir?" Is he too coy, or too stupid, to answer?

FROM Commissioner F. B. McNeal, Columbus, Ohio, we have received a copy of the chemists' report of adulterated articles analyzed for the Ohio dairy and food commission. This report contains some very valuable information for Ohio consumers of food products. Although dealing principally with adulterated goods, it is full of pure food for reflection and action.

During the year ending May 1, 1893, the chief chemist of the commission and his assistants examined and analyzed 545 samples of various articles offered for sale to Ohio consumers. Three hundred and forty-one of them were found to be adulterated more or less—principally more. The analysis of each article is published, together with the name and address of the dealer from whom purchased, and the name and address of the producer. The dealers are, of course, all Ohio dealers, but the producers are located in various parts of the country.

Whether enough copies of this report to go around have been printed or not we do not know, but every family in the state ought to have one. For Ohio consumers it is a valuable guide-book of *what not to buy*. It is not to be inferred from this that the report is anything in the nature of a boycott publication. The report records simply facts. But when consumers read analyses of samples—for example, of coffee containing seventy-five per cent of roasted bread, bran pellets, peas and pea shells, or of black pepper consisting of buckwheat flour, roasted cocoanut shells and a little cayenne pepper—they will know better than to pay a big price for any more of the same brand, and will wisely look with suspicion on all other brands from the same producers, who have been systematically robbing them for years.

Commissioner McNeal has made a most efficient officer, faithfully, intelligently and fairly enforcing the laws on our statute-books. He has broadened his field of action and placed Ohio in the van of the great battle against adulteration of foods that will ultimately triumph in every state in the Union. He is a candidate for re-election. One good term deserves another. His principal opponent is a wholesale dealer nominated through the influence of manufacturers and dealers. In such a contest there are no party lines. It is a square fight between the consumers who want pure goods on one side, and the wholesale dealers and adulterators of food products on the other side.

Most of the producers of adulterated goods are located outside of the state. Last winter they sent money into Ohio to help get the pure-food laws repealed or amended to death, but failed; then they tried to help defeat the re-nomination of the commissioner, but failed. It is said that they are now assisting in an organized effort, that ignores party lines, to defeat his re-election, but if consumers stand on their guard, also ignoring party lines, they will fail ignominiously and deservedly, sure as fate.



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Our Farm.

PLAIN TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

My "talk" in the issue of this paper dated August 1, has stirred up some feeling on the part of some who read it. Several communications have been received, and the tenor of each was to the effect that there was no dearth of farm-hands among those "to the manner born," providing certain agreements were entered into. One communication, signed "Young America," interests me solely because back of the flippant tone in which it is couched, I discover the strong feeling which is evidence of sincerity. Otherwise I should hesitate before asking the editors to allow me space in which to reply to such a communication.

"Young America" says in substance that he understands farming, and would like to "hire out" for that purpose. He stipulates, however, that an ironclad agreement must be entered into between himself and employer, covering, on the part of the latter, the following conditions:

- 1. Wages to be twenty dollars per month, board and washing; the cash to be paid promptly at the end of each month.
- 2. Hours of labor not to exceed ten each day, or, in the event of its requirement, the extra time of labor to be paid for at double rates.
- 3. He must board with the family, attend church with them on the Sabbath, and have the privilege of the parlor and association with the young people of the family and their friends.
- 4. He demands an opportunity to become acquainted with the daughter of his employer, and to have an equal chance in courting her with the lawyer or minister, if he so desires.

The communication ends with these words: "I can do good work at farming, and must have good prospects and good pay; otherwise, no farming for me."

As stated, only the fact that there is an honest feeling of "rights" between the lines of the communication before me, and that I believe these same thoughts, modified or enlarged, are to a greater or less degree current among our native-born farmers' sons induces me to reply, hoping thus to throw a clearer light on the subject.

The reply to the first question or demand of "Young America" is, can he earn the equivalent of twenty dollars per month, board and washing, at any occupa-

tion out of farming, for ten hours per day for twelve months in the year?

The point of ten hours per day is well taken, for stated hours are demanded by mechanics and acceded to by employers, and extra time is usually paid at double rates. On the other hand, hours unemployed are deducted; so, demanding as he does a stated period of labor and extra pay for additional hours, our young farmer ought not object to a corresponding reduction in both board and money stipend for the hours from November to March which are necessarily unemployed from lack of work. I say he ought not to object, but would he not?

In answer to the third term of his proposed contract, let me ask the young farmer if he has any idea he could take any position in an office, store or factory within his ability and enter the home of his employer on terms of social equality with the family? If such an idea exists in his mind, let him rid himself of it as not in keeping with the age in which we live.

The fourth term of the contract is hardly worth a reply, for that question, in the majority of cases, would and could be settled only by the lady most interested.

I freely admit that the line is often too sharply drawn between employer and employed, and that oftentimes the hired man is better fitted to grace the parlor than is his employer. On the other hand, it must be admitted that there is a distinct barrier between employer and employee which cannot and should not be passed except under certain conditions. I may have three men in my employ, one of whom I would gladly admit to my close family circle, but in fairness to the others, and as a matter of business policy, I cannot do so without creating dissatisfaction.

This question of the social relation of the hired man to the family of his employer cannot be settled by general rule. Circumstances and conditions existing in each special case must govern the action for that case. I have had men in my employ whom I would willingly have mingled with my family, but I have had still others who had no thought in common with me or mine, and who would feel as uncomfortable in my parlor as I would having them there.

The question of the hours of labor on the farm is also one which must be settled between employer and employee, as the circumstances in each case warrant. Every farmer knows that there are times when more than ten hours of labor per day are absolutely necessary, and he knows also that if he engages a man by the year that he will have leisure time more than enough to equalize the hours overworked. I insist, therefore, as a matter of business and equity, that if a farm-hand demand an agreement which shall specify a certain number of hours for a day's work, and extra pay for over-time, he should be as willing as is the mechanic, who labors under the same conditions, to accept a corresponding reduction for unemployed time. If affairs cannot be arranged on this basis, then only employment at a specified day-rate will be satisfactory.

Generally speaking, I believe as I tried to make plain in my first article, that under all existing conditions, nine out of every ten boys born and brought up on a farm will make better success as farmers than in any other occupation. Of course, I fully realize the fact that there are boys who have no aptitude for farming, but show decided talents for mechanics, the law, medicine, etc. Such boys ought to have an opportunity to work out their own salvation on the lines in which they are interested, and they should have every help their parents can give them. I again contend that there are better opportunities for the young man of average ability and fair education, obliged to earn his living by his own exertions, in some branch of soil-culture than in any other occupation for which his talents and education would fit him.

Familiarity with both city and country life fully warrants this conclusion. I have great faith in the judgment which actuated the following statement, once made to me by the late Joseph Harris. It was to the effect that if he had five thousand dollars

to loan, and it was applied for by two young men, one of whom wanted it in order to purchase and stock a farm, the other a clerk or mechanic, to buy a home, all other things being equal, he should consider the young farmer the best risk, and feel that the sum would be repaid to him in less time than by the clerk or mechanic.

I endeavored to show in my first article, and wish to emphasize here, the fact that the parents of the boy born and bred on a farm were largely the arbiters of his destiny. So long as our boys are led to believe by precept and example that farming is but another name for slavery and poverty, just so long must we bewail the loss of our boys in our occupation. I urge the introduction of the dozen and one little things which please young people, and the earnest effort to show them the usefulness and rank of agriculture among the industries of our nation. And as you are a man, do not make the fatal mistake of believing and acting upon the idea that the less education you give your children, the better farmers and farmers' wives they will make. If by reason of the education you give your children they discover a buried talent more valuable than that which binds them to farm life, so be it, you will not regret the advancement of your offspring. On the other hand, by educating them you teach them how to use their brains more and their muscles less, and if you give them what opportunities you may, they will be better contented on the farm, and be able not only to farm better, but to command and receive the social attentions "Young America" asks for—to the proper degree, however.

It seems to me that the present financial condition of the country emphasizes the points I make more strongly than can additional words of mine. I need only ask the young farmers of the country, How many of you are in need of food or shelter, or the money to purchase them? I point to the daily records of the press to answer this same question for the employee of the city, be he clerk, mechanic or laborer. There are times when the question of one's daily bread must take rank over position in the business or social world, and at all such times, at least, the farmer employee and employer has the advantage.

BARTON HALL.

NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

FERTILIZER VALUATION.—Before me is bulletin 23 (July, 1893) of the Rhode Island experiment station. It begins by stating the following facts which have come under the observation of the station people, namely:

- "1. There is a tendency among many of our farmers to buy a low-grade fertilizer because it is cheap, without regard to whether it is really good economy or not.
- "2. In general, the higher grades of fertilizers are really more economical than the lower ones.
- "3. With but few exceptions the farmers of the state do not pay enough attention to the form of the nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash in their fertilizers. The tendency is to buy this or that fertilizer because it gave, at some time, remarkable results, regardless of all conditions of soil and climate.
- "4. Our farmers are not sufficiently awake to the fact that large quantities of slow-acting organic nitrogen in form of leather, hair, horn, etc., find their way into some of the mixed fertilizers, and that the chemist finds it difficult or impossible to detect them.
- "5. Our farmers are beginning to see that it is more economical to buy their materials and mix their own fertilizers, and that thereby they may be sure of the quality of the material they are getting."

The great trouble is that the great majority of our farmers have not the least idea of the needs of plants and the requirements of the soil. In order to be able to buy fertilizers to advantage, the farmer should first know what his soil and crops need; and next, what the ingredients he does need are worth in the open market. Without this knowledge he is groping in the dark, and a helpless victim to sharp fertilizer dealers. What helps one crop or one piece of land may not be of much advantage to another crop or piece of land, and what shows good results one season may not give any results another season.

The first need of the manure-buying

farmer, I think, is to study the subject of manures by reading some good books like Harris' "Talk's on Manures," Semper's "Manures, How to Make Them and How to Use Them," "Greiner's Practical Farm Chemistry," and perhaps others. Such reading will put the farmer in the way of finding out what substances he needs.

Then comes the buying. The buyer should know what the article he is bargaining for is worth, and he should always bear in mind that the cheapest fertilizer for him to buy is the one which serves his purpose best. If his land needs phosphoric acid, the best thing to do, usually, is to buy some good superphosphate, such as dissolved bone, which can be had from first hand for from \$12 to \$15 per ton; or for some crops, like fruits, etc., fine bone-meal, which costs about \$28 or \$30 per ton. These are plain, unmixed chemicals, and sometimes do much more good than high-grade, complete (mixed) fertilizers.

Dissolved bone, as also Thomas slag, are cheap fertilizers, but don't imagine that they are the low-grade fertilizers against which the station warns. Quite the reverse. Low-grade mixtures—complete manures that only give one or two per cent of nitrogen, six or eight of phosphoric acid, and one or two of potash, and which can be had for less than \$20 or \$25 per ton, are the ones you do not want. They are poor in actual plant-foods. Who wants to pay the heavy freight charges on sand or similar material? Better buy your plant-foods in a more concentrated form and save expense in transportation.

If you prefer to buy mixed or complete fertilizers, those which sell at or near \$40 per ton, and which contain four or five per cent of nitrogen, ten to twelve of phosphoric acid and six to eight of potash (or the equivalent of these percentages), are usually the cheapest to buy.

Of course the price of plant-foods is subject to slight changes. Nitrogen and potash have remained almost at the same figure for years; phosphoric acid, however, owing perhaps to the greater supply, has gradually become cheaper.

The commercial value of fertilizers for this season, says the bulletin, is nothing more nor less than a statement of the price at which the same amount of potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen in the best form of chemicals and fertilizer stock could have been bought at retail in our larger markets during the six months preceding March 1, 1893. The following schedule of prices for use in estimating the commercial value of fertilizers is that adopted by the Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Rhode Island stations for the year 1893, the schedules of other stations being practically the same, differing only in one or the other instance, and that very slightly:

	Cents per pound.
Nitrogen in ammonia salts.....	17
" " nitrates.....	15½
Organic nitrogen in dry and fine ground fish, meat, blood, and in high-grade mixed fertilizers.....	17½
Organic nitrogen in cotton-seed meal and castor pomace.....	16½
Organic nitrogen in fine bone and tankage.....	15
Organic nitrogen in fine medium bone and tankage.....	12
Organic nitrogen in medium bone and tankage.....	9
Organic nitrogen in coarse bone and tankage.....	7
Organic nitrogen in hair, horn-shavings and coarse fish scraps.....	7
Phosphoric acid soluble in water	6½
Phosphoric acid soluble in ammonium citrate.....	6
Insoluble phosphoric acid in mixed fertilizers.....	2
Phosphoric acid in fine bone and tankage.....	6
Phosphoric acid in fine medium bone and tankage.....	5
Phosphoric acid in medium bone and tankage.....	4
Phosphoric acid in coarse bone and tankage.....	3
Phosphoric acid in fine ground fish, castor pomace, cotton-seed and wood ashes.....	5
Potash as high-grade sulphate, and in mixtures free from muriates or chlorides, ashes, etc.....	5½
Potash as muriate or in forms containing muriates or chlorides.....	4½
Organic nitrogen in feed-stuffs.....	17½
Phosphoric acid in feed-stuffs.....	5
Potash in feed-stuffs.....	5½

The difference between the commercial valuation and the cost of the fertilizer goes to cover grinding and mixing, interest on investment, freight, rebagging, agents' commissions, bad bills, etc., and finally, profits. It remains for the farmer to decide whether he will pay the difference (which is often considerable—\$6 to \$8), or buy his



chemicals and mix his own fertilizers. The cost of mixing, as estimated by Rhode Island farmers who have tried it, varies from \$1 to \$1.50 per ton.

Just at present I am using Buffalo stock-yard manure and cow manure from a dairy near by, quite largely; but what concentrated fertilizers I now use I prefer to buy in simple forms, such as dissolved and ground bone, slag, muriate and sulphate of potash, dried fish, dried blood, nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia. I can mix these to suit my special purposes, and thus save the difference already spoken of.

**COST OF MILK PRODUCTION.**—The Cornell University experiment station has made some careful records of a herd of cows for a year, and finds that with a fairly good herd, carefully fed and kept, milk can be produced for sixty-five cents per hundred-weight, and fat for sixteen cents per pound for the cost of food consumed. Some individuals of the same breed vary more widely in milk and butter production than do the breeds themselves. In general, the cows consuming the most food produced both milk and fat at the lowest rates. For the production of milk and fat there is no food so cheap as good pasture grass. All this goes to show that the farmer should try to find and keep the individual cows who consume the most food and produce milk and butter at cheapest rate. Weed out the unprofitable cows.

T. GREINER.

#### DAIRY NOTES FROM A MISSISSIPPI CORRESPONDENT.

A gentleman in the northern portion of the state wishes to know how to determine the relative value of Jersey and other milk. The relative value, so far as quantity of butter is concerned, is easily and correctly determined by churn-test.

If the milk of a scrub herd gives only ten per cent of cream, and that from a Jersey herd thirty per cent, then the milk of the latter is worth three times that of the former. But there is as wide a difference in quality as there is in quantity. Convert separately the Jersey and the scrub milk into butter and test the commercial value of each in the Memphis market, which is near you. If the scrub butter sells for fifteen cents per pound and the Jersey for thirty cents, then the difference in quality added to the difference in quantity of butter will make one hundred pounds of Jersey milk worth six hundred pounds of scrub milk. This is the only basis upon which any Jersey breeder can afford to compete with the milk of any other breed or breeds. It places the Jersey cow where she properly belongs, on a basis of utility, her power from a given quantity of feed to produce more butter and of a better quality than any other breed.

We saw a small boy on a small black pony, driving two milchcows from pasture the other day at breakneck speed. Watch the boy that drives the cows for you to and from the pasture. It is a miserably bad practice to run a milchcow. The cow will give less milk—the milk will decrease wonderfully in cream richness, and the milk may be poisoned by fever from the cow, brought on by undue exercise and nervous excitement. It is a risk to feed such milk to little children; and the death of many a little one has no doubt been brought about by feeding on just such milk.

The milk of fresh and farrow cows, when mixed, causes loss and vexation in churning, as the butter in the fresh cow's milk will come in the churn so much quicker than the other. See that the cream is well stirred and ripened together before placing in the churn. If you do not get all the butter at the one churning, remove what you have and re-churn the buttermilk. The butter from the second churning may or may not pay you for the second churning—you can tell after a few experiments. The second batch of butter will not be of as good quality as the first.

As long as good butter brings as good prices in the South as it does to-day, the cheese industry should be required to wait. After the butter production of the South reaches a point where the entire home market is supplied by home dairies, then will be time to venture into cheese making. But first let the butter branch

of dairying be fully developed, as it is the most important and the most profitable.

Cows that are milked right up to calving time, or within two or three weeks, will not give as large a yield of milk as they would if dried off earlier, but the loss in quantity is more than made up in richness. A cow is a machine, and we ought to get all the work out of the machine that is practicable, hence we advocate milking almost up to calving. If the machine (cow) is properly cared for, and as all good machines should be, the greater work required to be performed will not result injuriously to the machinery; not even shortening its period of usefulness. A very large number of southern dairymen dry up their cows early enough to lose one fourth or one third of their natural yearly productiveness in milk and butter. To lose so much of one's profits from the milk and butter sales, per cow, per year, is throwing away more money than most of the owners can well afford. Can they afford this extravagance and loss just to satisfy a foolish prejudice?

Especially for dairy cows is it important to cut their hay. You cannot feed a combination ration of hay and grain-feed properly, and with the assurance of securing the best possible results, without first running the hay through a cutting-machine. If you cannot cut the hay, then you are in no condition to feed as you should feed. A cutter will pay for itself in a very short time. You will save feed by using it; there will not be near so much hay wasted.

If you don't want your calves to scour, don't overfeed with milk; don't feed cold milk nor sour milk; and don't neglect to keep the calves dry under foot. A damp floor will not only cause the calves to scour, but is a fruitful source of diseases. This is in fact a very important matter.

EDWIN MONTGOMERY.

#### WHAT THE SEASON HAS TAUGHT.

There are lessons to be learned by the farmer from each year's experiences. Some may be new; others may be old ones emphasized. The better we learn them the better enabled we are to increase our incomes in future years. In this drouthy season of 1893, I am chiefly impressed with the necessity of controlling and conserving the moisture in our soils. The remark is often made that the seasons are changing, tending more and more to extremes in the amount of rainfall. Unfavorable seasons are credited with all our failures to get good yields, while I think that the records will show that there has been little change on an average, granting, of course, that the severity of this year's drouth is extraordinary, although not unparalleled in the past.

The ordinary drouths of summer seem more severe than formerly, and do far more damage in checking vegetable growth, but this is due less to any increased tendency toward drouths than to change in soils. Constant tillage has tended to rob the soil of vegetable matter, and to compact it. The change in mechanical condition and the reduction of fertility have rendered plants an easier prey to adverse forces.

Thorough preparation of the seed-bed is one safeguard against drouth. A well-rotted sod, thoroughly fined and firmed, affords the best chance for a crop in a dry season. Formerly there was less plowing in proportion to the acreage of a farm than is now usually the case, and when a tilled crop was planned, the field was a sod that many years' growths had filled with plant-roots and decayed vegetable matter. There were fertility and fine mechanical condition at the same time. The decayed roots left passages both for natural drainage and the free passage of air. Drouths came and went, and crops were less checked by them than now, and therefore the average season was admittedly good rather than unfavorable, as it is now popularly supposed to be.

An abundance of plant-food in the soil usually carries a crop through some adverse conditions, although it is possible to ruin a crop by heavy manuring in a dry season. The plant-food must be in the right form, and aid by affecting the me-

chanical condition of the soil favorably. I am ready to affirm that more fields fail to produce a good crop because the soil is unfitted, mechanically, than because of lack of a store of fertility. While giving due attention to the maintenance of fertility, we must also pay greater attention to the control of the moisture in the soil, as without moisture in the soil plant-life is an impossibility.

In seeking to control the moisture in the soil, after starting right by having the soil supplied with humus and perfectly comminuted by a mass of fibrous roots, the mulch is the chief agent. The value of the mulch is imperfectly understood by many people. Some suppose that a mulch means only a covering of the earth with a heavy body of straw or leaves, and dismiss the idea with the remark that such ways are inapplicable to practical farming. While believing that such mulching should have a larger place in farm methods, yet the ordinary mulch is one within the reach of every farmer, no matter how extensive his operations.

The earth mulch—a blanket of fine soil—is the agent whose importance is impressed upon us by this drouthy season. What matters it whether we use straw, or leaves, or earth, just so long as we shade the soil that contains the plant roots. If one will go into the middle of the street in the heat of an August sun and scrape away the inch or two of fine dust, he will find moisture on the surface of the compact soil below. The dust is a mulch that checks evaporation, and shades the soil. In the field we need the same protection of the soil from drying winds and the sun's rays, and this is afforded by frequent and perfect surface cultivation.

Had I the pencil of a draftsman I would present to all farm readers a perfect picture of a plant with its mass of roots feeding in the soil, running in every direction and finding plant-food soluble in the moisture that cannot escape because a two-inch blanket of fine earth is lying over it, sheltering it from winds and heat. The tendency of the earth mulch is to solidify and thus permit the moisture to rise through it by capillary attraction, but our work is to loosen this surface every few days until the tops of the plants shade the ground perfectly and thus help to protect their roots.

No one will understand that it is here affirmed that a good crop can be raised when it fails to rain for nine successive weeks in midsummer, as was the case in some sections this year. Not even a straw mulch can prevent final exhaustion of the moisture when the stores are not replenished. But frequent surface cultivation of soil that has much vegetable matter in it, is a safeguard against bad failures when drouths are not extraordinary. Ridged land exposes a greater area of surface for evaporation. If the land be kept level, and the surface be loose, weeks of drying winds do less damage than a few days when a soil is compact and ridged. Not only experience but reason teaches this. The two are in perfect accord.

In small plats the straw mulch does wonders. At the Ohio state fair Prof. Lazenby, who is doing such good service to horticulture, showed me a pile of potatoes raised from a plat that had been slightly mulched with straw, the quantity not being sufficient to prevent regular cultivation. By its side was a pile of potatoes raised on manured ground without any mulch. Each plat had the same natural fertility. I cannot give the number of pounds in each pile, but the unmanured ground with mulch gave a better yield of finer tubers than the manured plat that was not mulched. The object lesson taught plainly was, that the mulch in a dry season is worth more than an application of plant-food. The mulched plat had sufficient moisture to permit the plants to take up the food in the soil. The other could not avail itself of the natural fertility of the soil, nor the applied plant-food in such degree as it should have done.

We want a fertile soil. It is a requisite to a good yield. But it is just as important in a dry season that we retain sufficient moisture to permit the plant-roots to feed upon the elements needed. This can be done in a way practical to all, only by emphasizing the principle of the earth mulch. Frequent surface and level cultivation gives us a blanket of earth that helps to retain the moisture. If the soil be reasonably full of humus, and the cultivation such as indicated, there are few seasons so dry that a fair yield cannot be obtained.

DAVID.

#### SOME STUNNING FACTS ON CORN-STALKS.

Much improvement has been made in the last few years in getting what there is of stock-food out of a corn crop. This has been mainly in ensilaging the green fodder, or the green fodder and the ears all together. Where canning factories are found, the ears are pulled off and sold to the canners, and only the fodder goes into the silo. Some farmers, especially in the South, and happily being less and less practiced, pull the blades from the stalks up to and including the boat from which springs the ear, and save it with scrupulous care for fodder. While this is very fine feed, when properly saved, it is very expensive as compared with other favored crops.

It is the custom among such farmers to go over the corn-field after the blades are pulled, cured, bound in bundles and carried by hand out of the field to be hauled at once to the "stable-loft" or to be stacked around a pole, either planted in the ground, or a sapling from which the limbs are removed as the stacker reaches them in his work, and tops the plant at the ears. These "tops," corn-tops as they are called, are placed in bunches to be bound with corn-blades, grass, or whatever may be convenient. These bundles are put into small shocks, carefully tied, and after the corn has been gathered, hauled to the barn, shed, or stacked out of doors for cattle-feed.

With this sort of farmers the corn is not shucked in the fields, as with Illinois farmers, but the ears are jerked off and stored, shuck and all, to be shucked as it is fed during the winter.

It will be seen that there is not much of the corn-plant left after all this tedious work has been done, but the value of this stubble or butts contains food constituents unavailable, due to the condition in which we find it.

Fortunately we are able to know the food percentages of the whole plant and the several parts by the aid of the chemist, and by mechanical means reduce the whole to available convenience for use. The Maryland experiment station made elaborate experiments with the corn-plant, and arrived at the following conclusions:

#### THE COMPOSITION AND DIGESTIBILITY OF THE DIFFERENT PARTS OF CORN-FODDER, (STOVER).

Feeding experiments conducted, 1891-92, by H. J. Patterson, B. S., chemist. Summary of results:

1. All parts of the corn-plant contains valuable food materials, the dry matter having nearly the same composition.
2. The corn-stubble and husks contain 60 per cent of the total digestible matter produced by the plant, and the blades only 11 per cent of the total digestible matter.
3. Corn-husks or shucks contain 72 per cent of digestible matter.
4. Corn-stubble or butts contain 66.5 per cent of digestible matter.
5. Corn-blades or leaves contain 64.2 per cent of digestible matter.
6. Topped corn-fodder (stover) contains 55 per cent of digestible matter.
7. There is more digestible matter contained in the corn-fodder from one acre, than in the corn (grain) from one acre.
8. The corn-fodder, or stover, from one acre yields as much digestible matter as two tons of timothy hay.
9. There is enough digestible matter produced by the corn-fodder grown in the southern states to winter all the live stock existing in these states, if it was properly preserved and prepared in a palatable form.
10. By cutting and crushing the corn-stalks, cattle will eat and utilize nearly all of them.
11. Corn-fodder (stover) furnishes a food rich in digestible carbohydrates.
12. Corn-fodder, when fed alone, will nearly maintain cattle, but should be supplemented with some food rich in nitrogen when feeding for the production of growth, flesh or milk.—*Maj. Alford on "corn-stalk."*

When these facts are studied by the corn-raisers, it will be seen that a frightful loss has been incurred and is still being endured. The grain has been highly valued, while the very smallest part of the plant—the fodder—has been counted upon as stock feed. Corn raising in the light of science, can become highly profitable in connection with economical stock-raising. There is food for thought along this line; there are possibilities for the corn-raisers and the stockmen that have not yet been widely developed, but will be in the near future.

R. M. BELL.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"There is no mistake about Hood's Sarsaparilla. I want to tell how quickly it cured me of sour stomach, which had troubled me for over a year. I could not even take a swallow of water but what I suffered from distress and acidity. When I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla I could see good effects from the first three doses. I continued until I had taken three bottles and have been entirely cured." MRS. F. W. BARKER, 41 Chester Park, Boston.



Mrs. Barker.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills.



## Our Farm.

### GARDEN NOTES.

**M**ORE ABOUT MUSHROOM GROWING.—In answer to my request for information relating to the experience of others with the new mushroom, *Agaricus subrufescens*, I have received the following communication:

"I am one of those who always grasp at novelties. Consequently, I planted three five-pound baskets of spawn of this new mushroom in May. Part of the spawn, in the course of time, filled a bed three feet wide and eighteen inches deep, in manure full of mycelium, but never a mushroom came up. Have waited more than six weeks, as for *A. campestris*, and am at a loss to tell why the bed does not fruit. Am now giving it another trial under quite different conditions, and it appears to be progressing more favorably than before.

"I think each grower will have to experiment for himself and find out the exact conditions that it thrives in, and then follow them exactly. From present indications, I do not think that it is a lover of much heat, but will thrive under the same conditions that the *A. campestris* does.

"Now about the price. I have read so often that growers were getting \$1 per pound wholesale for their mushrooms. I am inclined to think that fifty cents is much nearer the market price. I tried to engage them this year at far less than a dollar, but could not effect a sale. The most I was ever offered was seventy-five cents. At \$1 per pound it would pay to build underground vaults, so that they might be made a continuous crop. It would also pay to raise them in cool sheds, and throw away that part of the crop that would inevitably become maggoty.

"There is just this about it, people have got it into their heads that there is an immense fortune in the growing of mushrooms, and are going into it pell-mell, overstocking the markets and reducing the price, until those who were making some money have to increase their output to bring the same amount of money that they used to get for one half the number of pounds. Another thing is, the consumers have not increased in the same ratio that mushroom growers have.

"The cooking and eating of fungi is very little understood in this country, and the demand will have to be built up by gradually educating the masses of people how to cook and use them; then the demand will increase, just as it has for tomatoes, celery, bananas and other fruits and vegetables that were quite a while in coming into popular favor.

"As to spawn, I will agree with you that a vast majority of it is absolutely worthless. No one can tell to a certainty when it is good, bad or indifferent. After you have planted it, sooner or later you will find out; but then is a poor time, as you have lost quite a lot of time and possibly money in preparing the beds and in spawn, to say nothing of the disappointment of not getting a crop.

"The way to remedy this is to buy American-prepared spawn that is known to be fresh, and test it by placing a brick or so down upon a bed of prepared manure that is quite moist, but not wet enough to be capable of having water squeezed out of it. In about fifty to one hundred hours it will show ample evidence of growth if it is fresh and potent. There will be a mass of bluish-white filaments radiating in every direction from the bottom of the bricks if good. I have tested American-made spawn this fall that showed growth in less time than I have mentioned. Whenever you come across such spawn, do not hesitate a moment to order your full requirements for the season, and store it in a cool, yet perfectly dry place, where you know that nothing will become moldy, or it will spoil very soon. W. R. L. DWYER."

Ohio.

There are a number of good points in this letter. In regard to the requirements of the new mushroom, however, I have to contradict Mr. Dwyer. I am elated over my success with it, and find that *A. subrufescens* needs plenty of heat and moisture. It will utterly refuse to fruit in the moderate temperature which suits *A. campestris*. A temperature of 80° is the very lowest that you can depend on to give you mushrooms, while 90° bring better and quicker results. Even 100° would be better than 70° or 75°. At a high temperature water

should be given freely, but none when bed and atmosphere are cool.

The best results thus far I have obtained in a hotbed outdoors, kept covered with whitewashed sashes, and frequently watered. Don't overshadow. I do not consider the new mushroom fit for raising under the benches in the greenhouse, unless you can keep the atmosphere very high. Usually that portion is too cool. It takes too long for the mushrooms to develop, and maggots will eat them up, or they will wither away before they get their full growth. On top of the benches, however, I have good success. In the hottest weather I have had beds yield a few mushrooms in about a month from spawning. Usually it takes nearly two months before you can expect a good crop.

Yes, there used to be money in mushrooms, so much, indeed, that for a long time the growers tried to keep their ways a profound secret, and some of them utterly refused admittance to their mushroom cellars, etc. At present, however, anybody can learn how to grow the crop, and the large prices obtained have attracted growers and resulted in increased production. A dollar a pound is now an outside figure, and obtained only for superior stock or at certain seasons of the year. Mushroom growing, therefore, is a "royal road to fortune" no more. Still, even at present prices, it must continue to pay the skilful commercial grower.

My chief purpose is to advocate the home production and home consumption of mushrooms. They are a delicious dish, and the new mushroom, I think, makes production easy enough. My little hotbed, with a load of spent hops in the bottom and a trifle of horse manure spread over it, and once spawned (in May), has given me a full home supply, and more, all during July, August and part of September. We have had mushrooms on the table in some form almost every day during that time—as flavoring for steak and gravies, in milk stew like oysters, etc.—and we all think there is hardly any dish to beat it. The first preparation of the bed is neither laborious nor expensive, and little attention is required afterward. I think a bed will pay the home grower well for his trouble.

Spawn? Probably all the spawn of the new mushroom now offered for sale is good. I take it right out of a new bed, and it never fails to start into new growth promptly. If you buy it once, you can keep it along as you need it for all time. I believe that this can also be done with the other (old) mushroom, and that Americans have altogether been paying out too much money for "imported" mushroom spawn, which in many cases has been absolutely lifeless and worthless.

In Robinson's "The Parks and Gardens of Paris," I find the following paragraph: "The mushroom growers in the Paris quarries often take their fresh spawn from beds already in work. When the bed has reached the proper temperature, the mushroom grower chooses from among the beds already in bearing, the one which appears in the healthiest condition." The best time for taking the spawn from a young, bearing bed is just when the young mushrooms are first appearing. This kind of spawn is in the best condition for yielding an early and abundant crop of mushrooms, which may be gathered at least twenty days sooner than if dry spawn had been used."

Further comment on this is unnecessary.

**THE MELON CROP.**—At this writing, September 25th, the harvest is about over, only a few melons remaining in the patch. During the hot September days they have ripened fast. The little Emerald Gem is yet the favorite with us. Though small, it ripens early, and makes up in numbers for lack of size. Surely, it is the most delicious thing in the patch.

Yet I have found two others that are good and worthy a place in the home garden; namely, Netted Gem and Jersey Belle, both green-fleshed. The latter is flat, ribbed, somewhat like Green Nutmeg, and deliciously sweet and high-flavored. It would take well in market when its merits are known. It is of fair size. Netted Gem is large, long, quite regular in shape, netted, flavor almost equal to Jersey Belle. Both melons are later than the Emerald Gem, much larger, and good for market as well as home use. For thickness and rich, salmon color of flesh, and high quality, Emerald Gem still takes the lead.

JOSEPH.

Agents for this paper get Big Pay. Write for special terms.

## Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

### WASHING.

For those who have time to do it nothing pays better than annual washing of the stems of fruit-trees. It helps to keep the tree clear of dead bark, which is an advantage, and tends to destroy mosses and the spores of fungi. By this time insects have generally gone into winter quarters or deposited their eggs and made preparation for perpetuating their kind. Washing at this season will destroy many that have found lodgment about the trunks of the trees. The old-fashioned lime wash, with the addition of sulphur and a little soot to quiet down the glare of the lime, is very good. A wash of soft soap, weak lye or potash has been found to be not injurious to trees and is obnoxious to insects. Our favorite wash for this season of the year is a bucketful of common whitewash in which is dissolved one pound of copperas (sulphate of iron) and one half ounce of carbolic acid. We are satisfied that it is a help against sun-scald and a partial protection against gnawing of rabbits or mice. Moderate pruning may be done toward the last of the month, provided the wounds made are covered with white paint or grafting-wax to prevent evaporation and injury from the weather.

### IN THE ORCHARD.

In a dry season, like the one just past, everything has ripened up in good time, and on well-managed places the heavier work is finished up so there will be no rush to save late crops that usually must be left as long as possible to mature. Grass, weeds and brush should at once be cleaned up and removed from about the trees, as they are unsightly, afford hiding-places for vermin and breed disease. It is seldom, if ever, that trees are injured by too much manuring, provided it is applied on the surface of the ground, while thousands of trees and whole orchards prove unsatisfactory or come to an untimely end from starvation. Trees must be well fed to give them vigor to resist insects and disease and mature a first-class fruit. Just as soon as growth has entirely ceased manure should be hauled and spread liberally over the whole ground. The rains of fall and spring will carry their fertilizing elements where they are most needed, besides the litter on the surface affords protection to the roots against the frosts of winter.

### A SIMPLE RAT-GUARD.

To keep rats away from anything that is hung up, such as seed-corn, bags, etc., the following simple method may be used: Procure the bottoms of some old fruit-cans, by melting the solder which holds them upon a hot stove. Punch holes in the center of these disks, and place two of them on each side of the articles which are hanging on a wire stretched in the desired position. When a rat or mouse attempts to pass upon the wire by climbing over these tin wheels, they turn and throw the animal upon the floor. E. C. CROSSMAN.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

**RESTRICTING THE WORK OF THE CODLING-MOTH.**—I have had considerable success this year in restricting the codling-moth and the apple curculio to a corner of the orchard. In the course of the rather extensive flutterings preparatory to oviposition, insects are inclined to loiter where there is an agreeable aroma. I provided the aroma by touching a rag, from time to time, with oil of anise. I did not consume five cents' worth of material.

West Fork, Ark.

J. T. MOULTON.

[NOTE.—The above experiment is of much interest, and suggests a new method of combating the codling-moth, but it will require several seasons to establish the value of the observation here reported. Very many methods for trapping the codling-moth have been suggested, but they have been generally based on a belief that the moth preferred certain food materials. The impossibility of this is apparent when it is known that the moth does not eat during its lifetime. So far as known, the eggs are laid in one variety of apples as readily as in another. Apple ether, which is very attractive to many insects, does not attract the codling-moth, but oil of anise may be a great attraction to them. This oil is very attractive to pigeons, rabbits and many other animals. It is said, by good authority, that one may fill his pigeon-house with his neighbor's birds by keeping a little oil of anise in it.—ED.]

## INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

**Basket-worm—Lining Land.**—J. B. P., Avoca, Ark. The basket-worm may be quite easily kept in check by gathering and burning the bags, which may be found on the infested trees after the leaves have fallen. These bags, or baskets, are fastened to the trees during the latter part of the growing season. At this time the bags formed by the females will be found nearly filled with eggs, while those formed by the males contain only the empty pupa cases. If not attended to in the winter, they may be poisoned by spraying the foliage as soon as they hatch with Paris green and water, in the proportion of one pound to two hundred gallons of water. This is about the right proportion for most of our cultivated trees, but peach and plum occasionally need to have the poison applied in a weaker form. Lime should only be applied to strong lands. Its influence in the soil is to start chemical action, by which soluble plant-food is developed from the insoluble compounds there existing. It is seldom needed as a food for plants, and its action is often only temporary, making the land produce big crops to become almost exhausted and unproductive in a few years. In some parts of New York it is customary to specify in leases of farming land that lime shall not be used upon it. However, on some strong clay soils its limited use has resulted in improved chemical condition of the soil.

**Pear-tree Slug.**—W. C., Mendon, Mich. The specimen sent was received in a very much dried and broken condition, but judging from the pieces left in the package and your description, I feel sure the insect of which you complain is the pear-tree slug, which is very common in some sections. The mature insect is a small fly, which lays its eggs in little slits in the leaves. These hatch in about two weeks. The young soon become covered with a slimy, sticky coating and have a sickening odor. They finally lose their slimy coat and emerge in a clean, yellow skin, soon after which they enter the ground, change to pupa and remain in that condition until spring. Pear and cherry growers should be on the outlook for this pest from the middle to last of June and again early in August. The best remedies are spraying the leaves with Paris green in water, at the rate of one pound to two hundred gallons of water, or hellebore in proportion of one ounce to two gallons of water. Dusting the infested leaves with slaked lime, wood ashes or other dust often checks the work of this pest, which is easily destroyed if reasonable precautions are used.

**Pecans.**—E. H., Mt. Pleasant, Ga. It is quite a difficult matter to say what variety of pecan is best, but there are several very good kinds found in your section. Of the named varieties, Centennial, Round Paper-shell and Guadalupe are all good. It is important to get kinds having a thin shell. The named kinds are grafted to some extent, but they are quite hard to propagate in this way, and it is very difficult to get trees grown in this way. The trees come quite true from seeds. In planting the seed no especial care is needed. It is best to plant them at once in the autumn, unless there is considerable danger that mice or other vermin will destroy them during the winter. If there is danger of this, the nuts should be wintered over mixed with earth so that they will not dry out. The plants are quite difficult to transplant unless the tap-roots are partly cut off when they are young. It is generally considered best to plant several nuts wherever a tree is desired. Trees can be bought of any one of the large nurserymen, and if handled carefully are quite sure to grow. The land best adapted to the pecan is rich, rather heavy bottom land, but not wet land. There is no need of soaking the nuts. Some growers prefer to mix the nuts with earth in autumn and so winter them over, and then not plant in the spring until they have started a little. This is a very certain way of getting a good stand.

**Rot in Grapes and Quinces.**—D. B., Sheridan Coal Works, Ohio. They rot because of a fungus growth which attacks them each



A SIMPLE RAT-GUARD.

season, but some years, especially moist seasons, the fungus grows and spreads more rapidly than in others. By the use of Bordeaux mixture for spraying purposes, as frequently recommended in these columns, both of these rots may be nearly entirely prevented. In the March 1st issue, for this year, of FARM AND FIRESIDE will be found an article by Frank Pratt, which gives minute directions for spraying grapes. In a small way, the bunches may be covered with common paper bags as soon as they are the size of small peas, and thus protected they do not rot. By this means, also, they are protected from dirt and insects and birds, and also from early frosts, and the fruit is much improved in quality. The labor and expense necessary to do this is but very little, and it is a much better plan to follow, by one having only a few vines, than it is to bother with the work of spraying, although on a large scale this is the only cheap method of prevention.

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## Our Farm.

### MOHAIR PRODUCTION IN CALIFORNIA.

**M**R. C. P. BAILEY, California, "The Angora King," has devoted twenty-five years of his life to the acclimation, rearing and profitable utilization of Angora goats in the western states of America. Born in Wisconsin in 1841, and educated at the university of that state, he in early life pushed westward to California, where for four years he was principal of the Santa Cruz public school. Attracted to pastoral pursuits, he determined to go in for the production of mohair; and using sheep as a temporary means of making both ends meet on the ranch he took up, imported a number of choice Angora goats from Asiatic Turkey, the original home of the animal. He imported altogether about twenty head, being just in time to secure good stock, as for many years past the export of Angora goats has been rigidly prohibited by the Turkish government. To show Mr. Bailey's calculations and confidence in his venture, it may be mentioned that he paid \$1,000 for his first pair of goats delivered in California. He at once commenced crossing the thoroughbred bucks with the ordinary native does of Spanish descent, keeping also a pure-bred flock. The crosses he then bred back to the thoroughbred, with the result that he found the fourth cross to be practically undistinguishable from the pure-bred Angora. In this way Mr. Bailey has got together flocks aggregating 10,000, of which 1,000 are pure-bred. While retaining these, he has also disposed of nearly \$125,000 worth of goats for breeding purposes to other goat raisers in the United States.

The following jottings summarize Mr. Bailey's experiences in the rearing of the animals: Actual results have proven, he says, that goats will do well and can be profitably raised in any locality where sheep thrive; but the most success has been obtained in the dryer, more elevated sections. The low foothill valleys of the Sierras of California for winter, and the high mountain ranges in summer, cannot be excelled in any part of the world for excellence of pasturage and natural adaptability to the goat. All these territories are raising goats, and grown goats do well in all of them, but larger percentages of kids are raised in the southern sections on account of the climate being somewhat milder.

When confined in small, brushy pastures, the animals have been profitable in clearing the lands. Some of the finest vineyard lands in California have been cleared by goats. A farmer in eastern Oregon, who has for several years run a small flock of goats in a pasture with dairy cows, says the pasture now produces double the grass it did before he purchased the goats. Lands formerly producing nothing but brush and ferns are now covered with clover and bunch-grass.

The young wethers make the best of mutton. The meat is rich and juicy, and free from the strong taste so common to the meat of native goats. Half-bred goats scarcely shear enough to pay for shearing; three-quarters-bred goats shear one to one and a half pounds, worth twenty to twenty-five cents; seven-eighths-bred goats shear two to three pounds, worth thirty to forty cents; fifteen-sixteenths-bred goats shear three to five pounds, worth forty to sixty cents. The average fleece of pure-bred goats is from four to six pounds; but frequently eight and ten pounds have been obtained from choice, well-kept animals. Goats are longer-lived, more hardy, live on poorer land and less range, are freer from all kinds of diseases, and are less trouble to take care of than sheep.

Shearing must be done as soon in the spring as the hair commences to shed. If left longer the oil in the hair goes into the body of the animal, and the hair loses its life, weight and luster. In countries subject to cold, snow and sleet storms, it is not safe to be without sheds during shearing and kidding seasons. The fourth cross, or fifteen sixteenths, is the lowest grade that should be kept exclusively for mohair. Kids should not be allowed to come in spring till grass is good and the weather warm. Eighty to one hundred per cent of kids should be raised from all does two years old and over. Goats do not interfere with the pasture of cattle, horses, sheep, etc. About 1,000 to 1,500 head is the best number for a herd. Only pure-bred bucks should be used, and one is sufficient for

from fifty to seventy-five does. Mr. Bailey has flocks of goats in California, Nevada and New Mexico. He keeps his pure-bred flock in Monterey county, California, but land is too valuable in that state for goat pasturage on a large scale. In Nevada, 5,000 goats are run upon 25,000 acres of poor country. They are sheep-herded in flocks of 1,500, and driven into corrals at night-time. The animals feed on ordinary grass, oak brush, hazel brush, and the natural bunch-grass of the country.

The value of the Angora goat chiefly lies in its long, lustrous fleece, which, as a textile fabric, is second as regards price only to silk. England is the world's great depot for the goat's wool, or mohair, as it is generally termed. For twenty years prior to the recent depression, fair average mohair sold in England for from 75 cents to \$1 per pound. Within the past few years, change in fashion and tariff agitation caused a serious depression, and two years ago the bottom was reached at 22 and 25 cents a pound. Last year it improved a little, and within the past few months it has jumped up 30 to 40 per cent and is still advancing, with short supply in stock and good demand from manufacturers. There are at present factories enough in operation in the United States to consume ten times as much mohair as is produced, and several of these, it is said, have expressed their preference for Cape Colony and American mohair over the Turkish. A noted spinner in one of the New England factories says of the American mohair: "It is better than any brought from Turkey; it is smoother, makes a smoother thread, and runs the spindles faster. It is silkier and softer, and I can pick out the cloth made of it without looking."

As a whole, the outlook was never more encouraging for American goat breeders, and those who have persevered and kept improving their flocks will be well paid for their pains. At forty cents a pound, Mr. Bailey estimates, mohair will pay all expenses of flock and a fair interest on money invested, the increase being clear profit. It has to be remembered, however, that fashion largely rules the mohair market. If soft, lustrous goods for dress material are in demand, no goes the price of the staple with a bound, as was the case in England a few months ago, when mohair advanced fifty per cent in value. The growing use of mohair, however, for plushes for railway drawing-room cars in America will help to steady the market.

While the goat is mainly raised for its fleece, the utilization of by-products becomes an important factor in contributing to commercial success. In securing a permanent market for these, Mr. Bailey has shown rare enterprise. As there was no sale for goatskins in the West, he started at San Jose, California, his own tannery and manufactory for gloves, robes, mats and whiplashes. The gloves made are for rough purposes, such as gardening, driving and outdoor work in winter-time. So great has grown to be the demand that deerskins are now mostly used in the factory, the goatskins having gradually found a market as shoe leather. The very finest skins are saved with the wool on for mats and carriage rugs, the latter made of four skins each, fetching as high as \$25. In breeding up to his present standard, Mr. Bailey had to utilize his lower grades and wethers for mutton. The market showed a strong prejudice against the article at first, but now goat mutton fetches in San Francisco eight to ten cents per pound wholesale, or only a fraction less than mutton from the sheep. Kids, indeed, being rich and juicy, bring top prices in the market; namely, eighteen to twenty cents, and are eagerly bought for the tables of epicures.—*American Sheep Breeder.*

### LIME FOR THE SHELLS.

All foods contain lime, but it is more abundant in some foods than in others. The best way to feed lime to the hens is to give them ground bone, or bone in any form. Lime is also abundant in clover, and if clover is a portion of the ration the hens will secure all the lime from that source, and from bones, that they need. Grain contains very little lime, and when the hens lay eggs with soft shells it is a sure indication that they are receiving too much grain.

### CALIFORNIA.

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### BRINING CREAM.

"Brining or salting cream is for two purposes, to hold the formation of lactic acid in check until the different masses of cream can be ripened together uniformly, and the other is to add specific gravity to the elements in the cream, not fats, so that the separation will be more perfect," says John Gould, in the *Ohio Farmer*. To brine cream, a pint of fair strength brine is added to each gallon of cream when taken off, well mixed up, and the cream kept cool. When enough cream has been obtained, it is ripened by employing heat at least 10° above the churning temperature. Developing lactic acid, according to Dr. W. W. Cook, is not to sour cream in the sense we employ the word sour. The brine has held fermentation in the cream from forming, and when warmed up to about 72° or 75° there is a sudden breaking up of the milk sugar into lactic acid by the quick infusion of life into the germs already in the milk, and the fine, aromatic flavor so desirable in butter is secured, and the cream, by the action of the brine, has not taken on age, and when ripened, the whole mass is made homogeneous, and all come together. Then the water added acts both as a solvent of the casein and albuminous matter. The salt adds density to them, and increases the specific gravity, so that when the cream "breaks," if more brine is added at this point, a cleaner and more perfect separation takes place. In the winter it is about impossible to churn all of the fats out of the cream; and if any agent is used that will act as a solvent of the sugar, albumen and casein, it aids in more perfect churning and secures better results.

### EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM NEBRASKA.—The public lands in Nebraska fit for agricultural purposes are fast being occupied, and to-day very little good land is subject to entry under the public land laws. Many farmers in the middle and eastern states are contemplating a settlement in some western state in the near future. Do not put it off too long; land is continually increasing in value, and the longer you put it off the more it will cost to settle here. To all of you who expect at no distant day to come west, I desire to address myself. I left Knox county, Illinois, seven years ago, to make a home for myself and family, and while I received a salary as teacher in the public schools of \$60 to \$75 per month, I have never regretted my removal to this state, for I have to-day a good farm with one hundred acres of land under good cultivation, which I won in a bet with Uncle Sam. In the spring of 1885 I made a bet with him—\$14 to one hundred and sixty acres of land—that I could live on it for five years, and improve it. Uncle Sam lost his bet, and deeded me the land, and it would take \$2,000 to buy it now. So much for myself, and the following for the country in which I settled. Lincoln is a very large county, being fifty-four miles east and west, and forty-eight miles north and south. Wallace is situated in the southwestern portion, and is surrounded by as fine agricultural land as even Knox, Warren or Fulton counties in Illinois can boast of. The country consists principally of rolling prairie, with the Red Willow creek running from northwest to southeast. It has good living water and heavy timber in its bottom. The soil is a heavy, sandy loam, well adapted to the production of cereals and mixed crops; potatoes, beets and turnips are grown to perfection. Having seen eight crops sown and harvested in this part of Nebraska, I can, from personal knowledge, assure my eastern friends that the rainfall has been sufficient here each year to mature all crops, with the exception of one year, when a partial failure of corn took place; wheat, however, producing in this particular section a fair crop. The finest opportunities are here presented to men of limited capital, and especially would I call the attention of cattlemen to this region. Most excellent chances exist here to those who desire to engage in the raising of cattle; unlimited pasture, plenty of good water, and good opportunities for putting up hay for the winter are to be found here. Land can be bought along the Willow creek for from \$5 to \$10 per acre. The classes of men who can especially better themselves are the renters of the middle and eastern states. With the amount of capital with which they operate other men's farms they can become the owners of farms here, improve them, and make homes for themselves and families, and generally improve their financial condition. Think not that this is the home of the buffalo and the red man; this is the home of men who have come from your own state; men who have brought with them all the arts of civilized men, their religion and their desire to educate their children, and who act upon these incentives the same as the people of other states. School-houses dot the prairies, and the song of praise and thanksgiving to the Father above is heard on the western prairie as fervently as among the hills and valleys of New England. Wallace has two fine churches, which would be a credit to any place of its size in any state of the Union. Hesitate not, therefore, but come to Nebraska, where as yet you may make a home for yourselves

and your posterity, surrounded by nearly all the luxuries and comforts of civilized and cultured men. In concluding these few lines, let me say, come to Nebraska while yet it is day, ere the night cometh, when you will have to pay as much for land here as further east. Come, and come at once. J. G. B.

Wallace, Neb.

FROM OREGON.—Perhaps a few lines from far-off Oregon will interest the many readers of this paper. Prune culture is becoming one of the staple industries of this country. The first trees were planted about fourteen years ago, but no particular attention was given to their culture until within the last few years. But now almost everyone is planting prunes as the safest investment they can make, and in view of the vast and almost unlimited demand for them, it would seem the selection is a wise one. The southern part of the state is particularly adapted to their profitable culture, on account of its equable climate. The prune does not produce a paying crop until the fifth year, when it will pay a net profit of \$70 per acre, with an average yield and a maximum price of five cents per pound for the dried fruit. When drying commences, the trees are lightly shaken and the fruit gathered in boxes and hauled to the drier, and then graded and washed before placing on the trays. The trays vary in size, but perhaps an average one would measure three by four feet. A great many fruit growers dip the prunes in a weak solution of boiling lye before placing on the trays, which is said to facilitate the drying materially. The different styles of driers are very numerous, almost every orchardist having one a little different from his neighbor's. The crop is good this year, but owing to a heavy rain, such as has never been known before at this time of year, a great many are bursting open, which will cause them to drip in drying more than they would otherwise. There will be about twenty car-loads of dried fruit shipped from here this season. The yield steadily increases after the fifth year, a few trees here having yielded at the rate of \$800 per acre, net. The land before the trees are planted is worth from \$50 to \$100 per acre. The trees cost about \$6 an acre, and when the trees are five years old the land brings \$200. One prune orchard in this state recently sold for \$1,200 per acre. Myrtle Creek, Oreg. W. T. F.

FROM VIRGINIA.—Louisa county, Virginia, is reached from Washington, D. C., by a few hours' ride on the railroad. This county is sparsely settled. Farms are still held in tracts of 200 to 1,600 or more acres. Many owners would sell parts of their farms at prices ranging from \$3 per acre upward, according to location and improvements. Much land thrown out of cultivation after the war is grown up now with old field-pines. This land is mostly remote from the house and stables, and has not been cropped so continually as land near stables. Land responds quickly to manure. Some farmers here have a queer way of augmenting during winter their manure pile, by selling in fall a good deal of stock, since they do not make enough feed to carry it through the winter. In spring, when work commences, new stock is bought, and commercial fertilizers. That's the manure heap, but it is not the right kind for the clay lands around here. Health is very good. Water is excellent and the climate is fine; but a great lack of new settlers keeps this county jogging along in a happy, go-easy style, which means no great progress. H. E. B. Trevilians, Va.

FROM MISSOURI.—In Schuyler county we have a favorable climate, good soil, hill, prairie and river-bottom lands. Our hill land produces from twenty-five to forty bushels of corn per acre, and other grains in proportion. It sells from \$7 to \$16 per acre. Our prairie land produces from forty to sixty bushels of corn per acre; other grain in proportion. It sells from \$20 to \$50 per acre. Our river-bottom land produces from eighty to one hundred bushels per acre. It sells from \$20 to \$40 per acre. Any of our land produces excellent blue-grass, in quality and quantity equaling the best of Ohio or Kentucky. For grain or stock this country is not excelled. We have never known a drought here. We have never been scourged with hot winds, grasshoppers or real-estate agents. We have excellent schools and sociable, intelligent people, who welcome honest, industrious strangers. M. L. C. Queen City, Mo.

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## Our Farm.

### THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

#### THE WINTER LAYERS.

Which is the breed for winter?" is one of the inquiries. While all desire the best winter layers, they are not satisfied to stop there, for their wish extends further, as the flock that gives good results in winter is expected to do the same in summer.

If all who keep poultry would consider the value of each breed for the purposes to which it is adapted, there would be more satisfaction in keeping hens. Unless some breed can be obtained known as the "best all-around breed," it will be difficult to advocate the advantages of special breeds. The fact is, however, that any breed will lay in winter if it is kept under proper conditions for so doing. When one can give summer treatment in winter the hens will lay. It is true that eggs are high in winter, and a goodly supply of them will add largely to the receipts, but if hens laid as many eggs in winter as they do in summer, the prices would be lower. It is plain that as the winter layers require more care and attention, and all the food must be supplied, the cost of eggs is greater in the cold season.

The Light Brahma is an excellent winter layer if not overfed, but it cannot compete with the Leghorn in summer, and it may be mentioned that even the Leghorn will give good results in winter if kept under proper conditions. Warm quarters, grain, animal food and a supply of bulky material will accomplish the result, provided that judgment is exercised in the mode of feeding and managing.

No one can safely advise another on the best mode of management, as the daily observation of the flock will enable one to know more in regard to their wants than others can inform. The first thing to do in order to have winter layers is to cull out all the inferior stock. No hen will be able to endure a severe winter unless she is in full health and vigor. The flock must have room for exercise. They will not thrive if too large a number is kept on a small area. The scratching-place is of more consequence than the food, and warm quarters must be provided, or the food will be wasted so far as procuring eggs is concerned.

#### FEED-BIN.

Mr. E. C. Crossman sends us a description of a feed-bin, the construction of which is fully explained by the accompanying cut.

#### STOP UP THE CRACKS.

If the poultry-house is open and the walls have cracks or knot-holes, tack pieces of tin over the openings, so as to keep the drafts of air out. It is the small holes that cause the roup in a flock. While it is not desirable to have an overhead or full draft, yet it is worse for the flock when a tiny hole permits a small stream of air to flow in constantly on the hens. If the walls are made secure with heavy paper—even old newspapers or ordinary brown wrapping-paper will be better than none—they will be warmer in cold weather and secure from damp drafts. Do not be afraid that the hens will not have enough fresh air. The great difficulty in winter is that they get too much of it. You cannot keep it out if your best endeavors were made in that direction, for the wind will creep in somewhere. A pot of paste, a lot of paper and a dry, clear day for the work will make a great difference in the poultry-house.

#### RULES FOR HATCHING.

1. Hatching chicks with incubator is a winter pursuit.
2. The hen seldom sits in winter, hence she and the incubator do not conflict.
3. Eggs in winter should not hatch as well as eggs under hens in April.
4. Hens that lay in winter cannot produce as fertile eggs at that time as in the spring, for the cold season prevents exercise, the hens become fat, and the pullets

are not as fully matured, while the male, if he has a frosted comb, suffers from cold, or becomes too fat, is unserviceable.

5. Eggs are sometimes chilled in winter. When you buy them you take many chances.

6. Do not use extra large eggs or small eggs. Have all eggs of normal size, and of perfect shape.

7. In winter the hen will not hatch one half of her eggs nor raise one third of her chicks.

8. Do not be afraid to watch your incubator. It pays as well to keep awake all night to watch a hundred chicks hatch out as it does to keep awake to save a \$5 calf from loss when it is dropped, and the chicks are worth more than the calf.

9. No incubator has brains. It will regulate, but cannot think.

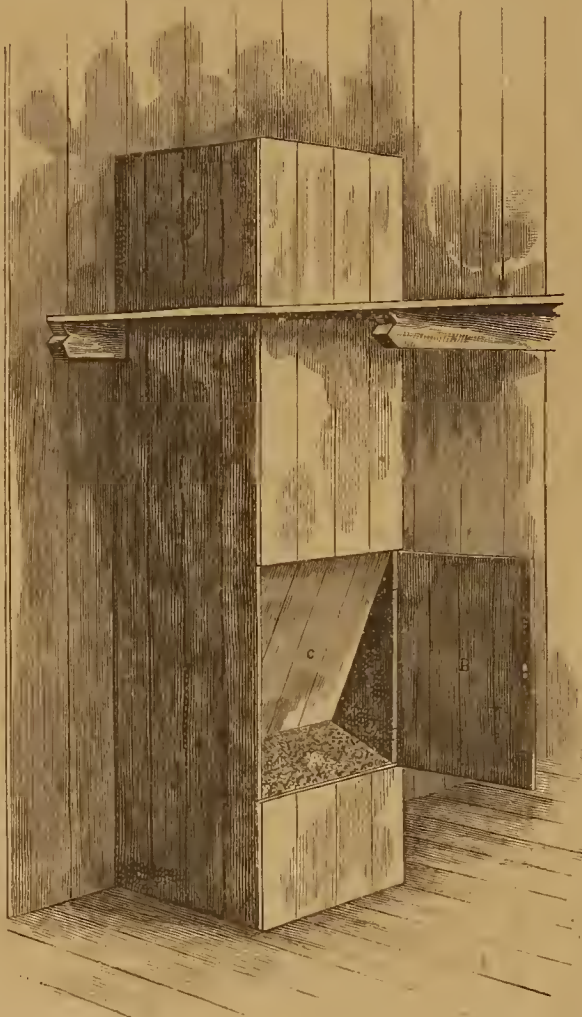
10. When chicks die in the shell the chances are that too much draft of air came over them. When a hen is hatching she will fight if even a feather is lifted from her. She will not allow the slightest change of temperature, and she will hatch as well in a dry place as in a moist location.

11. Dry, warm nests in winter, and moist nests in summer, is an old proverb, hence the moisture depends on the season. Less is required in the incubator in winter.

12. Thermometers change. A thermometer may be correct one week and wrong the next. They should be tested frequently.

13. As the chicks progress in the eggs they give off heat, hence be careful of the lamp, hot water, or whatever the source of heat may be.

14. Too much moisture covers the egg and excludes the air from the chicks within the eggs.



FEED-BIN.

15. No currents of air can pass through an incubator without a plentiful supply of moisture, but in incubators that have no currents but little moisture is needed.

16. Do not labor under the delusion that a young chick is always dying in the shell for lack of fresh air, and that it must have as much as a young animal.

17. Do not take out the chicks until you believe all are hatched. Leave the chicks in the incubator. If you take them out the heat will suddenly drop, and you will also let in the cold air on the eggs. Never disturb the eggs when chicks are hatching.

18. Test your incubator with moisture, no moisture, plenty of air, and air shut off, as each incubator may differ from the other.

19. Eggs will be aired sufficiently when the eggs are turned. It is of no consequence to cool them, but this depends on circumstances.

20. If the chicks do not hatch out by the twenty-first day your heat is too low.

21. If the chicks begin to hatch out on the eighteenth day your heat is rather high.

22. Do not put eggs in at different periods during the hatch, and do not hatch ducklings and chicks together.

23. The same rules apply to the eggs of

hens, ducks, turkeys and guineas as regards heat and moisture.

24. Never sprinkle eggs. It lowers the heat instantly, and sometimes kills the chicks in the shells.

25. If the incubator shows moisture on the glass, do not open the egg-drawer until it is dry. Cold air and dampness kills the chicks, the heat being lowered by rapid evaporation.

26. The reason why the hen that steals her nest hatches so well is because you do not give her all sorts of eggs, such as large eggs, small eggs, and eggs from old hens and immature pullets, such as you put in your incubator.

27. Kick away the curious visitor just when your eggs are hatching.

28. Keep the incubator in a place of moderate temperature. A window on one side will make that side cooler than the other.

29. Don't expect to hatch without work. The man who expects to get chicks by trusting to the regulator to keep the heat regular does not deserve success. Work is required for other stock that need winter care, and the artificial hen is no exception.

30. Begin with a 100-egg incubator, and learn, before you try a larger one.

31. No matter how much you read, experience will be the best teacher.

32. Have your incubator warm before you put in the eggs.

33. A child cannot manage an incubator, all claims to the contrary. Incubators are not toys. Don't turn over a man's work to a boy.

34. Let the bulb of the thermometer touch a fertile egg.

#### TURKEYS IN THE FALL.

It is but a matter of calculation to learn how long the turkeys are to be fed before they reach the market at Thanksgiving. It is a waste of time to raise turkeys and then forfeit the profit by sending them to market poor. A turkey that weighs only ten pounds, if poor, may be made to weigh two or three pounds more, if made fat. This extra weight means at least fifty cents added to the value of the turkey, and if it is fat and in good condition, it will bring at least two cents per pound more, or 25 cents additional. A saving of 75 cents is thus secured by feeding each turkey so as to have it fat and attractive when marketed. Too many farmers are prone to allow their turkeys to do all the work of securing food, simply because the turkeys are good foragers and are disposed to do their best to find as much food as possible; but an extra feed of corn, morning and night, will show a wonderful improvement in the flock, and the turkeys will more than repay for the extra food when they are sent to market.

#### HATCHING EARLY BROILERS.

Although we have called attention to this matter before, it is now the time of year when those who contemplate the use of incubators should make preparations for so doing. In fact, incubators should all be in full operation before the year is out, and experienced operators have their first hatches out now.

Why not use hens? we are asked. Simply because there are no hens to use at this season of the year. It is true that one or two sitting hens may be found, after diligent search among the neighbors, but unless they can be procured in sufficient number to hatch a few hundred chicks they cannot be relied upon. Only the incubator, which can be used at any time, is within the reach of him who desires to hatch early broilers.

What is a good hatch? We have just hatched 117 chicks from 160 eggs, which leaves 43 eggs that did not hatch. It seems like a large number of eggs to lose, but it would require ten hens, each hen covering 16 eggs, and each hatch 11 chicks (some 12) to equal it, and it is safe to assert that it is seldom that ten hens will do so well, especially at this season of the year.

The raising of the chicks in cold weather by hens is sure to result in the loss of at least one half of the chicks, for they cannot keep them warm during cold weather, as they do in spring, and there is the food of the ten hens to be considered also, as well as the labor, for it will be almost as much a necessity to care for the hens and broods in the winter season as to manage the chicks in a brooder.

The main difficulty is to get eggs that are suitable for the purpose. No doubt eggs can be procured, but they must be eggs that will hatch, or they will answer the purpose no better than so many stones. It is necessary that the eggs be not exposed until frozen or severely chilled, and the hens from which the eggs were procured

must be in good condition, the male bird to be healthy, active and vigorous. There are many conditions upon which the eggs depend, and the success of the hatch depends on the eggs more than upon the incubator.

Prices for broilers are high at any time after Christmas, April and May being the months when the demand is greatest, but there is a good demand for light weights (about one pound each) during all of the cold months. It is seldom that they sell for less than twenty-five cents per pound, and may reach as much as sixty cents per pound. They are sent to the commission merchants of the large cities, who have no difficulty in disposing of them.

It is better to begin with a small incubator at first, and experiment the first year, so as to avoid making any costly mistakes, as there is much to learn which can only be acquired by practice.

#### THE COST OF EGGS IN WINTER.

If a large amount of feed is given the hens, and they do not lay, each egg will be costly, hence the feeding is not so much a matter of economy in price as economy in lessening expenses by securing greater production. If a pound of meat costing ten cents will promote the laying of two or three eggs, it is cheaper than grain at any price if no eggs are obtained. It is very plain, therefore, that the cheapest food to use is that which will make the hens lay, and this is also regulated by the warmth of the poultry-house.

#### OLD ROOSTERS AS HEN FOOD.

It is seldom that an old-rooster will bring over five cents per pound in the market, and it has been suggested that the best use to which they can be put is to cook them and feed them to the hens. After the cost of shipping to market and the commissions are deducted, but little is left for the farmer from the sale of an old rooster, and as he is not as tender for the table of the farmer as may be desired, it is economical to dispose of him as a source from which to obtain a supply of animal food for the hens in winter.

#### WHEN TO FEED GRAIN.

Grain is essential during very cold weather, and it may be used with advantage when the hens are low in flesh. It is when nothing but a regular ration of grain is given that it fails to produce eggs. There is nothing like corn and wheat for poultry, but the hens cannot thrive on such food alone. They may do well on nothing but grain for awhile, but there will come a time when the hens will cease laying because of a lack of other foods.


#### INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

**Swelled Heads on Turkeys.**—Mrs. A. J. B., Renton, Wash., writes: "I have a fine flock of turkeys. About two months ago they commenced having swelled heads. Their eyes had froth in them and puffed up like watery blisters. Most of them got well, but a few died. Is it contagious, and will it cause disease next year?"

**REPLY:**—The cause is due to exposure to winds during damp weather, especially at night. If not taken in time the result will be roup, which is contagious. Place them under shelter and anoint faces and heads once a day with sweet-oil. There is no danger for next year.

**Laying Pullets.**—L. S. T., Newport, Ky., writes: "How soon will a Leghorn pullet begin to lay after she is hatched, and how soon a Brahma pullet?"

**REPLY:**—Leghorn pullets have been known to lay when four and one half months old, but they usually begin when six months old. Brahma pullets begin when about eight months old, though some individual pullets begin earlier.



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## Queries.

### READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Queries deserving immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

**Soap Recipes.**—J. S. B., Tomlinson, Ill. Send 25 cents to this office for "200 Recipes for Making Soap."

**Onions from Sets.**—J. C., Martinsville, Ohio, writes: "Last spring I sowed onion seed to raise onions for market. Owing to the dry weather, there are a great many of them very small—not larger than common-sized onion sets. If I put them out next spring will they raise onions or seed?"

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—A great many of the common onion sets, if left long enough, would produce seed. Only the smaller ones will make dry onions. But as they all are usually pulled up for bunching when only partly grown, it doesn't make so much difference after all. Your small onions, if only small enough, will do well enough for sets.

**Rose Propagation.**—Mrs. H. S. C., Thomasville, Ga., writes: "Please tell how to grow roses from seed; also how to bud roses."

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—Prof. L. H. Bailey, in his "Nursery Book," says: "New varieties, and sometimes stocks, are grown from seeds which are sown as soon as ripe, or kept in the hips until spring. The hardy kinds are usually sown in well-prepared beds outdoors. Roses are sometimes grown from layers, and often from root cuttings, after the manner of blackberries. The common way of propagating roses, however, is by means of short cuttings of firm or nearly mature wood, hauled under glass, with a mild bottom heat. They are commonly made in February or March from forced plants. \* \* \* Most growers feel that the best plants are obtained from cuttings, but most varieties do well when budded upon congenial and strong stocks. Budding by the common shield method is considerably employed." I would say, if it is your intention to raise new varieties, plant the fresh seed at once in well-prepared, clean ground outdoors, in rows a foot apart, and scattering seed thinly in rows, an inch deep, then covering and firming well. It is important that the ground be reasonably free from weeds, so you will have no trouble to find the young rose-plants. If you desire to bud an improved variety on a wild or inferior stock, cut the eye, and insert it in the same way as you would bud a peach.

## VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers. Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries must always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. Detmers, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

**NOTE.**—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

**Scrotal Hernia.**—J. W. M., Salineville, Ohio, writes: "I have a 'horse colt' a little over two months old, that is ruptured on one side of the testicles; I think he was a little ruptured at birth. I wish to know what should be done."

**ANSWER:**—The hernia of your colt can and will be perfectly cured if you have the colt castrated with "covered testicle" by a competent veterinarian. Your inquiry reached me just fifteen days too late for the issue of October 1st and barely in time for October 15th. A semi-monthly paper which has a circulation of over 250,000 copies cannot be made up and printed and mailed in a day or two.

**Lameness—Possibly Swine-plague.**—A. M., Emerson, Neb., writes: "I have a mare, eight years old, which has a shrunken shoulder. Both the upper hind and lower front cords are badly shrunken. What can I do for it? What can I do to reduce the lameness and restore the muscles to their former size?—I have some young pigs about four weeks old that have something the matter with them. They commenced with severe shaking and lost their appetite. As the disease advanced they had severe pains in their heads, with considerable fever."

**ANSWER:**—The shrinking of the muscles is caused by the lameness, and not vice versa. If the lameness is removed, the shrunken muscles, unless the same have become degenerated into mere fibrous bands, will take care of themselves. But as you do not give any information in regard to the seat and nature of the lameness, except that the same is of very long standing—the shrinking of the muscles proves this—and mistake the effect for the cause, I cannot advise you what to do. —Your pigs, possibly, are affected with swine-plague, and if so, the disease of course is very infectious. Still, your description is too meager for a definite diagnosis.

**Possibly Tuberculosis.**—T. E. T., Corlath, Ky., writes: "I have a Jersey calf, about two and one half months old, affected with a roaring in the throat. The mother of the calf died when it was about thirty days old. She had the same kind of noise. They were driven about thirty miles in very warm weather, and I thought they might have been driven too hard. The calf has a good appetite, eats, drinks, and seems to be all right. There is a hardness in the skin of the throat. I cannot detect roaring only when it runs, or is excited in some manner. It has run a little at the nose at times since the mother died."

**ANSWER:**—The ease you describe possibly may be tuberculosis, a disease which in cattle frequently produces the first morbid changes in the throat, and then roaring or hard breathing constitutes the first symptom. At any rate, the cause of the roaring requires a thorough examination.

**Injured in a Plow.**—J. S., Jr., Grand View, Ind., writes: "I have a three-year-old mare that ran away and cut her heel on a plow, two months ago. I did not get it sewed up, and it swelled badly and got proud flesh in it. I have got the proud flesh all out of it, and it is healing some. I would be thankful if you could tell me how to heal it up without leaving an enlargement."

**ANSWER:**—You cannot bring such an old wound to healing without leaving an ugly scar and considerable permanent enlargement. There was no occasion for sewing or stitching. Strict antiseptic treatment and keeping the borders of the wound together and protecting the same by judicious bandaging, would have constituted the proper treatment. If the wound is yet open, you may try iodoform or some other mild antiseptic, and protect the same by means of absorbent cotton and bandages.

**So-called Wind-galls.**—T. R. D., Napa, Cal., writes: "I have a horse, five years old, that has a soft lump, or swelling, on the joint between the pastern-bones. He is not lame. His leg is swelled to the knee. The lump is as large as a duck's egg. It slants upward from the joint of the front leg."

**ANSWER:**—What you describe seems to be a so-called wind-gall. You may possibly succeed in reducing it by judicious bandaging with bandages of woolen flannel. The bandages, of course, must be renewed twice a day, and the bandaging be commenced at the hoof. If this is too much trouble, you may use some iodine preparation—tincture of iodine, for instance—to be applied twice a day. Still, as such a wind-gall hardly ever causes any lameness, it is often just as well to leave it alone. Attempts to remove it by an operation should only be made by a competent veterinarian.

**Obstructed Teat.**—B. G., Skamokawa, Wash., writes: "I have a cow two years and eight months' old, which has a teat that is clogged by something at the lower end. What do you think is the matter?"

**ANSWER:**—As long as the cow can yet be milked, or as long as the obstruction is not complete, it is probably best to endeavor to enlarge the opening by vigorous milking. If, however, the obstruction is nearly complete, a perfectly clean, or still better, a sterilized end of catgut may be carefully inserted after each milking. One end of the catgut (the one that is sticking out of the teat) should have a knot, by which it may be pulled out, and which prevents the catgut slipping in altogether. If this does not improve the case, there is nothing left but amputation, an operation which, in order to be successful, must be performed by a competent surgeon and under strict antiseptic precautions. In some cases such nodules are due to tuberculosis, and then, of course, incurable.

**Periodical Ophthalmia—Chronic Bronchitis.**—S. D., Venice Center, N. Y. Your three-year-old mare, it seems, suffers from periodical ophthalmia, or so-called moon-blindness. Light diet, exemption from hard work, and if the pupil shows signs of morbid contraction, occasional applications of an eye-water—a drop or two at a time—composed of a solution of atropin, one part to five hundred parts of distilled water, may preserve the eyesight of the animal for some time, but will not effect a permanent cure. The disease almost invariably terminates in blindness. —Your other mare has chronic bronchitis, and in her case, too, the prognosis is far from being a good one. If you desire to subject her to treatment, it will be best to have her treated by your local veterinarian. His diagnosis is correct, and so, I suppose, he will know what can and what cannot be done. At any rate, he has the advantage of being able to examine the animal from time to time, and therefore can adapt his treatment to the result of his examination.

**Stumbles.**—J. G. B., Central Square, N. Y., writes: "I have a horse six years old. When going on a slow trot or walk he stumbles or goes over on his knees. While standing after a drive he slightly bends one knee or the other. His hoofs grow long on the toes, but do not seem to grow on the heel. The fore feet are long, like a mule's. He seems to be weak in his knees."

**ANSWER:**—That your horse stumbles is partly due to the abnormal length of his toes and unsuitable shoeing, and partly to being knee-sprung and probably having contracted tendons. While the latter cannot very well be remedied, the former can, at least to a cer-

tain extent. First, the blacksmith must pare down and considerably shorten the toes, and leave the heels unpared, and then he must put on shoes which will throw more weight upon the heels and less upon the toes; or, what is the same, more weight upon the bones and less upon the flexor tendons. The shoes, therefore, without being too long must be considerably thicker at the heel than at the toe, and must not, under any circumstances, have any toe-corks or calkins. Whether or not they should have any heel-corks or calkins depends upon the condition of the hoofs. If the heels are much too low, heel-corks may be necessary, for a time at least. If your horse is properly shod according to above directions, he will go much better and not be so apt to stumble.

**Capped Hock—Galled Necks.**—M. E. R., Kalida, Ohio, writes: "I have a three-year-old mare. She has soft lumps on her hind knees, right on the point of the knee. They do not seem to hurt her. I think they are caused by kicking while in the stable. Can you give me any remedy?—Can you give me a remedy that will prevent horses' necks from becoming galled in summer? I have tried everything I know, and still they get sore on top."

**ANSWER:**—If you apply the term "hind knees" to the hock-joints, your horse has what is called capped hocks, more or less soft swellings at the tip of the hock, but if you really mean the hind knee, or joint corresponding to the human knee, I cannot answer your question. Capped hocks are caused by bruising, and bruises at the tip of the hock are nearly always produced by kicking, and as long as the kicking habit continues a cure is out of the question. If the horse is prevented from kicking, the "caps," if yet fresh and small, frequently disappear without any treatment, and if not, they often can be more or less reduced by repeated applications of a blister; for instance, by rubbing in, say once every five days, a little of an ointment composed of biniodide of mercury, 1 part, to lard, 16 to 24 parts. If the interior of the swelling is spongy or cyst-like, blistering will not effect much improvement. To open such a swelling is, as a rule, not advisable, and if done at all should be done only by a competent veterinarian. —Galling necks and shoulders is much easier prevented than cured. To prevent it, the harness-collar especially—must be exactly fitting, and both harness and skin must be kept perfectly clean. Galling is produced by undue pressure, and a great many people, when they find that their horse's neck or shoulder has been galled, instead of relieving those parts and removing all pressure away from them, do just the opposite thing and make it worse and worse by putting on pads, by which the pressure necessarily is concentrated, or at any rate much increased, just where it ought to be removed. If the galling is only slight, applications of a mixture of lime-water and sweet-oil, equal parts, every time the harness is put on and taken off, provided, of course, the pressure is entirely removed from the sore parts, or is reduced to a minimum, will soon effect a cure. If the galling is severe, the animal either must be exempted from work, or else a harness—a breast-collar, perhaps—must be used which does not come in contact at all with the bruised and swollen tissue.

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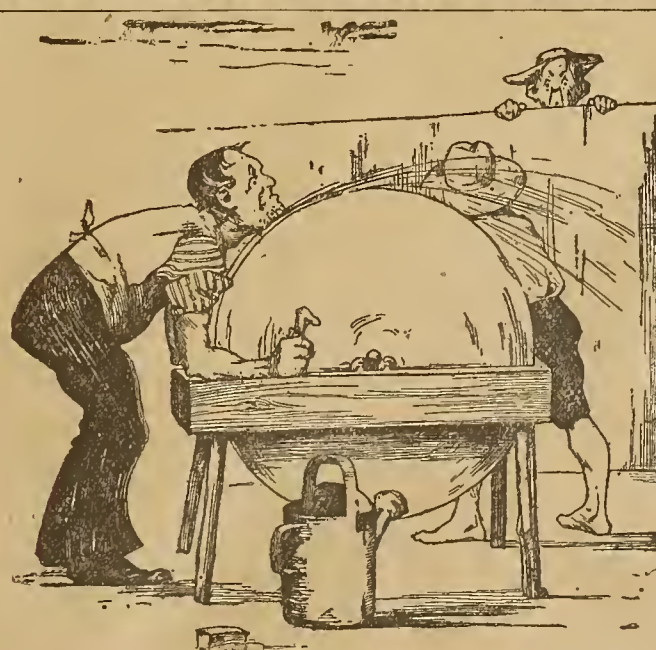
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Of color rivaling her golden grain;  
Nor far to seek you do we have to go:  
Your glowing clusters shine for high and low,  
O'er boundless prairie or by cottage gate,  
A golden harbinger of happy fate.  
Lo! on the coast these sea-swept rocks you've crown'd,  
'Till every western heart to you is bound.  
Hearts true as gold from which you take your hue  
May surely find their native flower in you.  
Brilliant and perfect flower, you stand confess'd  
A glowing symbol of the great, free West;  
Each gleaming, golden cluster seems to say,  
"Westward the course of empire takes its way."  
—Kate Field's Washington.

## LYDDY.

BY J. L. HARBOR.

RECKON mebbe you think my husband gimme that black eye, but he didn't. Good Lord! he couldn't of done it if he'd wanted to; he ain't able, poor fellow! It'll be eight weeks Monday since he left the house, an' some days he, don't even git out o' bed. But he don't lack for nothin' he needs, all the same, uer he ain't goin' to long as I've got my health an' stren'th an' there's any caue chair-seatin' to be done in this city. I earn my two or two an' a half dollars ev'ry day o' my life but Sunday, an' them as has me once has me twice if they need anything in my line. Oh, but about my black eye! I got it by stoopin' over in the dark an' strikin' my face on a door of my kitchen sink that happened to be open, an' that's the God's truth! But I know from the way folks look at me that they think my husband done it. Humph! I'd like to see my husband give me a black eye!"

"What is the matter with your husband?"

"Consumption. I might just as well own up to it an' look the matter right in the face. It's consumption, an' it ain't anything else, although he, poor man, is just like all consumptives, he thinks it's something else, an' I let 'im think so if he wants to, but I know better. He's got consumption if ever a man had it on this earth. His mother an' sister an' a brother died of it fore we was married, an' some folks thought I was a fool to marry into such a consumptive family. But Lord a'mighty! you know just how it is when a girl's bent on marryin' a fellow; she'd marry 'im if she knew that there was leprosy in his family, an' that was just the way I felt 'bout Joe. I jest laughed at folks when they talked 'bout his consumptive record an' consumptive looks. I was bound I would marry 'im, an' I did marry 'im, an' I'd do it ag'in, although I've had to take right hold an' help make the livin' nearly ev'ry since we been married; but thank the Lord, I've been able an' willin' to do it. Joe's done the best he could, an' he's been a good husband, an' I ain't never throwed it up to 'im that I've had to help make the livin'. I won't have that on my conscience when he's gone."

"Where do you live?"

"Over in South Boston. Reuts are cheaper over there. I get me a real comfortable tenement of four rooms for twelve dollars a month. Of course, it keeps me hustlin' to pay even that much, but the agent never has to come twice for his money, an' this is my fifth year in that one tenement. But I tell you I have to skimp an' scrape mighty close now that Joe's so finicky 'bout his eatin', an' he has a ninety-cent bottle o' cod-liver emulsion ever five days. Au' he don't want to eat the same thing twice, but he has what he wants right along. He'd as nice a lamb chop for his breakfast this mornin' as any millionaire in Boston had, an' he's goin' to have lamb chops an' cod-liver emulsion whenever he wants 'em as long as I know how to caue-seat chairs."

"You get plenty to do, then?"

"Plenty. I do good work an' I use only the best materials. I get sixty cents apiece for a common chair, an' I call it a dull day when I don't git three to do, au' I have done my six in one day, an' one of 'em a big rocker that I'd get over a dollar for, yes, indeed. Oh, Lord! I get so sick o' these people who set 'round with their hands folded an' whine 'cause they can't git anything to do! I git work 'cause I go an' hunt it, an' I ain't over-pertickler what it is if it's honest work an' I cau earn anything at it. I've always had to work, an' I expect to die in the harness, an' the Lord knows I'd rather wear out than rust out."

"Have you any children?"

The swift and not ungraceful movements of Mrs. Kilby's slender fingers ceased for a moment and the slender strands of caue were held lightly between her thumb and finger as she threw up her head and said with motherly tenderness and pride:

"Children? One, thank God! An' three with God. Oh, I tell you that havin' to nigger an' skimp for one's family ain't nothin' compared to havin' to give one of 'em up. When that happens you know what trouble reely is. My good Lord, I thought I should just die when my little twin boys took diphtheria an' both died within four hours of

each other when they was just at the cunnu' age—dear little souls! What was all the slavin' an' hardship an' self-sacrifice I'd put up with all my life—what did it all amount to when I stood by that coffin with them two little boys in it? Why, it wa'n't nothin', nothin' at all compared to the mis'ry o' givin' up them two little ones I had to slave for. The most comfortin' thing about it was that I had been allowed to slave for 'em. I loved to think o' the times I'd gone almost barefooted an' without a stitch o' underclothes an' been cold an' hungry to feed 'em an' dress 'em warm an' comfortable an' make 'em happy. But I've got Lyddy left."

"How old is Lyddy?"

"She'll be eighteen if she lives until the twentieth of next May, an' she—I'll show you her picture. I've got it here in my pocket, an' it's real good of her, all but the eyes; they're brighter'n they seem in the picture."

Mrs. Kilby drew from her pocket a small tintype in a yellowish-brown mat with a crimson paper back.

Holding me the tintype she said with a little laugh:

"I'm there, too, you see. I'm natchrel as life an' twice as ugly, ain't I? I'll tell you how we happened to be taken together. We was goin' by a photograph shop on Hanover street, Lyddy an' me, only last Monday, an' all of a sudden it come across me like a flash. 'My good land, you ain't got no picture o' your only child! At least none since she was eight years old, an' she may be dead to-mor-

Had I given utterance to my inmost thought I would have said:

"She is exquisitely beautiful."

Poor and cheap and imperfect as the picture was, it revealed the girl's graceful, tender beauty. She had an innocent, childish face, and a figure that was all graceful curves. I glanced from the picture toward Mrs. Kilby, and noticed for the first time that she was quite a pretty woman, with particularly pretty eyes, large and dark and of the color that novelists call violet blue. She must have been quite handsome when she was a young girl, but she generously ascribed Lyddy's pronounced beauty to her father.

"She favors her father more'n she does me."

She's got his nose an' mouth to a T. He was counted 'bout the best lookin' young feller there was in our town when I married 'im, an' some said I married him for his good looks, but they lied. I married Joe Kilby for love, an' if I'd married 'im for anything else I guess I wouldn't be willin' to go traipsin' 'round seatin' chairs to buy 'im cod-liver oil an' lamb chops now. It's my joy that neither Joe nor Lyddy lack anything that I know they really need."

"Lyddy is old enough to be helpful to you now," I said.

"Yes, an' she's real willin', too. I ain't raised her in no fool way 'cause she happened to be so pretty. She'll have to work for her livin', au' I've raised her up to that idea. I've been promised a place for her in a store, an' we're expectin' them to send for her any time



LYDDY FELL INTO HER MOTHER'S ARMS.

HIS EYES WERE FIXED ON LYDDY.

row!" It give me the cold shivers to think of it, an' I grabbed Lyddy right by the arm so sudden it scared her an' says, says I:

"You come right in here, Lyddy Kilby, an' have your likeness taken this minnit!"

"Why, ma," says she, "I ain't got on my best things."

"I don't want a likeness of your best things," says I. "I want a likeness of you. I ain't got any that looks as you do now," an' she says as we was climbin' up the stairs:

"Well, I ain't got any picture at all of you, ma, au' you're as likely to die as I am."

"That's the livin' truth, child," says I, "an' you shall have a likeness of your ma if I live long enough to get up these stairs au' into the photographer man's room. I don't see why I ain't thought of it before. I'm glad you've got your pa's picture, anyhow."

"Well, when we went to set for the likeness nothin' would do Lyddy but we must set together just as you see us there, with Lyddy standin' by my chair an' one arm around my neck an' shoulders an' me with the very duds I've got on this minnit. I don't care. I ain't got much better at home, an' I felt real pleased to think that Lyddy wa'n't 'shamed to have her picture taken with me, an' me with my workin' things on. I only hope that the time'll never come when Lyddy will be 'shamed to look at the likeness an' be reminded by it that her mother was a workin' woman."

"Lyddy's a right pretty girl!"

now. She writes a real neat hand an' she knows enough about figgers to make a very good clerk. The only thing is, she's kind o' shy."

"If you mean by that that she is quiet and modest, Mrs. Kilby, I would urge her to remain so under all circumstances and conditions. It is the most pleasing trait in a young girl's character."

"Oh, mercy me! I never want to see her one o' these gabblin' gum-chewin', sassy sort o' girls, an' she couldn't be that, Lyddy couldn't. But you know when a girl has her own livin' to make she's got to be kind o' self-relyin' an' look out that she ain't imposed upon. A girl who has to work for a livin' nowadays has to look out for some hard knocks."

I dreaded to think of the "hard knocks" in store for this dainty, modest, pretty little Lyddy, who seemed so ill-fitted to defend herself against ill-usage and all the harmful things a young and innocent and pretty girl must contend with when "earnin' her own livin'."

I was down town one day three weeks later, and had gone into one of the large general dry-goods stores to buy a pair of gloves. I was undergoing the not very agreeable operation of having the gloves fitted when a bit of conversation between two women near me came to my ears.

"Do look at that perfect little beauty over there at the men's uckwear counter, will

you?" I heard one of the women say. "The girl with the navy blue dress, and the pale blue silk handkerchief tied loosely around her neck."

"She is pretty, isn't she?"

"Pretty? She's a born beauty! I wish I had half her color. Look at her long eyelashes and her lovely dark eyes. Look at her graceful attitude as she stands there with her elbows on the show-case and her chin resting on her interlaced fingers! Do you think that the little uninx is posing?"

"Probably; there's a glass some place near in which she probably sees a reflection of herself. I dare say that she is as vain as she is pretty."

"Well I should think she'd make the necktie business look up wonderfully in this particular locality. These merchants are pretty shrewd. They know where to put their prettiest clerks to draw trade. People who buy pots and pans or pins and needles never give a thought to the looks of the clerks; but when any young man wants a necktie, the beauty of the 'saleslady' has a commercial value. I've heard, and I believe it, that in this store they simply will not have a homely clerk at certain counters."

"They certainly have a beauty at that ucktie counter."

I turned on my stool for a glimpse of this wonderful beauty, and beheld Lyddy Kilby.

I knew that I was not mistaken. There was the pretty, childish face with the big, appealing eyes that had made such a marked impression on me when I had seen them in the cheap little tintype three weeks before that day. I walked over to the necktie counter and said to the girl:

"Are you Lyddy Kilby?"

She gave utterance to a little aspirated sound of affright, and the color left her cheeks as she said:

"Yes, ma'am, I am. Oh, it isn't anything about father, is it? You haven't come from our house, have you?"

"Oh, no, no," I made haste to say. "Your mother did some chair-seating for me a few weeks ago and she chanced to show me a picture of you, and so I knew you the moment I saw you, and took the liberty of speaking to you. How is your father?"

"He hasn't been as well as usual of late; his cough is dreadful. When you first spoke to me I thought sure father had had a bad time, and you was some one coming for me, and it gave me an awful start. I hope you'll excuse me."

"Oh, certainly, and I am sorry I frightened you. How long have you been here?"

"This is my second week."

"Do you like the work?"

"Oh, yes; I like it very well. It isn't very hard at this counter. We never have the rush here that they have at some of the other counters, and I can sit down a good deal if I want to. Some of the other girls say I'm awfully lucky to get this counter, and I s'pose I am. It's real light and pleasant here, too."

Her voice was in harmony with her dainty, flower-like beauty. She spoke in soft, low tones, and her bearing was in every way modest and ladylike. She had not yet learned the ways of the average "saleslady," and I felt sure that whatever misfortune might befall Lyddy she would never be like some of her bold, tittering, loud-mannered associates. She blushed prettily when I, assuming the privilege of a woman of three times Lyddy's years, said to her:

"I am glad to know that you are so ready and willing to be helpful to your mother; she told me that you had always been a good daughter to her."

"She's been a good mother, too," replied Lyddy, "and I'm sure I ought to be willing to do my part now."

A dapper young man in search of something new in "Ascots" or "puffs" here stepped up to the counter, and Lyddy was obliged to give him her attention, but before she did so she thanked me modestly for the little attention I had shown her, and asked me to call at her counter again the next time I came into the store.

A badly-sprained ankle kept me at home for several weeks after that, and I still needed the assistance of a cane in walking about, when one morning I heard the rear door-bell ring, and a moment later my housemaid came up to my room and said:

"That woman who was here caue-seating chairs a few weeks ago is down at the door and wants to know if you've anything you want done. She says you told her to call again."

"I did," I replied, "and you may tell her to come up here, and then you may bring that old chair from your room and I'll have a new bottom put into it. You can bring a large rug or an old sheet or something for her to work on, and I'll have her do the work right in my room. I want to talk to her while she works."

I ought to have said that I wanted her to talk to me, for I had found Mrs. Kilby to be so entertaining on the occasion of her former visit, and her pretty daughter had so interested me, that I had kept them both in mind, and had been thinking of them that very morning with something more than mere idle curiosity, for Mrs. Kilby's loyalty and faithfulness to the husband who had been more of a burden than a help to her, and the readiness and cheerfulness with which she assumed the support of the family, had won for her my sincere respect, and I had resolved to pay her a visit when I was again able to go out.

The moment she appeared at my door I knew that the burden of her poor Joe's support had been taken from her willing hands and heart. Her cheap black dress and veil told the story, but I could have read it in her face and eyes had she not worn mourning-garments.

"Yes," she said quite calmly as I silently pressed her hand, "he's gone. He died two weeks ago to-day, poor fellow! He falled awfully fast the last two weeks, but he never give up until the very last day, though I'd told 'im two days before that he'd have to go. I thought I ought to tell him, and I did, but he wouldn't give up until the very last, and finally he said, 'I guess you're right, Jenny, I'm done for,' and he never spoke again until an hour fore he died, when he motioned for me to lean over him, and he said, 'You've been true and good to me, Jenny, in all the five years I've been such a burden to you—true and good, Jenny. Call Lyddy.' Then he kissed us both and never spoke again, poor fellow!"

Mrs. Kilby's eyes were dryer than my own as she told me this. Her grief had reached that stage of tearless resignation to which one comes through floods of tears and keenest travail of heart and soul.

"Lyddy takes it terrible hard," said Mrs. Kilby as she removed her bonnet and shawl. "She can't seem to get resigned to it, poor girl! She thought the world and all of her pa,



and he did o' her, and Lyddy has a eryin' spell ev'ry time she comes from the store and looks at his empty rockin'-chair. I had her go back to the store two days after the funeral. I thought it'd take her mind and be the best thing for her. Work's a blessed thing for folks in trouble, anyhow. Poor folks has an advantage over the rich in that respect, for the poor ain't no time to set and nurse their grief. I'd go wild now if I'd nothing to do but to set and fold my hands, but I've Joe's coffin to pay for and a tombstone to buy and rent days to meet, and I must eat and earn my own bread.

"The agent of some charitable society or other come and offered to pay for Joe's coffin, but do you think I'd let 'im do it? Not as long as I can crawl to my work. I pay for that coffin myself. No husband o' mine shall lie in a charity coffin nor under a charity tombstone, and I told that agent so, too. People who want to bury their dead in charity coffins can do it. I don't belong to that stripe."

Mrs. Kilby had brought forth her cane strips from the black bag in which she carried them, and after tying a big gingham apron over her dress, went to work on the chair, and I lay on a sofa and watched her swift, graceful motions as she worked.

An occasional sigh was the only indication of grief she manifested after she began her work, and when I asked her how Lyddy was succeeding in her work at the store, she said quite cheerfully:

"Oh, she's doing splendidly; she's had a raise of fifty cents a week already. She told me 'bout you speaking to her that day and she was real pleased over it."

"There's a girl named Jule Haynes at the glove counter, which is right opposite Lyddy's counter, and this Jule Haynes lives in a tenement next to mine, and she says that Lyddy makes three sales to where any of the other clerks at her counter makes one, and I guess some o' the other clerks are a little jealous of her. Jule Haynes says that some o' the young fellows won't buy their ties of anybody but Lyddy, and that the necktie business has grown mighty since Lyddy went there, but I guess that's just some o' Jule's talk. Her tongue is loose at both ends, anyhow."

This information troubled me and gave rise to a vague feeling of fear that I could not well have put into words in the presence of Lyddy's mother. This feeling of fear became more pronounced when Mrs. Kilby said lightly:

"Jule, she says that she guesses Lyddy could have plenty o' beaux now if she wanted 'em, from the way some o' the fellows act at her counter; but my land, Lyddy ain't one o' the flirty kind, and she don't care a rap for the fellows when it comes to flirting with 'em and makin' 'mashes,' as Jule Haynes calls it. Jule's always talkin' 'bout her 'latest mash,' but I tell Lyddy that I don't want to hear no such talk from her, and no more do I. Anyhow, she's got a young man of her own over there in South Boston."

"Why, Mrs. Kilby," I said, "don't you think that Lyddy is very young to be receiving attentions from young men?"

"Well, I don't know. She's old as I was when Joe and me engaged ourselves to each other, and neither of us ever repented of it. But I just look at it this way: I'm the only kin she's got in the world, and if I should be taken away from her, wouldn't she be a good deal better off married to some stiddy, decent man, young as she is, than left all alone in the world? There's so much devilment going on nowadays that I just think sometimes that it'd be a real relief to have Lyddy safely married, stiddy and good-principled as she is. Still, I don't want her and Jim to step off until Lyddy is nineteen, anyhow."

"Who is Jim, Mrs. Kilby?"

"He's Lyddy's young man, not to come right out and say her intended, although he would be fast enough if Lyddy'd only say the word. He brought a beautiful real moonstone ring when he come last Sunday and waited to put it on Lyddy's engagement finger, and have it all settled then and there, but Lyddy wa'n't ready to give in to it yet, although Jim's been her stiddy compny and her only compny for fully a year, and Lyddy ain't holdin' back 'cause she's one o' these fool croquettes that keeps a fellow laughin' round just for the fun o' the thing. When Lyddy's ready to say 'yes' she'll say it and she'll stick to it, and I ain't arguin' her a bit one way or the other. I had my own way when I married, and so shall Lyddy, speshly when the fellow is as nice as Jim."

"How old is Jim?"

"Twenty-four next May, and real stiddy and industrious, as well as savin'. He's got a hundred and ninety dollars in that big savings bank in Temple Place, and he's saved it out of a salary of ten dollars a week, but he's to have a raise of two dollars a week next year, and he's fierce for Lyddy to marry 'im then."

"He's a nice, healthy, clean kind of a fellow, Jim is. He don't smoke nor swear nor blackguard nor hang 'round dime museums nor waste his money on anything o' that sort, and he goes almost reglar to the Sunday afternoon meetings at Tremont Temple. He enjoys the singin' there, and he's got a real good singin' voice. Him and Lyddy go to the temple often of a Sunday night, and I encourage 'em in it. I ain't over and above pious, but I believe there's a God and a heaven, if I am kind o' shaky on the subject of hell, and I like to see a young man go to church, hell or no hell. Preachers nowadays don't preach much 'bout hell, anyhow, and I guess they ain't worryin' much over it long as they git their salary and a big crowd to hear 'em talk 'bout something more entertainin'. My! when I was a little girl up in New Hampshire I used to have the devil and hell ding-donged into me at church until I'd nearly go into fits in the dead o' the night. I can give you my creed and cov'nant and everything else in two words, and they are, 'be good,' and all the theology on earth can't turn out anything better'n that if it's lived up to the way Jesus meant it to be lived up to when he told folks to be good. It covers everything from Genesis to Revelation; don't you think so?"

Realizing the utter hopelessness of arguing the point with a woman of Mrs. Kilby's positive convictions, and being to a certain extent in sympathy with her, I waived the question by asking Mrs. Kilby if she thought that Lyddy would finally allow Jim to put the moonstone ring upon her finger.

"Oh, la, yes," was the reply. "I think so. She knows I'm agreeable to it, and there's no other fellow hangin' 'round to make her halt 'tween two opinions. But I won't let Jim have her until she's nineteen, and by that time Jim'll have enough saved to furnish a little flat real nice, and Lyddy can fit herself out with clothes so she needn't be no expense to Jim in that way for two years, beside layin' in sheets and towels and things ev'ry self-respectin' girl ought to provide for her own home. I shan't ask her a cent for board at home if she and Jim want to git ready to go to housekeepin'. If you should happen to be in the store within a week or two you just notice and see if Lyddy ain't got a moonstone ring on her engagement finger; but mebbe you'd better not say anything about it to her, for she's real easy pledged. I reckon Jule Haynes and the others'll torment her half to death 'bout it."

I saw Lyddy in the store two weeks later, but there was no moonstone ring on her "engagement finger."

She looked fairer and prettier than ever in her black dress. The color was just coming back to her cheeks after the pallor caused by grief and suffering when her father died, and the appealing look in her eyes had deepened; but this only enhanced her beauty.

I thought it best not to speak of her father's death, and after a few commonplace words in regard to her work, I left her to attend to the wants of a customer while I went over to the glove counter where a very robust, loud-mannered young woman, whom one of the other "salesladies" addressed as "Jule," came to wait upon me, and I rightly surmised that I was now in the presence of the loose-tongued Jule Haynes.

She talked volubly to a girl by her side while carelessly tossing over her box after box of gloves, looking for the shade and number I wanted.

"Yes," she said, "we had a perfectly elegant time. I went with George and Kit went with Harry Brady—he's just stuck on Kit, you know. The boys came 'round for us in a perfectly elegant little two-seated cutter that I'll bet you they had to put up half a week's salary for, and we went clear out to Roslindale and had an elegant lunch at the hotel, and coming home Harry drove, and he was bragging 'bout what a dandy driver he was, when all of a sudden over went the sleigh into a big snowdrift, and you'd o' just died laughing if you could have seen us go out, and Kit lost her solid gold bracelet, and—Oh, look! look! There's that fellow over at Lyddy Kilby's counter again! He's got a necktie here every day for over a week. He's mashed on Lyd, and I just know it, and she don't object to it, either. Now you just watch 'em."

I turned and looked toward Lyddy Kilby. A tall, handsome, fashionably-arrayed man of about thirty-five years was standing at her counter, making a pretense of selecting a necktie from among a number spread out on the show-case before him, but his eyes were fixed on Lyddy, and it was evident that the neckties were not in his thoughts as he leaned over the show-case and looked down into Lyddy's pretty face.

His coming had wrought a marked change in Lyddy. The color in her cheeks had increased and her eyes had brightened wonderfully. Her face now wore an animated look, and her pretty lips were parted in a smile as she looked up into the handsome young man's face. Jule Haynes' tongue ran on volubly and vulgarly:

"It's a clear case o' mash on both sides, isn't it? He ain't thinkin' of them neckties he's foolin' with. It wouldn't surprise me to see him and Lyd at Nantasket or out at Franklin park any Saturday afternoon next summer. Lyd's got a fellow over in South Boston, but I'll bet you his cake's all dough now. He can't hold a candle to this fellow when it comes to style and looks. Who'd think Lyddy was such a flirt?"

I kept my eye on Lyddy and her companion while Jule talked, and my mind was speedily made up regarding the young man. I was sure that his motives were not those of an honest man, and that he had no true regard for Lyddy Kilby. He glanced frequently to the right and to the left to see if they were observed, and when he became aware of my steady gaze fixed upon him, it evidently irritated him, and when I continued to watch him, he turned and looked at me with anger and defiance in his face. But I had Jim in mind and Lyddy's mother and Lyddy herself—innocent, confiding Lyddy—and I looked at the young man with a degree of composure that evidently increased his irritation, for his large, black eyes glittered angrily, and he bit the sensual lip under his drooping brown moustache.

Jule Haynes had not told the truth when she said that Lyddy was simply flirting with this handsome young man. There was none of the flirt or coquette in her nature, and her looks and manner now were those of a confiding and pure-minded girl coming into a knowledge of the tenderness and the power of love. There was no guile, no vanity in her heart. She believed all that the man was saying and all that he had said to her.

I knew that that was not the time nor the place to say to Lyddy the things that were in my mind, and I left the store resolved to go and see her in her own home the next evening. But the chance and change that have to deal with the settled affairs of men so dealt with my own that my visit to Mrs. Kilby's home was made impossible of achievement on the following evening because of the unexpected arrival of several dear friends from the far West whom I had not seen for a number of years. The pleasure and the excitement of their coming, and my plans for their entertainment, caused me to almost forget the existence of the Kilbys, but every time I thought of them I renewed my determination to visit them. I was saved this trouble in a way that smote my conscience.

My friends had just taken their departure—indeed, I was standing on my piazza waving them a final good-by as the carriage containing them drove away—when a little woman dressed in black came hurrying around the corner. It was Mrs. Kilby. She came hurrying up the steps, crying out:

"Oh, I'm so glad to find you ain't out! I'm in dreadful trouble, ma'am, dreadful! Oh, it seems as if I should fly! I don't know what to do or which way to turn! All the trouble I've had in all the born days o' my life ain't nothin' compared to it, and I come to you 'cause you've been so friendly-like to both of us, and I thought you could tell me what to do, for I don't know. It's about—Lyddy!"

She covered her face with her hands and gave a gasping sob or two before adding:

"I don't know how to ever tell you, I'm so nigh crazy! But she's gone, ma'am, gone! She's—how can I tell you? She's eloped! And I don't know who with, only from the little Jule Haynes has been able to tell me. I hadn't the faintest suspicion she'd any beau or any thought of any beau but Jim. Poor Jim; it'll nearly kill him, for he just worships the ground she walks on. But I have noticed that she ain't been herself lately, and that Jim ain't made no headway tryin' to git her to wear that ring, though she ain't been uppish nor anything of that kind to either him or me. But as for her runnin' off with another fellow—my good Lord! I never dreamed of such a thing! Oh, I shall go wild!"

We were in the house now, and the poor woman had dropped into a chair, with her hands over her face, crying aloud.

"Try to be calm, Mrs. Kilby," I said. "I am ready to do anything I can for you."

"I thought you'd be," cried Mrs. Kilby gratefully. "I will control my feelin's, and tell you all about it. I went over to Chelsea this forenoon to do some work, and I s'posed Lyddy'd gone to the store, as usual. I left her at home getting ready to go. She'd been dreadful fidgety and nervous-like for a day or two, but kep' layin' it all to her still grievin' for her pa; but I know now that that wa'n't it. When I said 'Good-by, Lyddy,' as I always say 'fore she goes to the store, she bu'st right out cryin', and I never dreamed of its being anything but a bad spell caused by dwellin' on her pa's death."



### TAKE THE HINT.

WHENE'ER an anxious group is seen  
Around some monthly magazine  
Or paper that is daily whirled  
To every quarter of the world,  
And merry peals of laughter rise  
As this or that attracts the eyes,  
The smiling crowd, you may depend,  
Above some illustrations bend  
That advertise the strength and scope  
And purity of IVORY SOAP.

But while they smile or praise bestow  
And wonder whence ideas flow,  
The fact should still be kept in mind  
That people of the knowing kind  
Will heed the hints or lessons laid  
In rhymes and pictures thus displayed,  
And let no precious moments fly  
Until the IVORY SOAP they try,  
And prove on garments coarse and fine,  
The truth of every sketch and line.

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After I'd chirked her up a bit, I went on over to Chelsea, and when I got home 'bout three hours ago, the first thing I see was this note on the table."

Mrs. Kilby handed me the note as she spoke. It was written on half a sheet of note-paper, in a neat, pretty hand, and it read:

DEAR MA:—I am going away to be married to the man I love, and I will come home again soon. I haven't told you anything about it because there were reasons why George wanted it kept a secret from everybody until after we were married. He will tell you all about it when we come back, and you can't help liking him. I would be perfectly happy if it was not for the trouble I'm afraid I'm making you by going off like this. But it's all right, and you'll say so when you know all. Tell Jim about it, and tell him not to mind. And remember, ma, I'm not doing anything wicked or wrong in any way, and that it's all right.

"All right!" cried Mrs. Kilby passionately, as I handed her back the tear-stained little note. "It ain't all right; it's all wrong, that's what it is. I'd like to kill the fellow that's carried my child off like this, even if he means her fair and honest. My God, Mrs. H—, what if he don't mean her fair and honest? And I can't think that he does, or he would not act like this. He's made poor Lyddy think it, but he'd never make me believe that there's any reason why I, her own mother, shouldn't see her married. There is something wrong; I tell you there is! But if she comes to harm, that scoundrel, whoever he is, will answer for it to me and to Jim!"

"Jim? Does he know about it?"  
"He does. He happened to come in for a minute to ask Lyddy to go to a little dance with him that night. I'd just read the note when he came and I showed it to him—poor fellow! He turned white as a sheet, and when I asked him if he thought the fellow meant fair and honest by Lyddy, he says:

"Well, God help him if he don't, and I ever lay eyes on him! I say the same for myself. Kill him? Why, I'd think nothing of it, and I don't think any jury, with daughters, would ever touch me for it. But what am I to do now?" she cried, breaking out fresh.

"I hardly know, Mrs. Kilby," I said. "They probably left Boston this morning, and are miles away now. I think our best course would be to go and see the chief of police and ask him to trace them if possible."

"Merciful heaven! Have I got to go and set the police on my own child?"

"I can think of no other way to find her," and Mrs. Kilby said, brokenly:

"Very well, I'll do anything you say. I'm too nigh crazy to know what to do."

The chief of police received us very kindly and listened patiently to Mrs. Kilby's story, told in garrulous detail and mingled with threats and tears. He promised us all the assistance in his power in tracing the runaways and encouraged Mrs. Kilby to think that he would soon have news of them, but he was silent when Mrs. Kilby asked him if he did not think that the fellow was 'some devilish scoundrel.' I feel quite sure that that was the silent chief's private opinion of poor Jim's successful rival.

Having assured us that there was nothing more that we could do, poor Mrs. Kilby went back to her desolate home to weep the night away, and I returned home, after promising to go to Mrs. Kilby's early the next morning.

It was a little after nine when I found myself climbing the stairs of Mrs. Kilby's tenement the next day. It was a very decent-looking tenement house in a respectable locality.

Mrs. Kilby opened her door in response to my rap. Her face was pale and her eyes red and swollen, but she was much calmer than she had been on the previous day.

"Good-morning," she said. "It was good of you to come, but I knew that you would, and—here's Jim. Jim, this is the lady I've been telling you about."

A robust, extremely clean-looking young man, with a face that instantly prepossessed me in his favor, came forward and offered me his hand in a manly, if slightly awkward, manner. I liked Jim from that moment, and bitterly reproached myself for having neg-

lected to warn him and Mrs. Kilby of Lyddy's danger. There would have been no elopement with a young man like Jim on guard.

We had been talking together about ten minutes when there was a sudden banging of the door and the sound of some one rushing swiftly up the stairs. Mrs. Kilby opened her door and shrieked:

"Lyddy! Lyddy! Lyddy!"

"Oh, ma! ma! ma!" and Lyddy fell into her mother's arms, crying out hysterically:

"Oh, don't kiss me, ma. Don't say that you forgive me or anything until I've told you all about it—all about how wicked I've been!"

She began to cry with her head on her mother's shoulder and Mrs. Kilby said:

"Don't take on so, dearie. It's all right now that you're home again. Where is he—your—your husband?"

She choked as she said it, and Lyddy lifted her head and said passionately:

"My husband! Oh, ma, ma, I'm not married! He—he never meant to marry me! I'm so ashamed to tell it, but he never once meant to marry me, and I never found it out until we got to New York, and when I did find it out I ran from the hotel right out into the street screaming until I guess folks thought I was crazy. He followed me to the door, swearing at me, but when a crowd began to gather he disappeared, and I haven't seen him since, and I never, never want to see him."

After a fresh outburst of tears she added:

"The people at the hotel were so good to me after some one, I don't know who, led me back. About all I can remember is that I found myself in a room with three or four ladies, and I told them the whole story, and I didn't spare myself one bit. One of the ladies was coming to Boston, and she said she'd bring me with her, and she did, and I've just got here. Oh, ma, I can never go back to the store or any place where any one knows me! It just seems to me as if I want to die, after bringing such disgrace on you and—and—" she hid her face and added brokenly, "and on Jim."

Then Jim came forward with moistened eyes and laid one rough hand on Lyddy's brown head.

"Don't worry none 'bout me, Lyddy," he said huskily, "and don't talk none 'bout dying unless you really want to break my heart." Then he stooped and kissed her shining brown hair and went away.

Three days later my husband and I went abroad, and it was a year and a half before I saw the Kilbys or Jim again.

A day or two after our return I entered an electric car, and had seated myself, when some one by my side said eagerly:

"Why, how do you do? I'm awful glad to see you; and you look so well!"

I turned and beheld Mrs. Kilby, looking plumper and rosier and better dressed than I had ever seen her look before. Of course I soon asked about Lyddy, and Mrs. Kilby said joyously:

"Oh, she's real well, and her and Jim's just as bappy as a pair o' turtle-doves. Jim gets fifteen dollars a week now, and they've got the nicest little flat of four rooms, and I tell you it's furnished complete."

"Then they are married?"

"Married? I should say so! Lord, if I didn't forget that you didn't know 'bout it. They was married three months after that day. From that time on Lyddy just seemed to worship Jim. She come to know his value, I tell you. It wasn't long 'fore she was wearing that moonstone ring on her engagement finger, and now they're just as happy. They've both joined church and been baptized, and they're livin' up to it, too. Real religion don't hurt nobody. Well, I declare, it seems so funny to think you didn't even know they was married. Why, bless your soul, look here!"

She unrolled a small bundle in her lap and displayed a roll of white flannel, another of fine white nainsook and several yards of Hamburg edging. Looking up into my face with a beaming smile, she said naively:

"Mebbe you kin guess what this stuff is for." Perhaps my readers can also guess.



## Our Household.

### THE SOURCE OF LIGHT.

If we but keep our hearts  
In harmony with the great heart of God,  
Then shall we learn the great things of life,  
And follow where great men have trod.

Then to our eyes shall come a keener sight  
As we approach the source of love and light;  
With keener vision we shall look away,  
And glories burst upon us like the rising day.

The beauties that so near us lie  
Shall lead our minds to journey to the sky;  
Thus shall our minds and hearts ne'er cease  
to grow,  
And all that nature teaches we shall know.

For nature is the teacher given by God;  
And if we listen to her gentle voice,  
And learn the lesson of air and light and sod,  
Our hearts will evermore rejoice.

J. L. P.

### WHEREWITHAL SHALL WE BE CLOTHED?

"If there's a cause,  
Beyond other, that draws  
My utmost scorn and loathing,  
'Tis the fuss fools make,  
And the pains they take,  
About their outward clothing."

I CAN almost envy my Maltese cat her lovely suit of gray, that seems to suit every season, that needs only the brush of her little soft tongue to keep it in perfect order, although she will stand still and purr and waive her tail in extreme satisfaction when I take a brush and go over her coat, giving it a thorough brushing and remove all the loose hair. I look askance at my own dress, with its frayed-out edges, its numerous spots, its disorganized collar and general look of dilapidation, and sigh that I must hunt up the dressmaker and begin to rejuvenate for another season. What delight it would be to be able to give or throw them all away and write to one's modiste.

MY DEAR MADAM:—Please send me four suitable dresses for the next season—a home dress, a business dress, a church dress and an evening costume. Yours,

We never get tired of the dear little cat, with her one costume. In fact, we are always admiring her. Oh, if I never got tired of mine! If when they did begin to wear out they would only go like the leaves on the trees, or go all at once so an entire new one would be a necessity.

Hanging in my closet often is a perfectly good waist to a defunct skirt; or a perfectly good skirt of a pattern gone out and past the fashion of material. Something perhaps worn so little it seems sacrilege to pull out the sewing, and yet the vandalism must be committed. The stores set out a tempting array of new and beautiful things, and it is so hard to resist. I believe it was meant, too, that we should have as beautiful raiment as we can, or why were all the birds, and fishes, and animals given such beauty.

To cry down the beauty of clothes would stop many of our very important industries. If everyone dressed plain, there would be no work for two thirds of the people, and none of us wish that. Though men are apt to cry out about women's dress, the manufacture of it furnishes employment for a great many.

We give two beautiful waists for adaptation to the fall materials, and one entire suit for mother and child.

In No. 1, the combination of black velvet and white cloth, braided in gold or silver braid, gives a very effective trimming. The gigot sleeve all in one piece commends itself to many, as it will be plenty of material to repair the dress at some other time.

In No. 2 the waist is confined under the arm and over the shoulder.

The adaptation of the two materials shows a good pattern for the combination of two dresses. In this way one good dress can be gotten from two of the past season.

Black and white will be a favorite combination this season. Already it appears on hats and bonnets in the millinery displays. White felt hats are trimmed with cream-white ribbon and black wings, black aigrettes and black jet trimmings.

In wraps, the favorite is the cape. Several styles are shown in jackets, but all have the shoulder collar. Some in good styles are shown at eleven dollars, but the choice styles are kept at high prices. The plain, close-fitting jacket can be bought as low as six, in good cloth and good colors. By adding a collar and new cuffs to an old coat, if good, a very great change may be made in it at a less cost than the purchase of a new one. The light cloths

can be cleaned nicely and a short coat fashioned from the long one with the addition of silk sleeves. The style never suited making over clothing better than this season.

A very beautiful black and white costume could be fashioned from an old dress or two of the same material, by making the skirt and an Eton jacket of the black, and a waist and sleeves of white henrietta, or white crepe de chine; or a black waist with a white vest and white sleeves, with very wide, heavy lace carried over the shoulders; or a good colored material could be dyed black, and combined with new white.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

### TO MAKE HOME PRETTY.

The decoration of homes and the best manner of effecting it is constantly becoming more and more of a problem. It was formerly considered a matter hinging upon one of two things—sometimes both—taste and money. In the "good old times" if the housekeeper had enough of either one or the other of these commodities, it was not found to be a difficult affair to make a wilderness of house-room blossom

with it! No woolen hangings, no carpeting that cannot be taken up at very brief intervals and given "what Paddy gave the drum"—a good beating."

So the carpet departs and the matting comes in. You pattern after the Japanese and yield your easy, restful, cushioned jute or plush for willow or bamboo furniture, and your hanging curtains for paper shades. Taste says, "Never mind. I will recompense you for the loss. Here are exquisite tidies, embroidered in such flowers as never grew! See these lovely throws of drawn-work, warranted not to wash without spoiling, and whose delicate threads will hold the dust of ages. You shall have plush panels on the walls and satin ones in the screens, and the daintiest scarfs of silk and fringe as a covering for your mantels."

"Faugh!" says the doctor. "Throw them out, burn them, put them in the rag-bag and sell them to the first tin-peddler that will take them in exchange. There's death in them all when the summer holds sway."

And the house-decorator thoughtfully scratches her eyebrow and wonders "where

frame, yet everyone who sees it pauses to exclaim and admire.

One day, in a friend's house, I saw a vivid little scarlet vine, like those we see in the woods, after the frost has touched them, against the trunks of the trees. It was running along the top of a picture-frame, and it looked too natural to be artificial. In answer to a question about it, my friend laughed and said, "It is cut out of red holland."

Nothing is more effective than books, even if you buy them simply for decorative purposes. Now and again among their somber ranks, a touch of color or gilding creates a pleasing point on which the eye may rest. For after all, it is color and a harmonious blending of shades that produces the desired effect in decoration.

Decoration has far less to do with materials than we are inclined to think. The Venetians, who love color passionately, are in the secret of beauty. But here, too, is "moderation" required. Too much color is to be more studiously avoided than too little. Cleanliness, space and just the requisite amount of color make houses beautiful and homelike.

But in what is the color to be made manifest? Is there nothing but pictures and books?

I remember one winter when my walls had hanging upon them bunches and festoons of red and yellow bitter-sweet berries. I know they were pretty, for all my friends demanded, "Tell me where I can get some like them."

Window-gardens, where people have "luck" with flowers, are charming in winter, and I have a friend who has potted ferns in the house the year around. During one portion of it they are growing and during the other they are prepared by waxing and ironing to look as if they were still continuing to grow. She never gives away the secret when her callers say, "Oh, Mary, what luck you have with ferns!"

I have a bunch of poppies, made of crepe tissue-paper, that will almost have the effect on you of those which Pallas strews to bring one sleep, they are so like the real ones in Levantine poppy-fields; and their rich scarlet brightens all the place.

MINNIE W. BAINES-MILLER.

### HOME TOPICS.

MUSHROOMS.—"Have you had any mushrooms this fall?" asked a neighbor a few weeks ago. "I do not know enough about them to dare gather them myself," was my reply. A day or two after this a little maid, my neighbor's daughter, brought me a basket of this delicious edible. I studied them carefully, re-read Jessie Stewart Good's article in the FARM AND FIRESIDE of April 1st, and also the report on mushrooms of the microscopist of the United States department of agriculture, and decided that the variety in hand was the *Agaricus campestris*, common meadow mushroom. Since then nearly every morning finds me, with basket in hand, searching the pasture for a supply for the day. After a warm shower I sometimes find enough in the dooryard. This mushroom is very easily recognized. It grows in open, grassy places in fields and pastures, but never in thick woods.

The cap (1) is fleshy, of a white or tawny, and sometimes brownish color, according



MUSHROOM—*AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS*.

to its age. When it is in the best condition for use, the gills (2) are a beautiful pink, or more nearly the shade called old rose; later this color changes to light and then dark brown. They are good as long as they are firm.

When the mushroom first makes its appearance above the ground the gills are covered by a white, filmy membrane, reaching from the stem to the edge of the cap. As the mushroom expands, this veil breaks away and leaves only a white, woolly ring around the stem (3). The margin of the cap generally extends a little beyond the outer



SUITS FOR MOTHER AND CHILD.

som like the rose. But now a Banquo has arisen at the feast; a Fadlacen has appeared as an objector. Science, which is turning all the old theories of life upside down, is having a hot dispute with taste and money, and declaring that there are things of which they have not dreamed included in the philosophy of house decoration.

Who ever gave the doctor leave or license to say anything about the pretty things in our houses? What business is it of his concerning people's plush parlor-sets and velvet portieres? If they are rich enough, can't they satisfy their love for the beautiful with rugs and draperies and carpets, the year around, quite independent of him?

But the doctor says you can't afford it. He prods the upholstered chairs with his walking-stick; and tells you the scientific names of whole families of microbes that have set up housekeeping in the depressions about the buttons, which, when dislodged by the duster, cheerfully resettle themselves in the tissue of your lungs or anatomical elements of other portious of your body.

"Too much furniture," he cries. "Away

she is at." The doctor is a terrible iconoclast; but there is an exercise of taste which is not dependent on the use of upholstery on the one hand, or throws and tidies on the other. Though with regard to both these prohibitions I would, like the quaint old man in one of Sallie Pratt McLean's stories, recommend moderation "in all things—even in pa'suips."

Mrs. Cleveland has on one of her walls a sketch of a bit of woodland, which she values highly, the original of which is to be found on Mr. Joseph Jefferson's Louisiana plantation. It was painted by old Rip Van Winkle himself. I know a pretty home where tidies and throws are banished, that has some charming bits of floral portraiture on the walls. One in particular, a little group of coreopsis flowers in different shades of brown and yellow, is very attractive.

"Yes, but everybody cannot paint."

True. I call to mind another picture, not painted, but colored by some mechanical process—a lithograph, probably. It represents the downward flight of four swallows with outspread wings, and is simply tacked up on the wall without a



extremity of the gills. The white flesh always changes to dark when cooked. Never use mushrooms that have an unpleasant odor or taste before they are cooked.

**MUSHROOM STEW.**—Peel the outer skin from the cap of the mushroom, cut off nearly all of the stem and break or cut the cap into small pieces. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a stew-pan, and when it is melted put in the mushrooms, cover closely and let them steam for about ten minutes, then add a spoonful of flour mixed with a teaspoonful of milk; let it boil up, season with salt and pepper and serve either alone or poured over slices of toast.

**MUSHROOM SOUP.**—Prepare a quart of mushrooms, put them over the fire with half a teaspoonful of water and a spoonful of butter. Let them stew ten minutes, then add a pint of hot milk or cream and season with salt and pepper. This makes a delicious and very nutritious soup.

**STAINS ON THE HANDS.**—“Oh, dear! what shall I do with my hands?” and Cousin Nellie held out two very badly-stained hands for inspection. She had been nutting with the children and foolishly cracked the green walnuts. “I guess we can remedy that,” and I handed her a bottle from my wash-stand containing a saturated solution of oxalic acid, and told her to put a few drops of it on her hands, rub it thoroughly over the stained places, and after a moment or two wash it off with clear water. If the stain is not all gone, repeat the operation.

Nellie did as directed, and soon every vestige of the stain had vanished, but she had carelessly let a drop of the acid fall on her black sateen dress and a red spot was the result. I touched this with a little ammonia, and the color was restored. I always keep a bottle of oxalic acid on my wash-stand, as two or three drops of it will remove almost any stain of fruit or vegetable.

If care is taken to remove all traces of the acid from the hands with clear water, soap will bring the stain out again, and then rub the hands well with vaseline or some other emollient. The acid will not roughen or injure the hands in any way.

If an ounce of oxalic acid crystals is put into a bottle and just enough water poured in to cover it, a saturated solution will be formed. This is very strong, and must not only be plainly labeled, but kept out of the reach of children. More water may be added from time to time, until the acid is all dissolved, when another ounce of crystals should be put in.

Oxalic acid, which is sometimes called salts of lemon, will remove ink-stains,



No. 2.—FALL WAIST.

iron-rust and other stains from white cloth, but care must be taken to wash the spot immediately in clear water, or the fabric will be injured.

MAIDA McL.

## WOMEN

Who want light and easy work, either all the time or spare hours, can earn big pay working for us. No other publishers pay as big cash commission. The business is genteel, and promotes good health, besides filling your purse. Write to-day for full particulars. Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.

### HEART PICTURES.

An amusing exercise of curiosity is to ask each person who visited the art palace at Chicago to name his favorite picture. These may be called “heart pictures.” The artists of a certain school rail against “anecdotal painting,” but the emotions of humanity will continue to respond to the tender stories told on canvas. “Tone,” “technique,” “values” are enigmatical terms to the mass of art observers, but the simplest child knows when a picture rouses a gentle or generous feeling.

“Tell me your favorite picture,” I asked a lovely, gray-haired woman of sixty. “It is ‘Breaking the Home Ties,’” she answered with a sweet smile of motherly sympathy.

This was the same answer made by a young woman who must have thought of her own home-leaving or her brother's. The same preference was expressed by a young man whose home was away half the width of the continent. Probably no other painting made a wider impression. It was simply a young man with a sensitive, refined face standing in the midst of a homely room; his mother held her boy's hand; their faces were tear-stained; you could hear the gentle admonitions, “Be a good boy. Don't get into bad company. Remember, I shall be praying for you.” Other members of the family stood near, respectfully silent at the mother's grief and solicitude. The preparations for the journey were seen in the background. The composition and brushwork of this picture were good, but not for these qualities did everyone pause with involuntary admiration. It was the heart in it.

“Tell me your favorite picture,” I asked a young mother who had a hope-brightened face.

“It was ‘The Baptism,’” she said. “The christening of the first baby, I imagine. The beautiful, delicate mother reclines in the foreground. She is surrounded by her parents and other members of the family, and her face wears such a happy smile as she looks at the baby held by its godmother before the clergyman who read the baptismal service. Oh, it is such a sweet picture.”

“Tell me your favorite picture,” I asked a young girl.

Perhaps she thought of her own approaching happiness, for she had a blissful dreaminess about the eyes as she said:

“I don't know the name of it, but I could understand the story. It was a young bride brought for the first time to her father-in-law's house. It was a pretty, homelike room. The mother-in-law, a dear old lady with the sweetest smile, was taking off her new daughter's cloak. The way she did it would have won anybody's heart. The bride wore a lavender dress, and looked so happy that I am sure she married for love. The father-in-law looked up from his chair, where he had been reading. He seemed interested and approving. There was a little girl in a window-seat. She, too, looked curious and pleased. She must have been the groom's little sister. In the background the young husband was smiling with delight while he bent his head to hear something which his big sister whispered in his ear. She must have told him that his wife was ‘just lovely.’”

“Well,” said a jolly grandfather, “the prettiest picture in the whole collection was ‘The Ornithologist.’ I don't count myself much of a critic, but I was taken with that at once. I looked in the catalogue, and there I found that I had very good taste and correct judgment, for it was painted by Sir John

Millais, who is an ‘A. R. A.’ and an ‘R. A.’ (whatever that may mean), and he has obtained at least half a dozen medals and belongs to no end of ‘institutes’ and ‘academies.’”

Everybody who saw it will remember this charming piece. The principal figure, the ornithologist, is a fine-looking old gentleman who reclines on a couch and holds in his hand a small bird with brilliant plumage. There are other specimens of stuffed birds lying about. Around the old gentleman are grouped his grandchildren, six of them, all showing eager interest. At her grandfather's feet sits a young

girl with that exquisite beauty of profile which Millais can give his women. All the other figures are closely grouped. A boy of twelve, with charming profile, and a sister almost equally beautiful, look over the old scientist's shoulders. The oldest sister holds in check two little children of five or six, who are almost beside themselves with delight. This painting has every excellence, not the least of which is its story of family affection, which touches the heart.

KATE KAUFFMAN.

### MARY GREW, AGAIN.

It is only a short time since one of the leading American periodicals discussed the working-girl question under the subject of “What Society Has to Offer Mary Grew.” The thinking part of the world is very

much vexing itself with the puzzle, but the truth of the matter is that it remains unanswered still. Yet there are several simple solutions that might be offered. There are, we know, thousands of girls engaged in factories and stores at a minimum of wages, not enough to bind soul and body together, much less afford a girl an opportunity to keep her own soul.

If girls would only be prevailed upon to leave the city, thousands of them could secure good, respectable homes in the country with farmers, whose wives would consider them a godsend, treat them as equals, give them nice rooms, wholesome food and good wages. No more cold meals, of questionable ingredients, eaten in dusty apartments, to the roar of machinery, the babble of countless voices, the rumble of city streets, but warm food in unlimited quantities, eaten in summertime to the music of birds, on shaded verandas, and in winter by the generous blaze of warm fires whose fuel costs her never a cent. No pinching and starving to find enough money to pay the rent. It is already paid. No danger of being without employment, for any good girl always has her choice of from three to four most excellent homes, with more clear money at the end of a week than she would have in the city at the end of a year. If there is a parent to be supported, he or she could live much more cheaply in a small village or the country than in the city, and the daughter could devote her wages as before to their support. She would find that the money would go three times as far.

The farmer's wife would be delighted to have the leave of city life that this would afford her, and would gladly teach the secrets of the kitchen and dairy to the city clerk, factory girl, seamstress, or other employee of I care not what capacity, in return for the bright suggestions that the observant young person could offer.

Country girls who know when they are well off, will stay away from the city, and city girls who know when they are well off, will steer for the country.

CARRIE O'NEAL.

### SERVING VEGETABLES.

Baked potatoes should be served with cold meats, as well as beefsteak, lamb chop and codfish, fresh fish and oysters.

Mashed or plain boiled potatoes with roast meats and stewed chicken.

Sweet potatoes with roast beef, lamb or fowls.

Turnips and cabbage with mutton and corned beef.

Tomatoes and baked sour apples with fat meats and poultry or game.

These recipes have proved so satisfactory to me that I send them to other young housekeepers:

**BISCUIT.**—To one quart of flour stir in 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, Sweet milk to make a soft dough.

Roll and cut out, bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

**GRAHAM GEMS.**—1 pint of sweet milk, cold, 1 pint of water, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 3 pints of Graham flour.

Drop into hot gem-pans and bake quickly.

S. R. C.

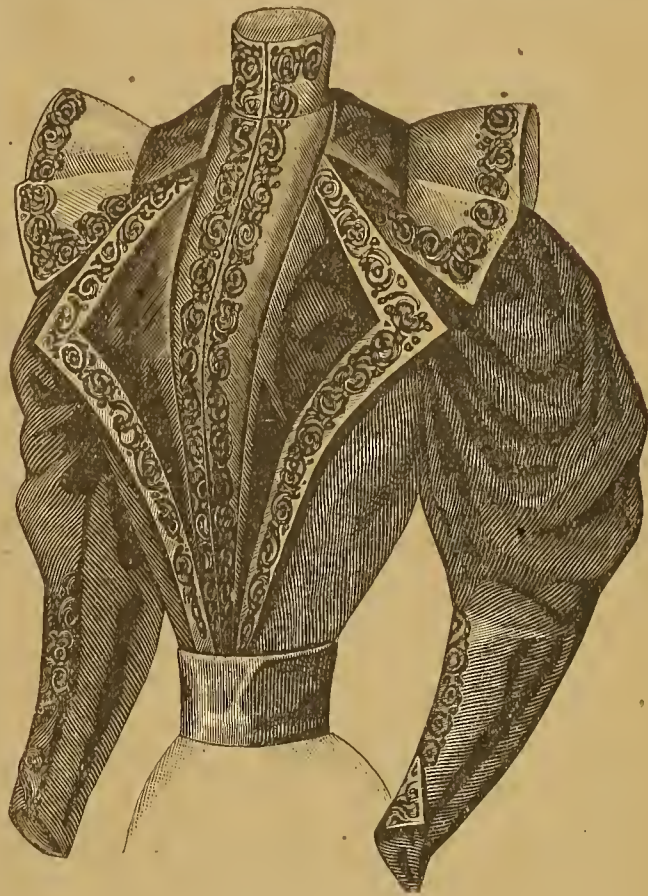
### TRIED RECIPES.

#### JELLY CAKE.

1 heaping teaspoonful of butter,  
1½ cupfuls of sugar,  
2 eggs,  
A pinch of salt.

Beat this to a froth, then add 1 eupful of sweet milk and cream mixed, 2½ eupfuls of flour, with 2 teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda sifted in the flour; or 2½ teaspoonfuls of good baking-powder. Flavor with only ½ teaspoonful of preferred essence; bake. MRS. S. V. BROADHEAD, Pennsylvania.

**DRYING SWEET POTATOES.**—Cook done, take off peeling, cut in round slices one quarter inch thick, dry in stove on large dishes or poplar boards, or in fruit-dryer if you have one. Don't put them on tin



No. 1.—FALL WAIST.

or iron, it will make them black. After they are partly dried they may be put in the sun to finish. When wanted to eat, wash and soak in warm water half an hour and stew them in same water till tender. Season to taste with sugar and butter, and bake a few minutes in stove.

Virginia.

MRS. G. B. EATON.

#### ORANGE WHEY.

1 orange, juice of,  
1 pint of sweet milk.

Heat slowly until curds form, strain and cool.

#### EGG LEMONADE.

1 egg, white of,  
1 tablespoonful of pulverized sugar,  
1 lemon, juice of,  
1 goblet of water.

Beat together.

**SAGO MILK.**—Three tablespoonfuls of sago soaked in a cupful of cold water one hour; add three cupfuls of boiling milk; sweeten and flavor to taste; simmer slowly a half hour. Eat warm.

**BAKED MILK.**—Put half a gallon of milk in a jar and tie it down with writing-paper. Let it stand in a moderate oven eight or ten hours. It will be like cream, and is very nutritious.

#### HOT BISCUIT.

1 quart of flour,  
3 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder,  
1 teaspoonful of salt,  
1 tablespoonful of white sugar.

Sift and mix thoroughly; work in one tablespoonful of lard or butter, and make into a smooth dough with a pint of milk; roll to the thickness of an inch, cut with biscuit-cutter, and bake in a quick oven. If milk is not at hand, use a little more butter and substitute water.

**SPLENDID GINGER-SNAPS.**—Scald one eupful of molasses, stir in one teaspoonful of soda, and pour it, while foaming, over one eupful of sugar; add one egg and one tablespoonful of ginger and beat well together; then add one tablespoonful of vinegar, and flour enough to roll.

### GOOD NEWS—WONDERFUL CURES OF CATARRH AND CONSUMPTION.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.



## Our Household.

### THE DELIGHTS OF "MOVING."

To move, or never to move, is not

The question now, for we had to move.  
Unlike the leopard, we've changed our spot,  
'And its good or ill it is ours to prove.

Well, here is the house, and there is the van  
A-rumbling slowly along the road.  
In care of Thompkins, a careful man,  
But what a chaotic, unsightly load:

Of all the objects yet seen or heard,  
Exposed to view in the public mart,  
The most ridiculous and absurd  
Are your household goods on a drayman's cart.

All wrong side out, what a shock to pride!  
And fastened around with ropes and pegs;  
The grand piano turned on its side,  
With pots and kettles strung on its legs.

Unloaded now. The guitar is broke,  
The baby carriage has lost a wheel,  
With oil the carpet is all a-soak,  
And the coal-hod's found in a tub of meal.

Shivered to bits are the antique bowls,  
The clock has a pointer and pendule lost,  
Your grandmother's portrait is punched with holes,  
And the desk with scratches is erised and crossed.

A chair leg punctures the looking-glass,  
The stovepipe scatters the soot about,  
And now, of all things that should come to pass.

The pickle-jar's spilling the pickles out.

The rugs are utterly spoiled, I fear,  
The sofa's casters are nowhere found,  
But still there is comfort, for just look here,  
The old flat-iron is safe and sound.

So now we'll fix up the broken things,  
Take all the fragments that still remain,  
Tack 'em and glue 'em and tie with strings,  
And never, oh, nevermore move again!

—Daniel Chapman.

### HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY.

**Y**ES, it cannot only be made easy, but a real enjoyment. Order and system are the necessary helpers. You shall have, and from her own pen, too, the experience of one who kept house so easily that she was asked by a friend who was visiting her, "Does your house run itself?" and "How do you keep the wheels in motion?" This was her reply:

"My good mother, by precept and example, taught me that a place for each thing and that thing kept in that place, when not in actual use, would save a week's time lost in hunting during a year. So when my housekeeping began, my first thought was in arranging closets and drawers, which was the best place? In the kitchen dresser-closet on the right hand, and on the lowest shelf because most convenient, stand dredge-box, salt and pepper in a row; all can be taken to the table with one movement. Behind these are tea and coffee canisters, with the measure for each standing beside them—a little glass tumbler for tea and a cup for the coffee. I cannot use space for the full description.

"In the under closet to the right are paus and skillets used for breakfast, middle for dinner, and left, soup and corn boilers. In one of the drawers a discarded silver-basket, divided in the center, holds knives

and cheerful a "good-morning" as I can give. It is my Monday salutation. It needs to be more sympathetic and kindly than any other through the week. I remark on the good day for washing if this is possible; if not, a regret for the rain, but an encouraging promise is given thus: 'Never mind, Bessie, the rain is needed for something or it would not come, and as soon as the napkins and towels are ready to hang, we will have the clothes-horse in the dining-room, and they will all be dried before it is time to set the dinner-table.'

"I have seen these few words provoke a good-natured reply, lift the drooping brow and wreath it with a smile. After the oatmeal is put on the range, for my help always attends to the fire, and by this time it burns well, or will if you do your part. Insist on owner of the cooking arrangement, be it range or stove, keeping it in order; if he won't, then do it yourself. A poor fire has much of the discomfort of the world smouldering in it. It is my part to arrange the table that there may be no missing article, and I am careful to inspect each place and see that the necessary knife, fork, napkin, spoon for oatmeal and tumbler are each in their place.

"Now, I look for a moment or two at the children, see that they are mixing the dressing with the fun, and I show them how to combine these, and then attack the breakfast. This we never allow to be scrappy on Monday morning. A slice of ham nicely broiled, fried potatoes—and what a difference there can be in this dish, sometimes so uninviting, and yet may be always good if simple directions are followed. For Monday's breakfast with ham, I fry the potatoes, and when just browned, I add two eggs beaten only until whites and yolks are well mixed, let them just set and serve hot. It is really stirred eggs and potatoes. The children finish, not begin, this meal with a slice of bread and syrup.

"Breakfast over, the larger children at school, the little ones playing in the nursery, I make the beds, have a ten minutes play with my darlings, and promise a second visit soon if they will play pleasantly. This promise I never forget—my heart reminds me of it.

"Now, again to Bessie. We hang napkins and towels in the dining-room, stretch a line or two in the kitchen, being sure to leave a wide opening to reach the range, or you will make a wider opening of discomfort to Bessie, for she will have to move them each time, and grows more and more irritated. Avoid all such causes of annoyance. I prepare dinner and dessert, and the washing nears completion. Bessie knows now that if callers come, or the children need attention, she must stop washing and take up where I left off, for the meals must be punctual.

"If I can afford it I buy dessert for Monday. It is our ice-cream day, and is made a treat for father and the children. But if we cannot do this weekly, we substitute something less expensive—cream puffs, eclairs, a good pie, lady-locks, in turn. Sometimes we have fruit and nuts. Apples, walnuts or shell-barks and a little chocolate candy is a favorite dessert with the children. In every possible way we make wash-day attractive, just as we plan to

will be to me.' A little praise helps so much and unnecessary, unfavorable criticisms must be avoided.

"I never get snapper unless my girl is out. To have the older children ready to welcome their father, and I as attractive as possible, something that father likes planned for supper, with the possible interruptions that will come, are quite enough for me. At six, when we begin to look for him, the baby is being undressed for bed, and the next little one made ready for sleep by the seven-year-old sister; this is done regularly. Then father has time for a little play and a good-night

sinks. Bruises or scratches on furniture removed by rubbing with the kernel of a walnut or butternut. Polish furniture with equal parts of linseed-oil and turpentine. These and many other simple and practical helps make the housekeeping easy; but this is not all—good housekeeping is not always good home-keeping."

But thus endeth our first lesson.

HOPE HOLIDAY.

### FACIAL MASSAGE.

The country housewife should be able, with ordinary care, to preserve a good complexion much longer than her city



INITIALS FOR MARKING HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.



word with them, and they are safely laid down before half-past-six o'clock supper, or dinner, as the case may be. This is our children's happy time, and we all enjoy it.

"Bessie is soon interested in this and enjoys our pleasure in it. She soon becomes one of us and I take her into partnership. She is the junior member of the firm of three, for she is the father's and mother's helper in making the home. We keep her birthday, not as we do ours exactly, but she has her cake, which I make myself or buy. It is all her own, and she enjoys treating us and carrying some to her friends. We each give her some little thing, the best we can, even to the king of a baby, who presents it in his dear, chubby fist.

"Tuesday we iron. On this day I only wash and wipe china and glass in the dining-room as usual. Bessie goes on regularly and does not expect any aid in the kitchen. We try to make as little washing as possible, with due respect to cleanliness. The every-day clothing is made neatly, but with little trimming, so as to save time in the ironing. Sunday dress is the prettiest my circumstances allow, and is trimmed for beauty's sake and worn for the day's sake. It is His day, and we give to him and do for him the best we can, or we try to do this, and it is our first lesson in spending Sunday.

"Wednesday we bake bread and cake, clean silver and windows, the latter as occasion requires. I do not exact that it shall be done if they look bright and clean, but this work belongs to this day. Thursday and Friday are our sweeping days. Saturday the yard and kitchen have a thorough cleaning. Of course, bread-baking comes in on this day also.

"There are some ways in which all this can be made easier. A basket in a fixed place, with soft, clean cloth, a chamois and a newspaper—instead of the soft cloth we use a small sponge. When through, wash all clean, put in the sun or near the fire, and when dry, into the basket and into its place. It takes but a few minutes and no time lost in hunting a newspaper, etc. The chamois should be cleaned thus: Make a moderately strong solution of soda and water, wet the chamois and rub the soap on it, then wash thoroughly in the soda-water. Repeat this twice, having a second fresh soda-water and rubbing the soap on the chamois; rinse in this, stretch well and dry. It will not harden if rinsed in soap-suds. Have a large bottle of this mixture for cleaning your bath-tubs, tins, etc.

"Washing is made easier by the use of borax. To a boilerful add two or three tablespoonfuls of borax. Take part of this, adding enough cold water to make it a right temperature for the hands. For cleaning paint, one ounce of borax and a pound of brown soap, cut small, to three quarts of water. Let it melt, but not boil. Use with a flannel. It improves the paint, removing spots readily.

"Have warm suds for looking-glasses, and dust a little whitening over them and rub with chamois. Clean bronze with sweet-oil and polish with chamois. For cleaning marble, pulverized chalk and ammonia: excellent, too, for stationary basins and china

sisters. She has the advantage of fresh air, healthful food and regular hours, and her work can be made wholesome exercise. Yet she should resort to the expedients used by women as beautifiers, and one of the most highly recommended just now is facial massage.

In our climate the changes are so frequent and so sudden that the complexion, or rather the skin, is difficult to keep in good condition after early womanhood has passed. Facial massage cleanses, softens and puts into normal condition the skin of the face. It is a mistaken idea that only a professional masseuse can do the work, for any woman with a little practice can manage her own face. The toilet-table should be supplied with good complexion soap, soft wash-cloths, some soothing lotion, such as almond-oil, cold cream or olive-oil. The face must first be gently washed all over with warm suds; while damp apply an unguent and rub well into the skin.

There is a secret in this part of the work worth knowing, for unless the rubbing is properly done it will not be effective. Always rub upward and backward to keep wrinkles away, and to remove them in the opposite direction from the formation of the lines. After giving the face a sufficient rubbing, it should be washed, dried and lotion again applied. This time, besides rubbing, the face should be gently pinched and patted, to call the blood into circulation. This part of the work should not be overdone, as harm will result. As soon as the skin begins to smart or burn, it is time to stop. The moisture should be wiped off with a very soft cloth, the face bathed and dried. It will be soft and smooth when it is ready to apply powder, which will remove the shiny appearance likely to follow so much washing.

The softening is produced by the bathing and rinsing, the friction removing all waste matter, leaving new skin under it fresh and clear.

Rain-water is best for all bathing purposes, and only the purest soaps should be used, the common varieties being injurious to the skin on account of the large amount of alkali used in making them. Care should be used in selecting creams and oils. Glycerine yellows the skin, vaseline encourages the growth of hair. A pure article of olive-oil is cheap and beneficial, and an excellent cream can be made by the farmer's family entirely of home ingredients. To make it, take three ounces of strained honey, three ounces of mutton tallow, two ounces of beeswax and the juice from two large cucumbers. Mix well, put in a saucepan and let simmer slowly for several hours. Put in small jars, and perfume if desired. If this treatment is given the face regularly and systematically, the result will be most satisfactory.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, E. H. C. M. P., naming this paper. W. A. No. 118, 520 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.



INITIALS FOR MARKING HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.



and forks, a small tin box the spoons. These are used only in the cooking. My first "help" thought I took "a dale of pains for nothing; I'd find them just the same if you'd let me throw them in." I was decided in my desire, not to command, that she should try my way, and it was the strong foundation of an orderly, careful servant, who developed from most unpromising materials.

"This is our schedule of work for the week: On Monday morning Bessie rises unusually early and begins the wash. By the time the tubs are in place and the clothes assorted, I join her with as pleasant

have Sunday the happiest, dearest day of the week. By four o'clock Bessie is ready to iron what has dried in the house, and before going to bed she fills the kitchen, but not too near the stove, with the clothes that have, in the rinsing-water, waited their turn.

"I have pleasant things to tell Bessie as I pass in and out through the day. I lose no chance to encourage and praise her. These are so few and far between that I am obliged to make them in this way: 'When you have been here a little longer and learn all my dear, good mother's easy ways, nobody will have a better helper than you



## HOUSE CLEANING IN INDIA.

I assure you it would be an interesting sight could you see the Hindoos engaged in the mysteries of the semi-annual "putting the house to rights." That it needed this thorough cleansing you would not question for a moment. Every room in the house appears to have an equal amount of dirt and filth accumulated on the floor and about walls.

The "best room" is not less dirty than the kitchen, for a Hindoo woman does not reserve a parlor to be used only when company comes. The most pleasantly situated bedroom is not kept intact as a guest-chamber, neither are the most elegant furnishings locked securely in the interior of this same room.

She does not close shutters and draw the blinds lest the upholstery become dull and the carpets faded by the intense heat of the tropical sun. The windows and doors do not remain carefully closed lest a particle of dust should enter.

No, indeed, the Hindoo and Mohammedan housekeepers are not so foolish as some of their American cousins in these respects. They believe in enjoying what they have and allowing their children to do the same. They are not continuously saying, "Dekho! Rampari usko mat chhuo!" Look (or be careful), don't touch that.

One thing they are particular about, however, their children very seldom piece between meals. Should they ever do so, they are trained to remain in the kitchen till all is devoured. (I write the word advisedly they devour, rather than eat.) Their playthings are never taken from the nursery and they are put away when playtime is over.

Nevertheless, could you visit a Hindoo house you would decide with me that the houses need cleaning at least once a year.

tures, fancy work, bric-a-brac, etc., because there are none of these things in the house.

It could not be otherwise than that all rooms are equally dirty, because the parlor, kitchen, guest-chamber, bedrooms, nursery, dining and sitting room are all combined in one room, low, dark and poorly ventilated. The walls are liberally garnished with cobwebs and soot. This cannot be removed lest the goddess residing in the spider bring some great calamity upon the family. A spider must not be killed or its work destroyed. The soot and smoke are necessary attendants upon their method of cooking—fire is seldom used for any other purpose.

Were you in India you would soon perceive that chimneys are conspicuous for their absence. Now I hear one exclaim, "Where do they run their stovepipes then?" Aye, there's the point. They do not have stovepipes at all, and if they had the men would not "turn their hands over" to help their wives in putting them in place. They never refuse to beat carpet because there is none to beat.

The stove is fashioned of mud and is moved outdoors and in at pleasure. A depression is made on the top, into which the fuel (dried cow chips) is placed and over which the food is cooked. Should the room become too full of smoke, the women of the higher caste can easily betake themselves to the open court, around which all their houses are built; or if they are low-caste women, directly out of doors.

The Hindoos still retain the old patriarchal style of living. The family house shelters the entire household—grandparents, parents and all the sons with their many children, one room constituting a house. You can readily imagine the discomfort arising from such a system (which subject will be treated of in my next article).

matting, a home-made rug of white rags alone is very pretty. Sew the rags as for a rag carpet and have them woven as such. A lemon or orange or blue chain looks well with the white rags. The warp may be left long at either end and tied into a fringe.

Is there a crack under some door that lets in a plentiful supply of fresh air? Fresh air is all right in its place, but we do not relish a continual blast of it coming over the floor. To prevent it, make a door-protector. Take a piece of bed-ticking the length of the doorway's width, about eight inches in width; fill it with sand and sew the ends tight. Make a cover for it of some pretty, dark cretonne, and you will have something which, when placed by the door, will defy the cold. For the kitchen they may be made of a strip of old rag carpet, rolled tight and sewed over and over.

If you have a linen table-cloth that is wearing out, past redemption for table use, take the best parts of it and make it into napkins for the children's lunch-baskets.

Bits of cold ham or beef mixed with bread crumbs, seasoned, moistened, baked in baking-powder cans and then sliced when cold, makes a nice addition to the school lunch.

Did you ever have to start up a fire in order to get some warm water to make sponge? Do you know that the bread is just as good, wholesome and sweet if made of sponge set with cold water?

Flimsy straw ticking makes the ideal dish-rag. Cut them a good size and hem them neatly, and don't depend upon the odds and ends of anything for a dish-rag.

Hot water poured into a dish before serving a vegetable in it will help to keep the vegetable warm when on the table.

Have you tried a circulating library in your neighborhood? Let each neighbor, if he will, subscribe for a good paper or magazine. See that each one takes a different one, then exchange. Buy some good books now, something that you have been wanting to read. After you have enjoyed them, give them to some one for a Christmas present.

MARY D. SIBLEY.

## CHINESE EMBROIDERY.

Chinese embroidery is the most remarkable that ever came from human fingers. Any lady who has ever attempted embroidery understands the difficulty of giving a neat appearance to her work on only one side

of the article embroidered, but the Chinese embroider both sides, so that by turning the work it is impossible to detect a difference of to say which is the neater, and this, too, on material so thin that it seems impossible to work with it at all. One of the peculiar features of a piece of Chinese fancy work is the hem with which they finish the cut edge. American ladies fold down a flat hem and fasten it with a whip-stitch; the Chinese roll the edge so as to make a cord, and then hold it in position by a blind-stitch. The work is wonderfully delicate, and is said to be done by Chinese women working at what we would consider starvation wages.

## Beeman's Pepsin Gum.



**CAUTION.**—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper. **The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion.** Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package. **THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.** 39 Lake St., Cleveland, O. *Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.*

**PRICE** We Sell DIRECT TO FAMILIES  
PIANOS ORGANS  
\$150 to \$1500 \$35 to \$500.  
**Absolutely Perfect!**  
Sent for trial in your own home before you buy. Local Agents must sell inferior instruments or charge double what we ask. Catalogue free. **MARSHAL & SMITH PIANO CO.,** 235 East 21st St., N. Y.

**Newcomb Fly-Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM**  
Weaves 100 yards per day. Catalogue free. **C. N. NEWCOMB,** 311 W. St. Davenport, Iowa.  
Mention this paper when you write.

**T CLUBS**  
We give away Lace Curtains, with \$4, \$6, or \$8 orders. White Tea Set, 56 and 70 pieces, with \$11 and \$13 orders. Pair Ladies' Dongola Kid Boots, with \$6 orders. Safety Bicycle, Cushion Tires, with \$80 orders. Decorated Granite Dinner Sets, 12 pieces, with \$20 orders. Hanging Lamp and Decorated Shade, with \$10 & \$12 orders. Violin, Banjo and Guitar, with \$12, \$16, and \$25 orders. Moss Rose Toilet Set, with \$15 orders. Stem Winding Swiss Watch, Ladies' or Boy's, with \$10 orders. Send for our **FREE** Illustrated Catalogue. **GREAT CHINA TEA CO.,** 210 State Street, Boston, Mass. Mention this paper when you write.

**TOKOLOGY** A COMPLETE LADIES' GUIDE In Health and Disease, By ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D., OVER 25 YEARS PRACTICE. In the Wilds of Africa. A missionary agent writes: "I have sold Tokology in various parts of South Africa; it gives universal satisfaction, and is pronounced a 'Godsend.'" Prepaid, \$2.75. Sample pages free. Best terms to agents. **Alice B. Stockham & Co.,** 277 Madison St., Chicago.

## Getting Thin

is often equivalent to getting ill. If loss of flesh can be arrested and disease baffled the "weak spots" in the system are eradicated.

## Scott's Emulsion

is an absolute corrective of "weak spots." It is a builder of worn out failing tissue—*nature's food* that stops waste and creates healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

## Now and Then.

Now and then I fall to dreaming  
Of the good old days again;  
But the times somehow are seem-  
ing  
Better now than they were then.

Daughter tells me, Gold Dust  
Powder

Cleans and washes with such ease,  
That it lightens household labor, making restful times like these.



Every day her praise grows louder; Even I admit at last,  
That the

## Gold Dust Washing Powder

Has improved upon the past.

What the steam car is to the traveler, and the mowing machine is to the farmer, GOLD DUST is to the housekeeper—a modern means of saving time, strength and money. Sold everywhere.

Made only by **N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,** Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal.



INITIALS FOR MARKING HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

And when once undertaken it is done thoroughly, according to their ideas of thoroughness.

Perhaps the men are better natured there. Who shall say? One thing is certain, they never get out of patience putting up stovepipes. And really, come to think of it, I never saw one of them have a mite of trouble in getting the stovepipe to fit. The men never blacken their shirt bosoms, besmear their faces, pinch their thumbs, scold their wives and utter language—well, language not befitting a saint, while doing this work.

No, no, none of these things ever happen in heathen India. More than that, should the wife mildly ask, "Will you please beat the carpet a few moments this morning, Ram Chandre?" he doesn't suddenly remember that he has an engagement down town, that he "should have been there an hour ago," saying which his hat is seized and his poor "bibi" is left to get the work done as best she can.

The wife, on the other hand, does not set forth a cold lunch at dinner-time, saying, "Everything is in such disorder I really cannot possibly get a warm meal to-day."

Now, methinks I hear some of you say, "Why, indeed the natives of India are much more highly cultivated and civilized than I had supposed." Not so fast, my friend; there is a reason for all these "afore-saids." In the first place, the "best room" could not be less dirty than the kitchen, as they are one and the same. They never have a spare room of any kind.

Shutters, blinds and curtains never enter into the furnishings or belongings of a house. Their windows are not worthy the name. "Good reason why" the children remain in the one room to eat, also why their playthings are kept there and put away each eve. They hide them to keep them safe from their numerous cousins. The children are not continuously scolded and "don'ted" because they handle the pic-

As to the "interesting sight" of house cleaning, 'tis interesting because so extremely rare and so sadly needed. Sometimes before some great feast to the gods the house is purified by having the floor scrubbed with water in which a large amount of the same material as that used for fuel is dissolved. This constitutes the entire process of house cleaning.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

In a few days people will be taking up plants for house decoration during the winter. In an ordinary house, plants for winter use should be as books, "few and well chosen." I should rather have a few and have them nice, than to have a profusion of stragglers. Try those that you are sure will repay you, then lavish all the time and care you can spare them. If there is but one pleasant, sunny window in the sitting-room, don't give it up to plants. You will want to sit there to sew and to read, and to look out. Window-brackets are nice and take but little room, and often a plant shows to so much better advantage if it is not surrounded by others.

Autumn leaves are so bright and cheerful that they ought to be given a place for awhile during the early winter. They are very pretty pressed, but in that way each leaf is generally severed from its bough, and the arrangement of them suggests more of art than of nature. Select some pretty boughs or clumps, and on bringing them into the house press each leaf with a warm iron, but do not remove them. Then the bough is all ready for a picture or to take a place of its own on the wall. The leaves do not curl any sooner than those pressed between papers.

Rugs are very serviceable, especially for winter use. Remnants of brussels or ingrain carpet, edged with fringe to match, make good rugs at little expense. For a



## Our Sunday Afternoon.

### THE COMING OF THE LORD.

Do you hear the mighty clashing  
Of the thoughts of men of power?  
Do you see the omens thickening  
Of a crisis every hour?  
What is this, and what the other?  
Why this strange unrest abroad?  
Ah! the signs foretell the coming—  
Yea, the coming of the Lord.

All the schemes of social schemers,  
All the struggles of the years,  
All the dreams of poet-dreamers  
Are obscured with doubts and fears.  
And the world is waiting breathlessly  
For an evolution vast,  
Wrought in God and like an anchor  
In a mighty current cast.

What the outcome of the conflict?  
What the end, ah! who can say?  
We may read in living letters,  
We may know, yea, know to-day.  
More than mortal words proclaim it—  
Revelations from our God,  
All the signs foretell the coming—  
Yea, the coming of the Lord.

### THE OLD MAN SINGS.

There's a wabble in the jingle and a stumble  
in the meter,  
And the accent might be clearer and the vol-  
umn be completer,  
And there might be much improvement in the  
stress and intonation,  
And a polish might be added to the crude pro-  
nunciation;  
But there's music such as once was played be-  
fore the ancient kings,  
When the old man plays the fiddle and goes  
feeling for the strings;  
There is laughter choked with tear-drops when  
the old man sings.

And we form a ring around him, and we place  
him in the middle,  
And he hugs up to his withered cheek the  
poor old broken fiddle,  
And a smile comes on his features as he hears  
the strings' vibration,  
And he sings the songs of long ago with falter-  
ing intonation;  
And a phantom from the distant past his dis-  
tant music brings,  
And trooping from their dusty graves come  
long-forgotten things,  
When he tunes the ancient fiddle, and the old  
man sings.

And while the broken man is playing on the  
broken fiddle,  
And we press around to hear him as he sits  
there in the middle,  
The sound of many wedding bells in all the  
music surges,  
Then we hear their clamor smothered by the  
sound of funeral dirges.  
'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music  
rings.  
And every life's a blind man's tune that's  
played on broken strings;  
And so we sit in silence while the old man  
sings.

—E. M. Storey.

### WOMAN IN INDIA.

**W**OMAN is the trustee of  
the Hindoo religion.  
She makes the man  
worship idols. If he  
should not worship  
them, no high-caste  
woman would give him his meals, nor  
could other members of the family par-  
take of food with him. This compulsory  
worship of images is the great reason why  
idolatry reigns supreme in India.

Our women need education; but they  
cannot be well educated as long as the  
custom of child marriage is in vogue among  
us. Every girl must be married before the  
age of twelve. This custom was univers-  
ally adopted by the Hindoos on account of  
the loose morality of the Mohammedans.  
When the Moslems were in power they  
instituted a law by which any Mohamme-  
dan could claim an unmarried Hindoo  
woman as his wife, and thus save her and  
her offspring from the evil consequences of  
a false religion. When the Hindoos found  
out that they were losing many of their  
grown-up married daughters, they resorted  
to the early marriage system, and thus  
protected their daughters from the despotic  
Moslem. Although there is no need of  
such a practice under the benign English  
rule, yet the custom has become so strong  
that the people are reluctant to abandon it.

Connected with the early marriage sys-  
tem there is another evil. No widow,  
among high caste, is allowed to marry.  
She must eat but one meal a day; no one  
should see her face the first thing in the  
morning; she must do the menial work in  
the house; she must also perform extra  
penance for her husband, whose death, as  
is supposed, was caused by her sins. There  
are seventy-nine thousand of these widows  
under nine years of age; six hundred and

sixty-nine thousand under eighteen years  
of age, and twenty-four million widows  
in all. What misery is this! When I look  
into the beaming faces of young ladies in  
America, my heart aches for my poor,  
suffering, widowed sisters in India.

These rocks of idolatry, caste system,  
early marriage and widowhood must be  
leveled down. But who is able to do this  
gigantic work? We are but a handful of  
workers among so many. Yet, "Who hath  
despised the day of small things?" These  
words cheer us in our arduous task. We  
believe that, like the small cloud of Elijah,  
we shall within a short time cover the  
whole horizon of India. For this work is  
not ours; it is to be accomplished "not by  
might, nor by power; but by my spirit,"  
saith the Lord of hosts."—*Golden Rule.*

### AFTER CONVERSION, WHAT?

That is the time that tests you. Any-  
body can feel religious when he is singing  
revival hymns with a great company. Any-  
body can resolve to be a Christian when  
he is all ablaze with feeling. But who  
will be faithful when he is no longer  
happy? Who will walk after Christ in the  
dusty every-day road, as well as when the  
people are spreading their garments in the  
way and shouting Hosanna before him? Who  
is the soldier for dress-parade only, and  
who for the march, for the bivouac and  
the battle-field?

When in the morning the soldier wakes  
stiffened with cold, with no music to in-  
spire him, no enemy even in sight to rouse  
his fighting ardor, he does not stop to  
mourn over his low spirits, and he does  
not conclude that he is no soldier because  
his spirits are low. He looks to his captain,  
takes his orders and obeys them. Do as he  
does. First, take a little time in the morn-  
ing in prayer with your captain, and get  
your orders. Ask what Christ would have  
you do.

Very simple the command may be: to  
be sweet-tempered to those you meet, to  
do your daily work faithfully and heartily,  
to resist your besetting sins, to keep eyes  
and heart open to the wants of those about  
you; simple, yes, but quite enough—  
enough to make you earnestly seek your  
father's aid, and find in the thought of his  
love year best encouragement and help.  
Whoever thus lives, day after day, seeking  
not his own pleasure, but to do the master's  
will, will find a blessedness compared to  
which all momentary transports are poor  
and fleeting. We cannot always dwell on  
the mount of transfiguration. But on the  
highways of life, in the daily task, among  
the needy and sorrowing, we shall find our  
master, and share his companionship, and  
be led by him until we enter into his  
glory.

### TRANSIENT TROUBLES.

Most of us have had troubles all our  
lives, and each day has brought all the evil  
that we wish to endure. But if we were  
asked to recount the sorrows of our lives,  
how many could we remember? How  
many that are six months old should we  
think worthy to be remembered or men-  
tioned? To-day's troubles look large, but  
a week hence they will be forgotten and  
buried out of sight.

If you would keep a book, and every day  
put down the things that worry you, and  
see what becomes of them, it would be a  
benefit to you. You allow a thing to  
annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle  
on you and plague you; and you lose  
your temper (or rather get it; for when  
men are surcharged with temper they are  
said to have lost it), and you justify your-  
selves for being thrown off your balance by  
causes which you do not trace out. But if  
you would see what it was that threw you  
off your balance before breakfast, and put  
it down in a little book, and follow it out,  
and ascertain what became of it, you would  
see what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but  
the art of overlooking is quite as impor-  
tant. And if we should take to writing  
down the origin, the progress and outcome  
of a few of our troubles, it would make us  
so ashamed of the fuss we make over them  
that we would be glad to drop such things  
and bury them at once in eternal forgetful-  
ness. Life is too short to be worn out in  
petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vex-  
ations. Let us think only on whatsoever  
things are pure, and lovely, and gentle, and  
of good report.

### Three Subscribers Without Leaving the House.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1893.  
I have taken three subscriptions since morn-  
ing and have not been out of the house. I find  
it very easy to get subscribers.  
MRS. WM. ELLIOTT.  
Read page 19 and make money.

### GOD'S STANDARD.

What the world wants is a straight-up-  
and-down religion. Much of the so-called  
piety of the day bends this way and that  
way to suit the times. It is horizontal,  
with a low state of sentiment and morals.  
We have all been building a wall of charac-  
ter, and it is imperfect and needs recon-  
struction. How shall it be brought into  
the perpendicular? Only by divine meas-  
urements. This whole tendency of the  
time is to make us act by the standard of  
what others do. If they play cards, we  
play cards; if they dance, we dance; if they  
read certain styles of books, we read them.  
The question for me should not be what  
you think is right, but what God thinks is  
right. This perpetual reference to the be-  
havior of others, as though it decided any-  
thing but human fallibility, is a mistake as  
wide as the world.

There is a mighty attempt being made to  
reconstruct and fix up the Ten Command-  
ments. To many they seem too rigid. The  
tower of Pisa leans over about thirteen  
feet from the perpendicular, and people go  
thousands of miles to see its graceful incli-  
nation; by extra braces and various archi-  
tectural contrivances it is kept leaning  
from century to century. Why not have  
the ten granite blocks of Sinai set a little  
askant? Why not have the pillar of truth  
a-leaning? Why is not an ellipse as good  
as a square? Why is not an oblique as  
good as a straight-up-and-down? My  
friends, we must have a standard; shall it  
be God's or man's?—*New York Observer.*

### THE BLOTTED PAGE.

The writing-master entered the class-  
room and passed from one pupil to another  
to review the task he had set before them.

He paused before the new-comer; the  
page was blotted, scratched and disfigured  
with the stain of many tears.

"Master," said the boy in trembling ac-  
cents, "I have labored in vain; my hand is  
crippled; there is no resemblance between  
these crooked lines and the model I have  
endeavored to imitate; but, master, pity  
me, for I have done my very best.

By his side sat his companion. "Behold  
my page!" he exclaimed. "It is fair and  
clean, unsullied by a blot, untouched by  
an ungainly mark. Oh, master, in my  
wisdom I forbore to incur your displeasure.  
Is not a blank page preferable to the tear-  
stained, misshapen attempts of a crippled  
hand that cannot and never will be able to  
make a fair copy?"

The master threw aside the clean, white  
page without vouchsafing to cast a glance  
upon it, but he leaned with infinite com-  
passion and tenderness toward the pupil  
who had done his best; gently he took his  
hand and guided it over the lines, with  
words of love and encouragement, and the  
humble pupil took courage and rejoiced,  
while his idle companion looked upon his  
fair, white page, and saw its brightness  
overshadowed by the displeasure of the  
master."—*New York Observer.*

### A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure  
for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the  
Congo river, West Africa. So great is their  
faith in its wonderful curative powers, the  
Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York,  
are sending out large trial cases of the Kola  
Compound free to all sufferers from asthma.  
Send your name and address on postal card,  
and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

## A FEW FACTS CONCERNING THE BIG FOUR ROUTE —TO THE— WORLD'S FAIR

"Isn't one man as good as another?" asked  
an orator in the course of a stump speech, and  
a voice in the crowd replied, "Yes, and a  
blamed sight better!"

Now, it is a good deal the same with the Big  
Four Route to Chicago; it is a "blamed sight  
better" than any other line. Why? In the  
first place the train service, equipment and  
road-bed are unequalled by any railroad in the  
country; in the second place, the Sleeping  
Cars, Parlor Cars and Day Coaches are the  
finest specimens of the car builder's art that  
ever ran on wheels; in the third place (now  
read this carefully), all trains of the Big Four  
Route enter Chicago along the Lake Front,  
stopping at Midway Plaisance, the Main En-  
trance to the World's Fair Grounds; 60th St.,  
Hyde Park, 39th St., 22nd St., 12th St., and land  
passengers and baggage convenient to all the  
World's Fair Hotels and Boarding Houses, as  
well as the down-town Hotelries. Think  
what this means! You are landed with your  
baggage within a few minutes walk of your  
stopping place, avoid the long, tiresome trans-  
fer across the city necessary via other lines.  
All ticket agents throughout the country are  
supplied with Big Four tickets, and if you  
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extent ask for tickets via Big Four Route.  
For further information address D. B. Martin,  
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the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled  
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muscle and nerve and is  
luxury indeed. You want  
the best. Investigate. We  
also make a 30 pound rigid  
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in your own home. First-class  
Sewing Machines shipped any-  
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quantity at wholesale prices.  
NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE  
We PAY the Freight.  
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\$55 "Kenwood" \$22.50  
\$75 "Arlington" \$26.50  
\$45 "Arlington" \$18.50  
27 other styles including  
Standard Singers at \$9.50,  
\$15.50, \$17.50. Full set  
nickel plated attachments  
FREE. Latest improvements. Self-setting needle.  
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Guarantee For 5 Years  
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If afflicted with  
sore eyes use **Dr. Thompson's Eye-Water**



## Farm Cleanings.

### THREE HUNDRED AND SIX POUNDS OF BUTTER PER COW.

The DAIRY methods practiced by Mr. Wildman, of Wisconsin, enabling him to average 306 pounds of butter per year for each cow, are told in *Hoard's Dairyman* as follows:

"During the year 1892 the old cows were dry on an average about six weeks, and six of nine heifers were milked continuously. The largest average daily amount of milk and butter that we ever obtained per cow was during October, while they were feeding on new seedling of clover during the day and kept in the barn at night, and fed twenty pounds of ensilage, three pounds of oil-meal and four of bran.

"Our ration last winter was from forty to fifty pounds ensilage, four pounds sheaf oats, five pounds corn fodder and one each of clover, hay and millet, with three pounds of cotton-seed meal, two pounds oil-meal and from six to eight pounds bran, salt being put on the dry meal every day. We endeavor to give each cow in our herd personal attention and feed them individually, according to the capacity of each.

"The cows were let out in the morning to drink, after feeding, to exercise until 11 A. M., received one feed outside, and were put in again at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. But in stormy weather they were out only long enough to drink, and if it had rained or snowed while they were out, the snow or water was carefully brushed off. At present they are turned out to drink both morning and evening; except Sundays, when, if the weather is suitable, they are turned in the yard at about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and in again at about 4 in the afternoon, in order to allow us to go to church.

"The first thing done to the cows mornings is feeding grain, then milked; after breakfast, while the cows are out to drink, the stables are cleaned, bedding shaken up, and corn fodder fed. The cows are then put in again until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when they are turned out to drink and fed clover hay and millet outside to keep them quiet, while we distribute the sheaf oats and ensilage and get in straw for bedding. Just before milking they are fed grain upon which we put salt.

"Land-plaster is used freely on the stable floors. It not only checks the evaporation of ammonia and makes an almost odorless stable, but is itself a good fertilizer, and cows never slip on a floor where it is used.

"During the coldest weather last winter we were troubled somewhat with the ensilage freezing in the silo, until we tried covering it with boards. We found this not only prevented freezing, but retained the ensilage in a fresh and sweet condition.

"We like having our cows come fresh about the first of October, because then we have time to milk them and care for the calves, and do not have so much milking to do while we harvest and thresh our grain, cut our corn and fill our silos. Besides, the weather is not too cold, and there are no flies to bother the cows; and as we commence feeding ensilage as soon as the silos are full, we have an abundance of feed in the most critical time.

"We estimate the cost of keeping a cow at \$40 per year; of this amount, \$20 is for grain and \$11 for ensilage and other coarse feed in winter, and \$5 for grain and \$4 for pasture in summer.

"For the calendar year ending December 31, 1892, our 24 cows gave us 179,936 pounds of milk, giving us a credit at the factory for 7,801 pounds of butter. This was an average yield per cow of 7,455½ pounds of milk and 325½ pounds of butter.

"The largest amount of milk we ever obtained was in October, 1892, when the mature cows gave an average of 40 pounds of milk per day and the heifers 29 pounds. The yield of butter that month averaged 1½ pounds per day, per cow.

"The first year we filled our silos it took five men and eight horses 14 days; the second year four men and six horses 10 days; the third we worked 11½ days with eight horses, five men five days and three the remainder; last year five men worked 5½ days and four men five days, with eight horses."

### CANCER AND ITS CURE.

Drs. McLeish & Weber, 123 John St., Cincinnati, O., have made the treatment of Cancer a specialty for twenty years. Their success is set forth in a "Treatise" mailed free to anyone.

### AGRICULTURE AND BUSINESS.

Among the numerous causes assigned for the growing depression in trade, transportation and commerce of recent years, which has reached a climax during the current financial panic, how many have given a prominent place to the increasing distress of late years among farmers? Hardly one. Yet it is certain that no other single cause, and probably not all other causes combined, have contributed so much toward the present business collapse.

When agriculture, in which over 30,000,000 of our people, or nearly half the population, are engaged, is prosperous, and the farmers get good prices for their products, every other industry thrives, chiefly because farmers have plenty of money to make extensive purchases and thus give an impetus to all kinds of business. Mills, factories and workshops run overtime, trade flourishes, purchases are heavy and collections easy; rail and water lines are taxed to their utmost; workmen are in demand at high wages, money is "easy" and seeks employment with confidence, and the whole country is joyful and jubilant.

At the close of the war farm products brought such prices that every farmer's pocket-book was plenteous, and his purchases of manufactured goods so many, varied and expensive, that hundreds of factories had to run day and night to supply his demands. Was there ever such an era of prosperity in the history of the country? Did farm products ever before or since bring such high prices?

These soon began to decline, however, and with them fell off the purchasing power of the farmers, and the era of extraordinary national prosperity began to wane. The proportion of the population engaged in farming also commenced to diminish. In 1870 fifty-two per cent of all the males engaged in business were employed in agriculture; in 1880 the proportion had fallen to forty-nine per cent, and it is only about forty-five per cent to-day. *Rural New-Yorker*.

### TEST OF WHEAT VARIETIES IN CANADA.

The Ontario agricultural experiment station has been making experiments with all the Canadian and American varieties of winter wheat of any promise, the seed of which they have been able to obtain. The conclusions arrived at are thus summarized:

1. That the average yields per acre of the fifty-two Canadian and American varieties grown in 1893 were, straw, 1.9 tons; grain, 30 bushels; weight per measured bushel, 58.2 pounds.

2. The five best-yielding varieties for 1893 were the following: Golden Drop, 42.7 bushels per acre; Surprise, 42.6 bushels; Golden Cross, 41.5 bushels; Hybrid Mediterranean, 40.6 bushels; Early Red Clawson, 40.3 bushels.

3. The five varieties which gave the heaviest weights per measured bushel in 1893 were the Coryell, 62.7 pounds; Deitz Longberry, 61.5 pounds; Fulcaster, 61.2 pounds; Red Wonder, 61.2 pounds; Bulgarian, 61.1 pounds.

4. That in our experience of the past four years the average yields per acre of the white and red wheats have been almost exactly the same.

5. That in our experience of the past three years we have found that the red wheats average from one and one half to two pounds more per measured bushel than the whiter wheats.

6. That in our experience the past year in sowing varieties of wheat at different dates, we have found that in every instance the earlier sown lots have given the best results.—*From Bulletin XC, Ontario Agricultural College Experiment Station.*

### THE SEED END OF POTATOES.

The question whether the seed end of potatoes should be removed before the seed is planted has long been mooted among potato growers. Most of them have decided that the seed end should be removed, or rather that the potato should be so cut as to give each set one to three good eyes, or buds. If whole potatoes are planted, many varieties having a multitude of seed-eyes will send out far too many shoots. These will crowd each other like so many weeds, and a great amount of very small potatoes will be the result.

Varieties of potatoes that have but few eyes, and especially those that are very strong growers, will do better with whole seed. The crowding in this case increases the number of potatoes, and they will

nearly all grow to marketable size. If they had a less number of shoots the potatoes will be fewer and grow rough, pronged and unwieldy in size and shape.

We notice that the Wisconsin station has been experimenting with potatoes, with results that do not agree with the conclusions of practical eastern farmers. It finds that the whole potato with the seed end left on gave not only a larger yield of merchantable potatoes, but a larger yield altogether than the potato did where the seed end was removed. The Early Rose and Snowflake potatoes were the kinds chosen for experiment. The result might have been more favorable for the cut potato if some stronger-growing varieties had been chosen to experiment with.—*American Cultivator*.

### THE OUTLOOK.

The outlook is not the brightest from a financial standpoint. Many business houses of high standing have succumbed during the past six months to the stringency of the period, and many more are moving with unwonted caution lest they lose prestige and begin the downward course. The grand old profession, farming, is always the last to feel the depressing influence of a panic, and we trust the situation may not become so extreme as to affect our readers, but certainly good business sense cannot be followed too closely. There is no safer, surer vocation in which to weather a financial storm, but even the good ship "Farming" can be sunk if there be holes permitted in her hull and nobody mends the pumps.

Have good stock and not a head that is unprofitable. Don't winter old nor too many horses. Work into something that will afford a daily income. Study out or write to the experiment stations for rations that will produce your specialty most cheaply. Don't let the wagons, harness, machinery and tools lie or stand where sun, wind or water will injure them. Cultivate whatever tends to extend your business and to make it more prosperous, and finally, seek constantly for outlets for your produce at prices and in ways better than those now enjoyed. Everything comes to him who works and waits for it.—*Farming World*.

### SOWING OATS.

Permit me to make a few suggestions as to sowing oats. It is too late to benefit any one this season, but it may do them some good another season. Late oats do not generally yield well and are liable to be injured by grasshoppers. To raise oats successfully the ground should be plowed in the fall and water furrows opened. If the ground is properly prepared in the fall, it can be prepared in the spring with a spring-steel-toothed harrow or a disk harrow, often before the ground gets dry enough to plow. And it can be put in quickly, often in less time than one fourth of a field can be plowed. It was so last spring. In March it was once dry enough to sow oats where the ground was properly prepared in the fall.

Where wheat is too thin on the ground to produce much, which is often the case, it is a good plan to drill oats in the wheat. By drilling the oats the same way the wheat was drilled, the drilling will not destroy much of the wheat. This should be done as early as possible, so as to have the oats ripen when the wheat ripens. If you cannot separate the oats and wheat, the two mixed will make excellent feed. When the wheat is very thin, what little there is cannot be saved on account of weeds. I have practiced this for years with very good results. JOHN MARKEL.

### HORSESHOEING.

Allow me to give a word of caution to all those who are having their horses shod, to warn them against the too free use of the buttress and the knife in paring the hoof of the horse. Hardly a horseshoer undertakes to pare the sole but who begins by taking a liberal slice from the sole of the heel, and winds up by trimming the frog, sometimes so close that you can see the blood through the thin skin left.

Now, that is entirely wrong. Under the toe of the shoe the substance of the hoof is not worn, but just under the heel, as one can readily see when the old shoe is removed, that by the expansion and contraction of the hoof the heel is worn to a certain degree. Consequently, while the sole of the foot needs some paring, there is almost no need of any paring of the heel.

My experience for many years is that it is a very hard matter to keep the smith from paring the heel, and I positively

forbid the frog to be trimmed at all. What if it does extend below the rim of the foot? You must remember that the thickness of the shoe raises the foot above the surface of the ground, and in the mud or the sand it is well that a part of the weight of the horse should come on the frog. That is exactly what it is for. Trimming the heel results in a flat-footed horse, and the frog being pared away, the whole weight of the horse rests on the crust of the hoof pressing on the shoe. A. H. VAN DOREN.

### WOOD-FIBER PAILS AND TUBS.

These very useful articles are made from ground wood-pulp prepared in the usual manner, that from spruce stock being preferred. In making a pail, the machine for first molding the pail from the pulp is provided with a hollow perforated form of cast-iron, shaped like the inside of a pail, and covered first with perforated brass and then with fine wire cloth. This form, worked by a hydraulic piston, is pushed up into a large cast-iron "hat," which fits over it very tightly. Within this hat is placed a flexible rubber bag, and between this and the inner form first mentioned is admitted the pulp, still in a liquid state. The pulp being pumped in under pressure, the water immediately begins to drain off through the wire cloth and perforations, and the rubber bag swells until it fills the hat. The supply of pulp is then shut off, and water under high pressure is admitted within the hat and outside the rubber bag, thus squeezing much of the water from the pulp. After standing some eight or ten minutes the pressure is shut off, the inner form lowered and the pulp pail removed.

At this stage the pail is nearly fifty per cent water, but is sufficiently strong to allow handling. The water is dried out in dry-kilns, and then the pail is turned off on the outside with a gang of saws. After sandpapering inside and out, the pail is ready for the treatment-house, where it is charged with a waterproofing compound which permeates thoroughly the material. Baking in ovens at a high temperature succeeds each dip or treatment. The polish which the goods present is the result of the final treatment. After this the handles are riveted on and the pails are ready for the market.

Wood fiber or pulp is also employed in the manufacture of bath-tubs, the material being subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure. The pores are filled with a hardening material and subjected to a high heat to make the tub impervious to water. As the articles so made are in one piece, there are no joints or cracks in which dirt can collect. Owing to the fact that wood is a non-conductor of heat and cold, tubs made of this material possess advantages over those made of metal.—*Good Housekeeping*.

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## Our Miscellany.

I FIND the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—*Holmes.*

INK may be removed from white goods by applying oxalic acid and then warm water, and from carpets by the use of javelle-water.

"BEGORRA," said Bridget, as she opened a bottle of champagne for the first time, "the blamed fool that filled this quart bottle must have put in two quarts instid av wan!"

### CANDY-MAKING AND CANDY-EATING.

"I am told," said a cynical gentleman, "that confectionery is made, put up and handled entirely by girls and women, but I do not believe it. From what I know of women, I infer that if the preparation of confectionery were completely in their hands, none of it would ever reach the public. It would all be eaten up." This cynical person, like most cynics in their judgments, ignored an important characteristic of human nature. It is this, that liberty is often one of the best means of regulation.

In most establishments where confectionery is manufactured, the female employees, when they begin their service, are told to eat as much candy as they like. Their employers even show a solicitous interest that they shall consume as much as possible.

"You are doing very well," said a superintendent in a candy-making shop to a girl who had been in his employ for a day or two, "except in one respect—you don't eat candy enough. Unless you can eat more we shall have no confidence in you."

Thus encouraged, the girl ate a great quantity of various sorts of confectionery the next day, and never wished to eat any more as long as she lived.

This is the secret of the free permission. A new employee, set down in the presence of so much sweetness, and free to help herself, consumes too much for her palate and digestion; disgust follows satiety, and from that time forward the candy-maker is content to let her confectionary pass through her hands without tasting them.

In Russia, where repression rather than freedom is the order of the day, a different practice, and apparently a cruel one, prevails in the confectionery establishments. The girls employed there are never permitted to taste the candies; and in order that they shall not do so secretly, a sort of moral muzzle is put on them.

They are made to sing incessantly, when at work, a song especially composed for the purpose. Any young woman who interrupts her singing for an instant is at once under suspicion, and is watched.

Of course, the employees, in such circumstances, are continually tempted to eat the candy, and their torture is made the more like that of Tantalus by the words of their song itself, which are in praise of the sweetness and deliciousness of the candy they are handling.

They learn to sing on ceaselessly and indifferently, but it is said by those who have been much in these Russian candy shops that the girls' utterance occasionally becomes singularly thick.—*Youth's Companion.*

### AMONG THE POOR PEOPLE OF INDIA.

Poverty is the most striking fact in India. In the streets of the cities the rich are rarer than in the streets of East London. In the country the villages consist of huts of almost uniform smallness, and the fields are worked by farmers most of whom are too poor to do anything but scratch the land.

In one city we went from house to house among the poor. A common friend gained us a welcome, and we were everywhere received with courtesy. One house which we visited was entered directly from the street. There was neither flooring, fireplace, windows nor furniture. A few embers were burning on the mud floor, on which only is it lawful for a pious person to eat, and a few pots were standing against the wall, with, if I remember rightly, one chest.

It was a holiday morning, and the family, which in India may include grandfather, sons, daughters-in-law and grandchildren, was gathered. The men had slept in the open, warm air and had come in to be served by the women with the morning meal of a few ounces of grain and butter. They wore no clothes, but rose to bow us their welcome. After the usual courtesies, and when we had told them about ourselves, the talk went thus:

"What is your trade?"

"Shoemakers."

"When can each worker earn?"

"About five rupees a month."

"What rent do you pay?"

"Eight rupees a month."

From which answer we gathered that not even a paternal government nor a system of land nationalization can prevent the growth of landlordism. The ground in this case probably belonged to the state, and had been let to some individual at a yearly rent, subject to revision after thirty years; but the land had been let and sublet till the rent paid by the tenant far exceeded that received by the government.

In another house, or rather shed, lived a mill hand and his family. He, too, was pre-

paring to enjoy a holiday in "singing" and "seeing the lights," which on that night, in honor of the new year, would be placed in every window of the city. His earnings were ten rupees a month. Out of the margin, that is, out of every three shillings a week, he would have to support a large family and save enough to enable him in a few years to return and get land in his own village.—*Fortnightly Review.*

### BRAINS AS CAPITAL.

In all discussions of the relative rights of labor and capital there is a tendency to talk of the two things as though they were the only factors involved in the creation of wealth.

The labor leader maintains that to the toil of the worker class alone is due the production of the material wealth of the country; the capitalist is inclined to lay too much weight on the mere investment of money. Both are apt to slight the vast influence of directing intelligence.

A recent writer furnishes some figures which throw into strong relief the immense value of wise direction, invention, safe management—in short, brains.

Comparing the total product of labor in this country now with that in 1840, and making allowance for the population at the two periods, he finds that the same number of men who in 1840 produced wealth to the amount of a thousand million dollars, now produce more than two thousand million dollars yearly.

Similarly, comparing the facts in Great Britain now and at the beginning of the century, it appears that the labor of a quarter of a million of men then resulted in a total annual production of the value of six hundred million dollars, while now the same number of laborers turn out every year sixteen hundred millions of dollars' worth of product.

This surprising increase in efficiency clearly results, not from a gain in strength or skill of the individual laborer, but from modern industrial progress, from improved methods, labor-saving inventions, greater ability in applying labor and capital to their work—again, in brief, from brains.

The example of the artist who said that he mixed his paints with brains must be followed by all who hope to succeed in the great struggle of commerce.

### MUST BE LIKE A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

A woman may be as beautiful as Helen of Troy and as alluring as the serpent of the Nile, yet if she be not cheerful she is altogether incapable of winning, and keeping affection after it is won. This old world is on the lookout for all that is bright and gay. There is so much of sorrow lurking in every corner that we want to turn our backs upon it whenever we can; therefore, a woman to be appreciated in home and social life must be like a ray of sunshine rather than a cloud, no matter how beautiful that cloud may be.

We women are so apt to be depressed by rainy days and other outside influences that really should not have the power to dampen the tone of our spirits. Suppose the weather is gloomy and we get up feeling certain that we are in for a very severe case of the blues. Now, if we have a mind to we can fight off those cerulean horrors and make ourselves and everyone about us feel better and brighter, instead of gloomy and depressed.

Many a woman has been heard to say: "I have the blues dreadfully to-day, and yet I don't know what for, I'm sure." Now, in cases such as these, it is a positive sin to let gloom settle down over our spirits when a little energy will dispel it. There are many real causes for downheartedness, ill health, the loss of friends, and the numerous trials that come into every life, and which are heart sorrows that are not talked of openly. Yet even these can be lived down, and we can cultivate a seeming cheerfulness that after a time loses its artificiality and brings with it a tendency to look on the bright rather than the dark side of life. The optimist is popular; therefore, encourage a spirit of cheerfulness, for with it all ills grow less and every burden becomes easier to bear.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### ROYALTY WIELDS THE BRUSH.

Princess Louise is not the only artistic member of her family. Her mother, the queen, used formerly to be a remarkably successful etcher, and even to this day continues to wield her brush with much skill in water-colors. The same may be said of the queen's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, while her youngest child, the widowed Empress Frederick of Germany, not only paints in oils and water colors, but also models. She has a superb studio in her palace at Berlin, and also another at her Hamburg residence. Her talent in this respect has been inherited by both her sons, and the panels of the main saloon of Emperor William's yacht, the "Kaiser Adler," are decorated with marine sketches painted by the emperor and Prince Henry.

Another queen who is quite an artist in her way is the consort of King Leopold of Belgium, and she is in the habit of sending sketches, both in water-color and in oils, to the various charitable fairs, where they are invariably purchased for large sums by foreign ministers or native statesmen desirous of ingratiating themselves with the royal family.—*New York Tribune.*

### RIVERS OF INDIA.

The Indian rivers often appear very beautiful, especially where they run, as this one did, through wild country, embroidering their path across the sunburned plains with a double ribbon of verdure. From far off the traveler or sportsman discerns these two strips of green trees and bushes; and coming closer the shining channel will be full of refreshment and interest to his eyes.

Little or no traffic disturbs that placid waterway, which, indeed, very frequently is but a chain of isolated pools. Above them may be seen everywhere hovering the much-bag, or "fish-tiger," a black-and-white kingfisher, that hangs motionlessly poised over the ripples, and then suddenly plunges like a stone into them, to seize some gliding fish. In the deep parts the big mahsir sucks and grunts. On the shallows will be standing, knee-deep, the great gray cranes with scarlet heads, and near to them flocks of the pretty white egrets, or paddy-birds, while flights of duck and teal whistle up and down the channel, and painted grouse settle suddenly on the sandy margin in large coveys to drink. If it be near a village, the dhotie washerman of the community will be heating "saris" and "cholis" upon a flat rock by the nearest pool; and in some quiet nook a fisherman will be flinging his circular net into the water to catch the little fry called "havildar and ten," which are afterward dried in the sun and make a good relish.

There is no regular ferry at such points. Should you want to go across singly you must swim over with your horse, or do as the natives do. They stuff up the month of a chatty—an earthenware water-pot—with grass, and placing it under the chin embrace the vessel, which supports them well out of the water, while with their legs and feet they propel themselves to the farther shore. Or you may hold the chatty under one arm and swim with the other, putting your clothes in a bundle upon your head. By this means also the Indian fishermen spread nets right across the stream and traverse it at all times with ease and security.—*From Edwin Arnold's "The Black Chatty."*

### THE ENDURANCE OF WOMEN.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's recent dictum that mental achievements of a very high order in a woman "are abnormal, and involve a physiological cost that the feminine organism cannot bear without injury more or less profound," has aroused a great deal of merited criticism. Undoubtedly the executive management of great enterprises or the production of literary masterpieces does involve a tremendous expenditure of nervous force. But this, if proper rules in regard to rest and sleep are observed and plenty of physical exercise is taken, is neither unnatural nor unwholesome. The worn-out tissue is speedily eliminated and replaced. Nature, if she has the opportunity, will keep the balance even. The superior longevity of brain-workers who lead simple and rational lives is a well-established fact. The records do not show that there is any marked difference between the sexes in this regard.

In discussing the question of feminine endurance, as applied to sustained intellectual effort, Mr. Spencer loses sight of one very important consideration. It is doubtful if the work of many of the world's greatest women has exceeded, in the nervous wear and tear it imposed, the strain involved in the duties of maternity and the home. The woman who successfully rears a large family of her own children, performing, meanwhile, the numberless and exacting tasks that inevitably fall upon her shoulders as the feminine head of the household, undergoes an ordeal which calls for the constant and profuse expenditure of nerve force, while her opportunities for rest and recuperation are generally narrowly limited. The brain that rules the household and trains sons and daughters in uprightness is capable of the highest development that colleges and books can give.—*New York Press.*

### SHEAVES OF LOVE.

Dr. George Shradz, the great physician, left his rich patients and went on a vacation in the mountains for absolute rest. He left orders that he should be called on no account; he would answer no calls as a physician. While resting in a hammock at the country house, a little barefoot, ragged archer came up to where he was lying, accompanied by a grandmother. The little fellow looked wistfully up at the great physician, while the grandmother explained:

"I could not keep him away, doctor. He heard that you were here; that you were the greatest doctor in the world. He said that you could cure him and make him like the other boys. I told him he had no money and he could not come; that you would not be bothered with him. He said he knew you could cure him, and he would come. So here he is, sir."

The doctor, moved by his simple faith, by his helplessness, by his poverty and rags, hastened to prescribe for him. He gave him two weeks of personal attention, and at the end of that time he was romping in the fields, strout and well, with the other boys. Thanksgiving day the doctor received by express a rude box, and when opened found in it a large turkey, on one leg of which was tied a card, on which was scrawled:

"DEAR DOCTOR:—Here is a big, fat turkey for you. It's the best I could send, but I know he

is young and tender, for I raised him from the egg myself." Signed by the boy's name.

The doctor treasures this gift above all the gifts from millionaires, above all the treasures of money ever received. Life does not consist in the abundance of things which a man may possess.

### MODERN PERFUMES.

Let the dapper little damsel who soaks her pocket-handkerchief with strong extracts just before leaving the house for a visit, a matinee or morning prayer know that it is bad form. Years ago that was the way belles of society finished the toilet, but belles, like everything else, have changed. Individuality has reached the scent-bottle, and the same law that forbids the wearing of diamonds and silk gowns at breakfast prevents the abuse of perfumes. Any drug clerk can tell the scent worn by a merely fashionable girl, but a connoisseur would be puzzled to analyze the breath of sweetness that emanates from the tresses, letter-paper, gloves, gown, and even the umbrella of the swell girl.

### GERMAN IN THE SCHOOLS.

The *Journal* has often pointed out that, valuable as a knowledge of German may be, it is not practical to teach it in the public schools. If it were taught properly it would occupy too much time, to the disadvantage of more important studies. On the other hand, the smattering a pupil gets now is worth absolutely nothing. Some day these crude educators may penetrate the bog that obscures their vision, when they will see that hostility to the study of German in our public schools is based upon its futility. They will also recognize that seven eighths of the pupils leave school before they get to the point where the value of German as a developer of knowledge begins.—*Chicago Journal.*

### THE PRESERVATION OF FOOD.

A bacteriologist has recently discovered that germs which produce phosphorescence in decaying substances are capable of growth at a temperature sufficiently low to freeze water. This explains the fact that meat and other substances, although kept in ice-chambers, acquire after awhile a disagreeable taste and odor, giving evidence that a form of decomposition has been taking place, although different from the ordinary process of putrefaction. The preservation of food for any length of time requires dryness as well as coldness. In a damp atmosphere, decomposition will occur in a freezing temperature.—*Good Health.*

### THE AGE OF MATURITY.

Statistics are said to show that young men do not, on the average, attain full physical maturity until they arrive at the age of twenty-eight years. Professor Scheller, of Harvard, asserts, as the result of his observations, that young men do not attain the full measure of their mental faculties before twenty-five years of age. A shrewd observer has said that "most men are boys until they are thirty, and little boys until they are twenty-five," and this accords with the standard of manhood which was fixed at thirty among the ancient Hebrews and other races.

### GIPSIES AND RELIGION.

Gipsies have no religion, and some of them have so strong an aversion to churches that they never pass by one without a muttered curse. In European countries they never suffer themselves to be buried in a churchyard, but whenever allowed, they bury their dead in out-of-the-way places. Their antipathy to churches and religious forms is supposed by some persons to have originated from their persecution by the priesthood in the middle ages, but whatever its origin, it is a fixed fact.

### A MUSICAL VACATION.

"I saw Blimmins drinking a mint julep just now," remarked one young man to another. "He told me he had just borrowed the money to go on a vacation."

"Always musical, isn't he?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he starts out with a few notes, then a bar, then a brief rest, and then repeat.—*Washington Star.*

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Selections.

CHINESE MAILS.

IN a report just published by the state department, Samuel Gracey, United States consul at Foochoo, China, tells how the mail is carried in the "Flowery Kingdom." China has not yet established government post-offices or a postal system for the masses of the people, with all her adoption of modern ways, but private enterprise is depended upon to render communication easy between various parts of the empire. This private transmission of mail is conducted through what are called "letter shops." No stamps are used, but the "chop," or sign, of the keeper of the "letter-shop" is always placed upon the envelope. In China imperial edicts and other official communications are carried from city to city and province to province by couriers. Generally they make the trip afoot, but in case of great haste they are provided with horses at convenient relay stations. Official letters or despatches are thus conveyed, in cases of emergency, 200 or 250 miles a day.

The public is served by the "letter-shops," a carrier system organized by private enterprise, transmitting the mail from one station to another. Consul Gracey says that at the treaty ports the "letter-shops" are used by natives only, but in the interior or at places not reached by the foreign postal arrangement, they are employed by foreigners as well, though chiefly by missionaries.

Before a letter is mailed or delivered to the carrier, its contents are displayed, and the keeper of the "letter-shop" then signs his "chop," or sign, so that its point of origin may be determined. Parcels may be transmitted in the same manner, the charge for carrying being a percentage of their declared value. The shopkeeper gives a receipt for the letter or package, and he thus becomes responsible for its safe delivery or its return to the sender with seal unbroken. In some parts of the empire, the consul says, about two thirds of the expense of transmission is paid by the sender, the remainder being collected from the receiver. Thus the shop is secured against entire loss from transient customers, and the sender has some guarantee that his letter will be conveyed with dispatch. Native merchants who are regular customers keep an open account with the shop and make their settlements monthly.

HOUSE ESTHETICS.

Herbert Spencer has been writing on house decorations. He excuses himself for discussing anything so trivial by classifying it among the ethics of social life. He protests against fringes on towels, concealed bootjacks, and molded jellies; against toast cut into triangles, over-ornamented tarts, and eggs cooked in shallow water for the sake of making them look pretty. Ornamented coal-scuttles are his particular grievance, and silver butter-knives have no reason d'être, except to show the possession of money. He bases his dislike of these and other objects on the ethical ground that "the less important ends of life are placed before the more important." Esthetically he condemns over-ornamentation because, as he says with truth, "the pursuit of beauty carried to excess defeats itself." A large proportion of things in a house should be simply unobtrusive or inoffensive. In the second place, if beauty is aimed at only in objects which exist exclusively for it as their end, and in other permanent objects which may be made beautiful without diminishing their usefulness, there results an increased totality of esthetic pleasures; for, to be fully appreciated, beautiful things must have as their foils things which make no pretension to beauty. A graceful statnette or a fine water-color landscape looks far better amid surroundings that are relatively plain and inconspicuous than in a room crowded with pretty things, or things supposed to be pretty.

PERFUMES FROM POMPEII.

A curious box was recently found amid the ruins of Pompeii. The box was marble or alabaster, about two inches square, and closely sealed. When opened it was found to be full of apomatum or grease, hard but very fragrant. The smell resembled somewhat that of roses, but was much more fragrant. What the perfume was made of cannot be conjectured now, but it is singular that men in the nineteenth century should be able to regale their noses with perfumes prepared in the first.

A PANSY BEDROOM.

"I have just seen a most exquisite bedroom for a young girl," said the woman who has a genius for novelties.

"It was a 'pansy bedroom,' devised by an artistic mother for her daughter of sixteen. All the furnishing and decoration of the room was white, lavender, violet and purple, with just a dash of gold here and there. The carpet was white and violet, and furniture—bed, chairs, tiny table, etc.—ivory enameled, touched with gilt. Wherever use could justify beauty, bows of violet-colored ribbon were gracefully bestowed.

"The curtains were white, embroidered in violet pansies. The bed was dressed in white counterpane and pillows exquisitely embroidered in pansies, and among the lovely blossoms on the latter was the motto, 'Pansies for thought.' All the accessories of the toilet-table were white, decorated with pansies—a pansy scarf, pansy cushion, pansy pin-trays and pansies delicately painted on the ivory comb, brush and hand-mirror. All the little trifles in bric-a-brac strewed about in the room were of pansy design, picked up here and there," the fond mother said, "even to a pansy stamp-box and paper-cutter on the writing-table in one corner.

"The tete-a-tete set of china on a table near the bed had pansy cups and saucers, a pansy tea-service, on a pansy embroidered cloth."

WASHING THE FACE.

Some complexion specialists say the face should never be washed. At least one woman in New York affirms that she has not washed her face in seven years. She has beautiful skin, and when complimented upon it, she says:

"Ah! you should have seen my grandmother's skin. When she was seventy, it was like a rose-leaf, and she had not washed her face for twenty-six years."

Similar stories are told of Mme. Patti and other persons of remarkably fine complexions, but the truth of these is not vouched for by reliable authorities.

On the other hand, there is a woman living in New York who makes a practice of washing her face every night with soap and hot water. She is over fifty years old, her skin is satin smooth, and the coloring as delicate as that of a young girl. A friend of hers, who is of about the same age and has a complexion rivaling the other's, puts only clear, pure water on her face, and has not touched it with soap in fully twenty years.

The weight of evidence is with the people who use soap, but all agree in saying that only the finest, purest soap must be employed, and that every particle of it must be rinsed off.

NO WHEELS IN TANGIER.

Among the strangest peculiarities at Tangier, Morocco, and that at once forces itself upon the new-comer, is the total absence of any kind of wheeled vehicle. In the entire city, which is a sample of all the others in the empire, there is not even a donkey-cart, for the streets are much too narrow to admit of their use, and transportation of passengers and merchandise is effected upon the backs of donkeys, horses, mules and camels—according to the weight and distance. There are but few streets into which a loaded camel could enter, and not more than three in which he could pass another loaded camel or horse. Some of the streets are so narrow that even the panniers of a donkey would scrape upon either side, so that in the city itself the transportation devolves upon donkeys for the side streets, and upon horses and mules for the main thoroughfares.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

Forward, turn forward, oh! time, in your flight, turn me a fortune and set me up right. I am weary of running in debt for my clothes, and owing for grub that down my throat goes; weary of working for what I have not, weary of working for what I have got. Never, no never, turn backward for me, for well I remember my good mother's knee; I remember the slipper came down with a slam whenever I got in the blackberry jam. The days, too, at school were a terrible bore, when I was obliged to stand on the floor; and all in the world that I ever done, was to wink at a girl—pure matter of fun. The days of the past, like the days that we meet, composed a fair mixture of bitter and sweet. So forward, turn forward, oh! time, in your way, and give me some cash, just enough for to-day.

Assist

Nature.

Assist nature. That is more and more not only the belief, but the practice of the best physicians. But what does that mean? How can we assist nature?

The simplest and most efficient way is to remove any causes that hinder her operation. Of these causes, one of the most common is the clogging of the organs which carry off the waste of the system, viz., the skin, the kidneys and the bowels. No one who has not made special examination, has any idea how great an amount of waste, impure matter is eliminated from the system every day by these means. To stop this in any way means the retention of that foul matter, and is sure to result in disease, because nature cannot do her normal work.

Brandreth's Pills

are a sure specific for such cases. They purge the system, purify the blood, leave nature free and thus, in the best and truest way, assist nature.

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Smiles.

A dude through a theater aisle  
Tripped along with a satisfied smile,  
And a confident mien  
That reflected, I wien,  
A conceit of his ravishing staile,  
And he tripped on a lurking chapeau,  
Shot forth a furlong or seau.  
And the gathered debris  
Of the same seemed to bis  
Like a relic of long, long ago.

—Boston Courier.

MASTER JOHN HORNER, JR.

In a secluded corner Master Horner sought  
protection,  
Devouring with avidity a Christmastide con-  
fection;  
In which with much dexterity his digit then  
inserting,  
He drew a raisin forth and cried: "Great Ibsen,  
how diverting!"  
However insignificant my physical dimen-  
sions,  
In moral excellence I am a youth of high pre-  
tension!"

—According to Boston.

A LITTLE FELLER.

Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller,  
With pop and mam-a-readin' all the while,  
An' never sayin' anything to cheer ye,  
An' lookin' 'n if they didn't know how to  
smile!  
With hook an' line a-hangin' in the woodshed,  
An' lots o' worms down by the outside cellar,  
An' Brown's creek just over by the mildam—  
Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.  
Why, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller  
Right on from sun-up, when the day com-  
mences;  
Fur little fellers don't have much to think of,  
'Cept chasin' gophers 'long the corn-field  
fences,  
Or diggin' after moles down in the wood-lot,  
Or climbin' after apples what's got meller,  
Or fishin' down in Brown's creek an' millpond—  
Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.  
But Sunday's never lonesome fur a little feller  
When he is stayin' down to Uncle Ora's;  
He took his book onct right out in the orchard,  
An' told us little chaps just lots o' stories;  
All truly true, that happened once fur honest,  
An' one 'bout lions in a sort o' cellar,  
Au' how some angels came an' shut their  
mouths up,  
An' how they never teched that Dan'l feller.  
An' Sunday's pleasant down to Aunt Marilda's.  
She lets us take some books that some one  
giu her,  
An' takes us down to Sunday-school t' the  
school-house;  
An' sometimes she has nice shortcake fur  
dinner,  
Au' onct she had a puddin' full o' raisins,  
An' onct a frosted cake, all white an' yeller.  
I think when I stay down to Aunt Marilda's  
That Sunday's pleasant fur a little feller.  
—Michigan Christian Advocate.

ALL FLESH IS GRASS.

THE latest thing out in fertilizers  
is provided by New England  
ingenuity. It is a mixture of  
pulverized human skulls and  
skeletons from Egypt. There lies  
now in New York bay a ship, the  
Villa, which is loaded with a choice  
consignment of ghastly emblems of mortality  
fresh from the mud banks of the river Nile.  
The scheme is to spread this stuff over our  
grain fields and to stimulate the soil of the  
youngest child of civilization with the bone-  
dust of remotest antiquity.

Angels and ministers of grace defead us!  
Why is this thus? Are we to conclude that at  
last the mummy has found its true place  
in the economy of nations? Does this  
strange fate, reserved for it through forty  
centuries, accentuate still further the Dar-  
winian doctrine of the survival of the fittest?  
Did Hamlet ever dream of this when he cried,  
"To what base uses may we not return?" Who  
answers and how?

All flesh is grass, said the Hebrew philoso-  
pher. He recognized the great law by which,  
in the chemistry of nature, man goes back to  
the dust out of which he sprang. But did this  
gentle and patient soul in bondage to the  
Egyptian suspect that the time was coming  
when the skulls and skeletons of his op-  
pressors would fertilize the corn-fields of  
Massachusetts and encourage to ampler  
growth the Vermont potato? Probably not.  
But it is the unexpected that always happens.  
"Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay may  
stop a hole to keep the wind away." May it  
not be that the backbone of the founder of the  
Ptolemaic dynasty will yet season the buck-  
wheat cakes of the descendants of the puritan  
fathers?

The thought is inspiring. One may yet sit  
down to a breakfast at the Parker house in  
Boston to a dish of fried potatoes flavored with  
the essence of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The Bos-  
ton girl may yet eat her beans with the proud  
and soul-satisfying reflection that she is, may-  
hap, swallowing some particle of that daughter  
of Pharaoh who rescued Moses from the bull-  
rushes, or that enchanting Cleopatra for whom  
Antony flung away half of the world. By all  
means let us have a consignment of Egyptian  
mummies for distribution over the grain fields  
of this drought-stricken state. What care we  
for the torn sensibilities of Egyptian ghosts?

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific  
cures. Free by mail. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

AN ATTEMPT TO TURN THE TABLES.

Dinner was ordered for half-past six. At  
seven o'clock Trotter reached home and was  
met at the door by his wife, all resplendent in  
evening dress.

"Great Caesar!" he cried. "What's the  
meaning of this?"

"I merely wished to be prompt for once,"  
she answered sweetly, "and not keep you  
waiting to-night before going out. Come, my  
dear, the soup is on the table."

The poor, tired man sat meekly down and  
took a hasty mouthful. "It's stone cold," he  
gasped.

"Is it?" was the gentle reply. "I'm so sorry.  
It was ready just in time."

He said nothing, but devoted a great deal of  
time to thought. The overdone, tasteless din-  
ner was hurried through with until the coffee  
came. Trotter took a deep draught and was  
unable to breathe for a moment. It was red  
hot, having been on the stove during the  
period of waiting. Still he maintained a  
dignified silence, and laid down the cup with  
a sigh.

"Come, my dear," said his wife, referring to  
a slip of paper in her hand. "Never mind the  
coffee—bad for your nervous system; hurry  
up—stairs, now, and get ready."

"What!" he gasped.

"Yes, dear, that is what you said last time.  
I have it all written down here. Now, dress  
quickly, and don't keep the carriage waiting  
more than four hours."

He remembered the quotation, and rose  
meekly from the table.

Then began a race against time. He cut  
himself thrice in shaving, lost a collar-button,  
ruined a beautiful shirt-front in putting in  
his studs; but, notwithstanding, was dressed  
in twenty-eight minutes, and came down-stairs  
just as the carriage rolled up to the door.

"Ready at last, eh?" read his wife from the  
paper.

"Yes, my dear," he returned mildly.

Just then his wife turned for a brief glance  
in the mirror before arranging her cloak, and  
as she looked a sudden torrent of tears burst  
forth.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "why didn't you tell  
me? M-m-my hair is c-coming down and  
h-has to be fixed all over. I-I-I'm so sorry."

But the cruel man only sat down, drew out  
a cigar and laughed; and as his wife darted  
up-stairs he cried after her:

"I say, my dear, won't you leave that paper  
with me? I want to know just what to say."

COMPLIMENT INTENDED.

An American is reproached with saying,  
"How do you do, miss?" to one of the daugh-  
ters of the prince of Wales—but why not,  
since Mr. Gladstone always addresses her  
majesty as "mum." Of another American an  
odd story is told of his meeting with a deposed  
Italian princeling.

A United States minister had, with due  
form, presented this American to his serene  
highness, the duke of Bologna.

"Ah, glad to meet you, sir," said the Amer-  
ican; "I don't remember that I ever heard of  
you before, but I've long had the greatest ad-  
miration for the sausages you make in your  
town!"

HIS WEAK POINT.

Father (impressively)—"Listeu, Rudolph.  
Thirty years ago your father hadn't a dollar.  
Now I own railroads, steamboats, banks, real  
estate; am a United States senator, feared and  
respected by all; and remember, Rudolph, all  
this I accomplished by my terrible will-power  
and bulldog tenacity."

Rudolph—"But you" can't shut mama's  
mouth when she once gets a-goiu', can you,  
papa?"

HIS LAST EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Young Pop—"I'll be cook myself, my  
dear, but d—me if I'll set foot in an intelli-  
gence office again. I picked out the most re-  
spectable-looking woman in the room, and  
stepping up to her said: 'Can you fill the  
position of cook?' She looked like our bantau  
fighting-cock as she replied: 'I am trying to  
fill that of our coachman. I think you would  
suit admirably.'—Life.

WANTED TO MARRY HER.

Young minister—"Mr. Bjones, I want to  
marry your daughter. She is the—"

Mr. Bjones—"I've nothing to say about that.  
You'll have to settle the wedding matter with  
Sallie and her young man."—Puck.

NOT INTENDED.

Hicks—"I guess I'm square with Dix. I gave  
his boy a mouth-organ last night."

Mrs. Hicks—"But you're not square with me.  
Mrs. Dix sent him over here to spend the day."

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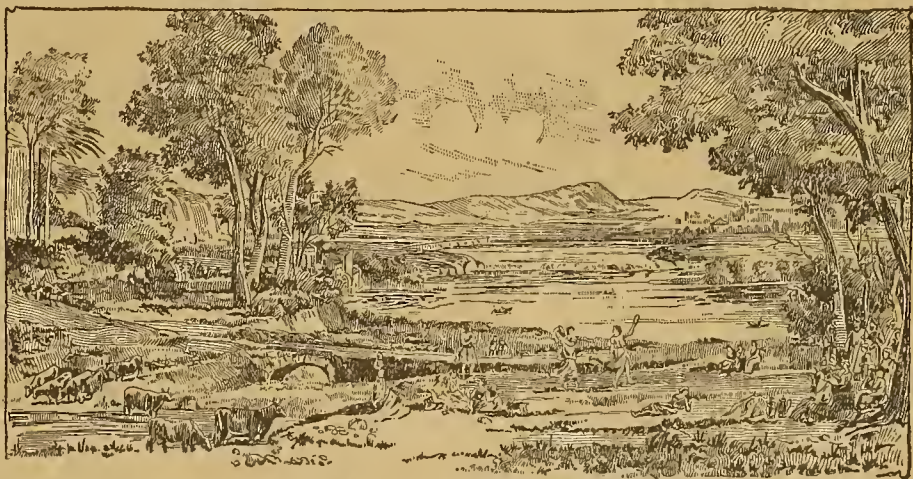
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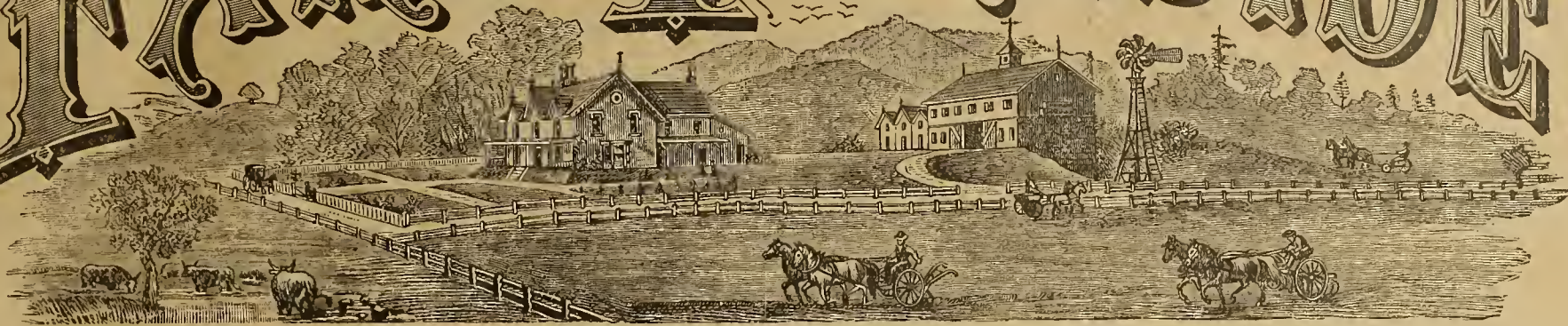
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VOL. XVII. NO. 3.

NOVEMBER 1, 1893.

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## Current Comment.

ANY cause tending to enhance the purchasing power of gold will also tend indirectly to greatly expand the gold-mining industry. The day that sees an ounce of gold exchanging for more labor than it does now, will also see wonderful activity in the gold-mines. The output of gold will be largely increased. But with a large increase in the production of gold, its purchasing power must decline. The relation existing between the wages of labor paid for the production of an ounce of gold and its purchasing power, limits narrowly any increase in the latter. There cannot be more than a temporary rise in the value of gold as long as there remain extensive gold-fields awaiting development. Concerning such fields the *Chicago Tribune* says:

"Recent experimental borings in the Witwatersand gold-fields in South Africa reveal the existence of enough gold in that region alone to supply all the yellow money wants of the world for many centuries to come. The borings were carried down to the depth of 2,500 feet, and showed the existence of eight blanket beds of gold-bearing ore averaging six feet in thickness each. The basin for which this holds good has a circumference of 400 miles and an area of 12,580 square miles. At fifteen feet to the ton, this is computed to contain ten and a half million tons of ore. At the very low value of \$7.50 per ton, the yield of gold would be \$79,000,000,000,000 (seventy-nine trillion dollars), or about \$50,000 for every man, woman and child now living on the face of the earth, when it is all extracted.

"Surely, this is gold enough and to spare. That African district alone contains a sufficiency of gold to furnish the yellow metal in abundance to everybody, including the barbarous peoples after they have been civilized, for thousands of years. Without looking at the gold-fields of the United States, Australia and other countries, there is more gold in sight than is likely to be needed for use and ornament for many centuries to come. And there need be no fear it will be furnished as fast as wanted, the price in the market rising or falling with the varying ratio of supply to demand. The question is simply whether or not the rated value of the metal will at any time be much more than the cost of mining it and extracting the metal from the ore. If ever that time should come, gold would soon be a drug in the market, as silver is now.

At present there is little danger of this. The cost of obtaining 23.22 grains of the pure metal is so nearly equal to one dollar's worth of labor that the value of the metal is thus established at the United

States rate, and it is likely to remain so for many years in the future. But the result of these discoveries and of the continual introduction of cheapening elements in the cost of production and transportation must be a lessening of the ultimate cost of the yellow metal, which inevitably will reduce its purchasing power correspondingly.

The very same effect will follow that can be remembered by many yet alive to have occurred as a consequence of the discoveries of gold in California and Australia. It was a doubling of the wages paid for human labor within fifty years. Of course, this doubling of wages in gold did not occur all at once, but neither did the vast increase in the supply of gold money. The metal became cheaper as it became more plentiful, and that is the reason why mechanics in the cities, farm laborers in the rural districts, school-teachers, clerks, professional men, in fact, all classes, are now paid fully twice as much as their ancestors of fifty years ago were paid for the same amount of exertion. That is the case with free-trade England, as well as among the protected industries of America. It is the rule in other gold-using countries. Their wage scales may differ among themselves, from the operation of various causes, but for the average of all of them gold is twice as plentiful, and therefore worth only half as much for the purchase of labor as it was in the early '40s of this country.

The cheap silver cranks need not worry themselves and others with fears that there will not be enough gold to go around in the future, nor is there any real occasion for thinking that on a gold basis the value of money will enhance, except from the effects of further cheapening in production of the goods to be bought with it. Rather the indications are that ere many more years have elapsed gold will be appreciably cheaper because of increased supplies accompanied by lessened cost of producing the metal, and this though silver should be kept closely to its legitimate use for subsidiary coinage. And while this cheapening process is going on there will be less and less need for gold to use as money because of the still more general introduction of paper for exchange of credit, this tending to make gold even more abundant in proportion to the demand for it.

ON the continued dullness of trade and the perversity of the minority of the senate, that conservative business journal, the *Cincinnati Price Current*, speaks as follows:

"The volume of business is comparatively so light in every branch that it would seem that everyone, whether in official position or not, would be willing and even anxious to do all he can to promote the return of confidence in financial circles and thus help the commercial situation by bringing credit into a more acceptable position and establish a disposition to use it. But the minority of the members of the senate seem to care little for what all the world agrees in thinking should be done, and they delay legislation day after day and week after week, while business declines in volume and the general condition grows worse every day. The movement of crops to market is restricted and currency is prevented from flowing to the rural districts; there is an ample supply of currency in the monetary centers, but it is congested there; responsible business men will not borrow it to employ in trade until the action of the senate says to all foreign nations, as well as to home

traders, that the credit of the United States shall continue to be in the future, as it has been in the past, firmly established on a gold basis, and our financial system should be such as to command confidence in our ability to keep all of our currency interchangeable and on a parity with gold. It is true that there is some trading, for the country must be fed and clothed, but there is no such free movement as there should be even in the prime necessities of life, and beyond that trade is restricted to its lowest proportions. The delay in settling the financial questions which are engrossing public attention has spoiled the fall trade, and it is now too late for it to recuperate to any large extent; prices of commodities both at wholesale and retail are cut down so as to leave little margin of profit on the cost of current production, and none at all on goods made on the old basis. The current earnings of labor do not admit of more than the most economical expenditure, and it is the great mass of the laboring element from which comes the main demand for commodities. In a business point of view there is little ground for expectation of any essential improvement in the early future."

It is stated that there are in the United States nearly 6,000 building and loan associations, with about 1,700,000 stockholders and net assets of \$900,000,000.

During the past few months, when banks were going down all around them, the building and loan associations safely weathered the greatest financial storm in the history of the country. This cannot fail to attract general attention to the stability of the system on which these co-operative institutions are founded. They are the people's banks. Their funds are invested in first mortgages on real estate. The principal and interest are paid back in weekly installments, and immediately re-invested. The power of compound interest is fully utilized. They cannot be affected by "runs" during a panic.

They have no watered stock. Their funds are not loaned for purposes of speculation, or for gambling in a board of trade. Their business is conducted at a minimum cost, and the stockholders share in all the profits. They encourage industry, promote thrift and economy, help to build homes, and tend to make better citizens. The example of successful co-operation in banking, furnished by these associations, will lead to co-operation in other lines.

A CONDITION confronting the administration is a large deficiency in the revenues. Congressmen are now studying ways and means for raising enough revenue to defray the necessary expenses of the government. Doubtless, the suggestion of a new and easy method of enlarging the revenues of the government would be highly appreciated by them. They can find the suggestion in an incident which has lately received much attention. In recognition of his little contribution of \$50,000 to the last presidential campaign fund an aristocratic Rhode Islander has received the appointment of ambassador of the United States to Italy.

Why should not the United States sell all the appointments of its ambassadors and ministers to foreign countries to the highest bidders, and put the usufruct in the treasury? It would be more honorable than what was done in this case, and fairer to all parties concerned. By putting the Italian ambassadorship up at auction the government would not only save the \$12,-

000 salary, but might be able to realize in clear money \$75,000 or \$100,000. A man willing to risk \$50,000 on the uncertainty of the outcome of a political campaign, would certainly not hesitate to bid a much larger amount on a sure thing. Would not the revenues of the government be considerably increased by the adoption of the plan suggested? Would it not be a successful expedient for making the rich bear a larger share of the burden of taxation?

It is clear that the present method of selling ambassadorships is only an indirect method of taking government money for campaign purposes. As the ambassador to Italy will be partly reimbursed by the salary of \$12,000, his own contribution really amounts to \$38,000. It would be a very undignified thing, of course, for the government to auction off these appointments, but it would avoid the scandal connected with the present method of exchanging them for contributions to the political campaign fund.

ONE of the recent developments in the dairy system is the skimming station system. At suitable points on railways within a radius of fifty or even a hundred miles around a large creamery are established stations where the cream is skimmed from the fresh milk by centrifugal separators. The cream is immediately shipped to the central creamery, where the making and marketing of the butter is done on such a large scale that the operating expenses are reduced to the minimum. The skimming station extends the advantages of the creamery system of making butter to many districts that have not sufficient cow population to support a creamery. It insures success where small creameries have failed from lack of patronage. It increases the profits of the successful creamery. One large, perfectly-equipped, well-managed creamery can do the work of a dozen small ones at very much less expense. There are many other advantages. This system is not a theory. It is in successful use. One of the very largest creameries in the country, at St. Albans, Vermont, handles the cream from several thousand cows which is sent in from skimming stations in different towns. Many others do the same on a smaller scale.

THE dressed-meat business has grown to be one of great magnitude. Many communities now depend largely for their fresh-meat supplies on the great slaughtering establishments located at the principal cattle markets of the country. From these points dressed meats are shipped all over this country and also to Europe. The secretary of agriculture proposes to extend meat inspection to interstate trade. Heretofore, meat inspection has been for the purpose of building up our foreign trade. Now home consumers are to have what advantages may be derived from it.

AT the Chicago humane congress the following resolution denouncing the use of the overhead check-rein was adopted: "Resolved, that it is the sense of this association that although the moderate use of the overhead check-rein may be, in some rare instances, justifiable, yet, in view of the fact that it is so easily and so frequently abused, this association unequivocally condemns it as productive of a vast amount of intense and totally unnecessary torture." To which may be properly added, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."



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## Our Farm.

## WASTED HEAT—HOW TO UTILIZE IT.

IN a village near where I live is a sewer-pipe manufactory which has nine large down-draft kilns in constant use. Unless something breaks or the kilns need repairing, they never get cold from one year's end to the other. While the kiln is still very warm and the pipe is so hot that it must be handled with thick leather mittens, the ware is drawn and another put in. The chimneys are large ones, about twenty feet high, and they stand a few feet from the kilns, one stack answering for two kilns.

At the bottom of the chimney is a flue in the ground which leads to and opens into the center of the kiln at the bottom. The kilns are large, and the fuel is fed in at doors on the outer edges. The fire rises to the dome of the kiln and is then sucked down into the underground flue and up into the air through the chimney. The heat in these kilns is intense, vitrifying clay, and at times perhaps hot enough to melt iron. Of course, there is much of it that passes off, and the ground at the base of the chimneys and over the flues is constantly heated, and snow melts quickly in the coldest weather. The engine that runs the machinery for this factory is a large one of a good many horsepower, burning a large amount of coal daily, and according to the best authorities, more than eighty per cent of the heat passes up the tall chimney and is dissipated in the air 120 feet above the grate-bars. Of the heat wasted in the exhaust steam that is let out of a pipe a few rods from the factory, no one knows just how much it amounts to, but some facts which I am about to relate will go to show that it is considerable, and that it might be utilized so as to do the world considerable good.

About thirty miles from where I live is a factory devoted to manufacturing beekeepers' supplies, and one of the engines that furnish power is of ten-horse capacity. Underneath the engine is a ten-inch sewer that crosses the street, and into this was conducted an iron pipe that took the exhaust steam. The proprietor of the factory had a garden across the road, and it occurred to him that this exhaust steam might be utilized to warm some hotbeds and a plant-house. With this in view he commenced just across the street and laid a six-inch sewer pipe two feet under ground, leading from the ten-inch sewer to where he built the plant-house, a distance of about 100 feet. A few feet from where the exhaust-pipe poured its hot steam into the six-inch pipe, he put in an inch water-pipe in the center of the sewer-pipe, and carried it along with the sewer-pipe to the greenhouse, and there it was

taken out and carried overhead, under the glass, around and across the house, until 190 feet were used, part being enlarged to three or four inches in diameter. It was then conducted by a different route, in the ground, back to the starting-point, where it was joined to the first end. An expansion tank, to allow for variation in temperature, completed the arrangement, and the water, heated by the hot steam in the sewer-pipe, imparted its heat in turn to the plant-house, and returned to be again heated. It was afterward found that by connecting the water-pipe with a hydrant that was fed by a forty-foot head of water, that the expansion tank could be done away with, and that water could be drawn from the hot-water pipes at convenience, to be used in watering or for other purposes.

This discovery by Mr. A. I. Root, the owner of the outfit being described, is, I believe, original with him, and can be put in practice in any hot-water greenhouse where there are city waterworks or a head of water from an elevated tank. Hotbeds were built over the return pipe as well as over the combined sewer and water pipe, and all the heat utilized.

The sewer-pipe was conducted under some of the beds in the greenhouse and then given an outside opening; but most of the heat was utilized, as the steam in the coldest weather was condensed before it reached the outlet. The warmth accumulated in the earth below, and conserved by the many feet of hot-water pipe, was not only sufficient to run the greenhouse during nine or ten hours of night, but over Sunday, there being in the latter case an interval of thirty-four hours when there was no steam, and the thermometer in one instance went as low as four degrees below zero.

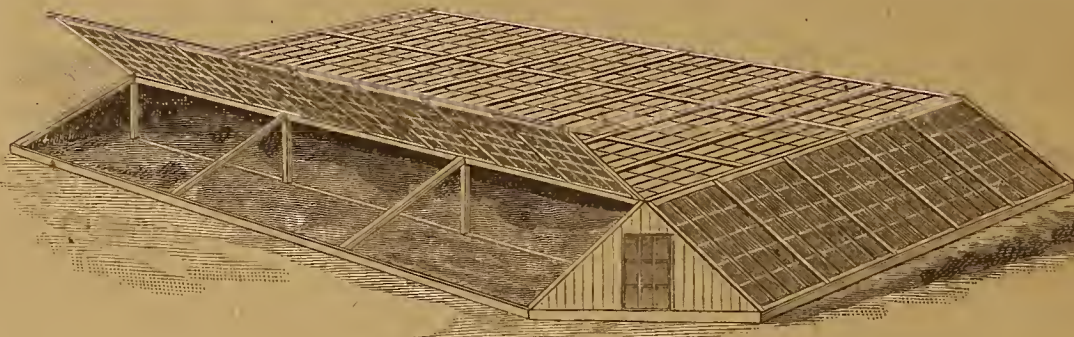
The construction of the greenhouse doubtless contributed to ease of running,

more heat than is now absorbed by the earth as cooled by frost and snow, then there would be no loss to the manufacturer, and he could afford to let some one use this heat for a nominal sum, or add winter gardening to his manufacturing himself. If, however, the pipes were multiplied to such an extent as to subtract heat that was necessary to give the necessary strong draft to down-draft kilns, then it would be a damage, and he could not afford to have the heat used for gardening at any price. The same is true of heat wasted in chimneys, and only such heat could be used as would not be needed for the proper draft of the chimney.

The matter is yet in its infancy, and I do not doubt that the next few years will see a great advance along this line, and I look for some one in a year or two to come out and claim that they originated the scheme, had practiced it from early boyhood, and perhaps write a book about it. Some of Mr. Root's original practices have met this fate before, but he is both a philosopher and a philanthropist, and doesn't kick if the world is being benefited.

However it comes about, when gardeners do wake up to the fact that they have a cheap and available fuel in the exhaust steam of factories, it will revolutionize winter gardening, and manufacturing towns will revel in early vegetables, not withered and old from a shipment of five hundred miles, but new and fresh and crisp. Why, in a small manufacturing city like Akron or Springfield, there is enough heat dissipated in exhaust steam alone to warm a greenhouse covering a forty-acre farm.

One incident more in this connection: Before Mr. Root built his greenhouse the waste steam went up a drain-pipe that led down a gentle slope, and a vent was given it some ten or twelve rods away by setting two or three sewer-pipe up in the form of a



GREENHOUSE HEATED BY EXHAUST STEAM CARRIED THROUGH COMMON DRAIN-TILES.

as it was almost entirely underground. Paths were dug out to get head-room, and the earth banked outside nearly to the eaves. The main roof was 28x32 feet, with a pitch of less than one foot in five, and the east, west and south sides were formed of six-foot sash, placed at an angle of about quarter pitch. The triangular space at the southeast and southwest angles was ceiled with matched boards, with a large sash in the middle that reduced the wooding ceiling to three small triangular bits.

This method of construction gives a maximum of light, and as the stuff grown is lettuce and vegetable-plants, the nearness of the beds to the glass is an advantage. I visited the place on March 4th, and Mr. Root was selling lettuce of beautiful appearance at thirty cents per pound, and thousands of onions and other plants were just jumping ahead under the genial heat and over a foot or more of manure that constituted the bottom of the beds. Perhaps I ought to add that the manure was rotten and not of a character to furnish heat. In one of the hotbeds I noticed pie-plant six inches high, and in another asparagus big enough to cut. Verily, the citizens of Medina ought to look upon Mr. Root as a public benefactor when he cast a spell over an idle, runaway genii, and compelled it to transport a southern garden to their midst in midwinter.

What he has done, others can do, and those so situated that they can use exhaust steam or other wasted heat, need be at no expense for a winter garden save what is necessary to inclose it and conduct the waste to a place of usefulness. In using waste steam there can be no question of injury to the power supplying it, but there will be need of experiments in other directions before it can be determined how much heat can be saved without subtracting from the power furnishing it. In the case of the kiln-flues it would be easy to lay one or more lines of pipes crossing just above the flues, and insulated for retaining heat in the spaces between, these pipes to contain water, and thus convey the heat where wanted. If these pipes absorbed no

chimney. In moderate weather this warmed the ground considerably, so that it advanced a crop of strawberries two weeks, and ripe fruit was had on a narrow strip over this heated drain before those on either side were out of bloom. The warmth of the ground was sufficient to protect quite a strip from frost beside.

Summit county, Ohio. L. B. PIERCE.

## HOW TO KEEP THE SWEET POTATO.

What I shall say upon the subject of keeping the sweet potato is based upon my own experience, and upon the careful observation of the methods used by others. The sweet potato is perhaps the favorite vegetable of the South, and of late years it is grown to a considerable extent in many northern states, and it seems strange so few know how to keep them through the winter season.

So difficult indeed it is regarded that only a small per cent of farmers make any effort in that line at all. The idea is prevalent that our most successful potato men have some secret art in keeping them. Such men have made nice little fortunes in growing the tuber.

In keeping the sweet potato it is advisable to use that method which is most economical and convenient, which depends upon the size of the crop and the surroundings. The method matters but little so the following principles and conditions are observed:

(1) A sandy clay loam is best suited to a strong and healthy growth of the potato. A heavy limestone soil, or one strongly impregnated with alkaline substances, injure the skin of the tuber and makes it susceptible to rot. Avoid soils that are heavily fertilized with ammoniacal manures.

(2) Dig the sweet potato before frost kills the vine. An injury to the stem injures the whole tuber. Select a dry time, if possible, to dig in. Handle each potato carefully, do not bruise nor scratch them. Do not get them sun-blistered while digging.

(3) Remove from patch directly to place of storage, and never handle them till

taken out to market or to bed. Rot, if it sets in, may necessitate an assortment, but such a condition should not exist. If a second handling becomes necessary, use the greatest care.

(4) The cellar or place of storage should be perfectly dry. Moisture is conducive to rot.

(5) Let the temperature range between 50 and 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and never lower than 40. The more uniform the temperature the better.

(6) Ventilation is of vital importance. Top ventilation should always be given, especially after November; this is secured by a proper construction of the potato-house. Never cover the potatoes with straw or cloth of any kind, for this prevents the escape of moisture and injurious gases, and often causes too high a temperature. The best cover, when cover is used, is dry dirt or sawdust. No cover at all directly on the potato is decidedly preferable.

## UNDERGROUND CELLAR—METHODS USED.

An underground cellar is the easiest and most economical means of keeping a large quantity of potatoes. These should be built where perfect freedom from moisture can be secured. An elevated point, with slopes from all sides, and a deep clay soil, is a good location. It is almost impossible to get a dry cellar when it is dug through rock strata or has a rock bottom. A rock wall is not so good; clay, brick or wood is better.

Partition the cellar into bins of from forty to one hundred barrels capacity each, with air space between each bin. Let an aisle of a few feet extend the length of the cellar, and build the bins on either side of it. Some varieties that are hard to keep require smaller bins, while other varieties can be bulked in larger quantities. If the season is wet and the potatoes sappy, avoid large bulks.

When the potatoes are placed in the cellar, leave open the doors or take up the floor immediately over the bins and leave up till cold weather necessitates their closing. When closed they do not need to be opened again. Ventilation for the rest of the season should be given through hatchways—one, two or three, as the case may require—which should open above the aisle. These hatchways

should serve as the entrance to and the exit from the cellar, and should be left open as much as the weather will admit.

Entrance from the outside should be provided by a door or doors entering the space above the cellar. These may be opened or closed as the temperature requires. Avoid always a current of air.

After the doors above the bins have been closed or the floors replaced for the winter, they may be covered with dirt or sawdust, to protect the potatoes against extreme cold weather. No artificial heat is necessary by this method.

An underground cellar so built as not to admit of the above treatment may be so regulated as to observe as far as possible the above principles.

## TOPGROUND CELLAR.

A topground cellar may be built upon the same plan as the underground cellar just described. Double walls are necessary, and means should be provided for artificial heating. Pack the walls with dirt or sawdust; also use a heavy layer above and below. The bins in this style house can be made in the center with a passageway around them. Pipes can be placed in this passageway for hot-water heating, which is the most economical and satisfactory means of heating.

## PITS.

A small quantity of potatoes may be kept in a pit dug in some dry and sheltered place, as a barn or some outhouse. Observe same treatment as in keeping in cellar. Place plank over the pit, and cover these planks with dirt when the weather gets cold.

## BANKS.

The sweet potato is sometimes kept in banks like Irish potatoes and turnips. This bank should be sheltered and ventilated. The potatoes should not be covered with dirt until seasoned for a few weeks, and not until the weather is cold enough to require it.

## OTHER PLACES OF STORAGE.

Barrels filled in the patch, removed to any place of storage and left uncovered will



keep well if dug when dry, just before frost, carefully handled, kept dry and at the right temperature. Enough potatoes may be kept in this way in a family room to supply the family through the winter. When the weather gets very cold, the barrels should be rolled close to the fireplace, and if necessary, a fire kept burning all night. This will require little attention in ordinary winters.

In keeping the sweet potato, as in doing anything else, good common sense should be exercised. Our actions should be controlled by ideas derived from a knowledge of the subject, and not so much by rules. It is the principles I wish to impress upon the reader rather than any set formula. In handling the potato, considerations may sometimes arise that this treatise does not anticipate. In such cases good judgment, when experience is wanting, is your only criterion.

Tennessee. JOHN C. BRIDGEWATER.

#### NOTES ON RURAL AFFAIRS.

**TOMATOES FOR PROFIT.**—There is profit in growing tomatoes for market. In our markets, for instance, tomatoes have been selling right along at not less than fifty cents a bushel, and in the fore part of the season, or in smaller quantities, at a far higher figure. Potato growers always concede that it pays to raise potatoes at fifty cents a bushel. I am sure the crop is one of the best paying ones on the farm at that price, at least in suitable localities. But it seems to me that tomatoes are grown at less than one half what it costs to raise potatoes. Of course, plants have to be grown or bought; but it costs \$10 to \$15 for seed to start an acre potato patch. Then I will rather plant two acres of tomatoes than one acre of potatoes, and certainly I would prefer to harvest two bushels of the former to one of the latter. In short, the tomato crop offers many advantages to the wide-awake farmer over potatoes; at least, in certain limits as to local conditions and to extent of operations.

The American public is under great obligations to the late A. W. Livingston, the originator and introducer of so many choice varieties, such as Acme, Paragon, Perfection, Favorite, Beauty and many more. It is therefore with considerable interest that any grower and lover of tomatoes will peruse the book recently published by A. W. Livingston's Sons, Columbus, Ohio, entitled "Livingston and the Tomato." Mr. Livingston's experience in trying to improve the old wrinkled sorts which he found in cultivation at the time is highly instructive. For fifteen years he attempted to evolve a uniformly smooth sort from the rough ones and failed. Then he took a new course. The following are his own words:

"In passing over my fields of growing tomatoes, which were still of all sizes, sorts and shapes, my attention was attracted to a tomato-plant having distinct characteristics, and bearing heavy foliage. It was unlike any other in the field, or that I had ever seen. It showed itself very prolific, its fruit was uniformly smooth, but too small to be of general market value. It came to me like an inspiration. Why not select special tomato-plants instead of specimen tomatoes? At any rate, I acted at once on this idea. The seeds of this plant were saved with painstaking care, and made the basis of future experiments. The next spring, from these seeds I set two rows across my garden, and all bore perfect tomatoes like the parent vine. They were a little larger. The seeds from this crop were again carefully harvested, but from the first ripe and best specimens I selected stock for my own planting. By good cultivation and wise selection from season to season, not to exceed five years, it took on flesh, size and improved qualities. I then put it on the general market. This was in 1870. Although grown and sold extensively all these years to date, and although cultivated into various strains by different growers, according to their particular fancies, it is to-day the same distinct variety which it was at first. On account of its superior excellence in comparison with all others in the market at that time I called it the 'Paragon.'"

The Acme, then the Perfection, Golden Queen, Favorite, Beauty, Potato-leaf, Royal Red, and more recently the Buckeye State and Aristocrat, were originated by a similar process. The start in every case was made with a distinct plant bearing uniformly smooth specimens. The variety can then easily be bred up in size and in other qualities. I know that the Matchless was produced in New Jersey in the same

way. Now, while a great many growers practice saving their own tomato seeds from year to year, I deem it of great importance that the principles which govern the improvement of so valuable a fruit as the tomato should be generally understood by all. Usually people pick for fine, large-sized, early-ripening specimens. This plan followed by so keen an observer as Mr. Livingston for fifteen years, has been absolutely barren of results. Pick for the plant that shows smoothness and solidity in all its specimens, and depend on good culture and careful selection afterward to bring the desired medium sizes and the other desirable qualities. I speak of this with a particular object in view. We need a variety of tomatoes, as early as the Early Ruby, of medium size and the perfect shape of Acme, Favorite or Aristocrat. Such a variety can undoubtedly be found if growers keep their eyes open. It is not absolutely necessary that the plant should have extremely heavy foliage, or be extremely productive. What we need is a real early, uniformly smooth tomato. The Ruby is early enough, but not as regular as is needed for a market sort. Earliest Advance is usually smooth. Thus far it has been too small and soft for market purposes. I think, however, it may be a good foundation upon which to build the early market tomato of the future. Let us keep our eyes open.

There is a great deal more food for thought and talk in this book, "Livingston and the Tomato;" but this must do for the present.

**CAULIFLOWERS UNDER GLASS.**—Professor Bailey, in bulletin No. 55 of the Cornell University experiment station, writes on three subjects of interest to gardeners; namely, (1) electro-horticulture, (2) winter cauliflower, (3) steam and hot-water heating. In regard to point one, Professor Bailey has to confess that the electric light used upon cauliflower, lettuce, radishes, etc., has had very little influence under the conditions of the experiment, and certainly not enough to add any market value to the crop.

In regard to point two, Professor Bailey finds that cauliflowers are easily grown as a winter crop in the greenhouse, if they are kept in vigorous and uniform growth. They need a rich soil, careful attention as to watering, cultivation and ventilation, and a cool temperature like that employed for lettuce. They appear to thrive better without bottom heat than with it. The Early Snowball and Erfurt strains force well. Plants should be set in the beds when from six weeks to three months old, according to the season of the year, and from four to five months elapse before the first heads are fit for market. The heads ordinarily require no bleaching, and they are ready for sale when from four to six inches in diameter. On the borders of the beds good crops of mustard may be grown. This makes delicious greens in winter. The Chinese mustard is good for this purpose.

**GREENHOUSE HEATING.**—The trials made at Cornell University experiment station with steam and hot water (point three) in heating small greenhouses, seem to justify the following conclusions:

- (1) Hot water maintained a slightly greater average difference between the minimum inside and outside night temperature than steam.
- (2) There was practically no difference in the coal consumption under the two systems.
- (3) With a small plant like this, the fluctuations under both systems are much greater than in larger ones, and neither proved very satisfactory.
- (4) The utility of slight pressure in enabling steam to overcome unfavorable conditions is fully demonstrated.
- (5) The addition of crooks and angles is decidedly disadvantageous to the circulation of hot water and of steam without pressure; but the effect is scarcely perceptible with steam under low pressure.
- (6) In starting a new fire, with cold water, circulation commences with hot water sooner than with steam, but it requires a much longer time for the water to reach a point where the temperature of the house will be materially affected, than for the steam to do so.
- (7) The length of pipe to be traversed is a much more important consideration with water than with steam.
- (8) A satisfactory fall toward the boiler is of much greater importance with steam than the manner of placing the pipes.

T. GREINER.

#### PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE WITH THEORETICAL.

This is pre-eminently a theoretical age, and theoretical instruction is being imparted to a greater extent than ever before; so much so as to become noticeable even in the remote sections of the world. A paper published at Melbourne, Australia, says: "Though we may not equal the British as regards teaching horticulture to the young, we give practical instructions in combination with lectures on the principles and science of the business." The writer says further: "In Britain the bulk of the teaching is simply technical without the practical."

May not the same be said to a great extent with regard to the United States. By means of lectures an effort is made to give instruction and to interest in all these matters that are connected with farming operations; but being given from the platform, the instruction must be of a purely theoretical nature. The Australian writer is correct when he states that but little real benefit comes from mere teaching by technical lectures without practical experience, and this being so, a great amount of really good teaching is being wasted.

There is very much of valuable technical teaching that fails in the good it ought to accomplish because it is not accompanied by practice in the same line as the teaching.

Purely agricultural colleges that fail in this are deficient in a most important matter; the theoretical part must be illustrated practically in order that the principle involved may be clearly understood by the pupil.

Take the profession of civil engineering, give a student the best theoretical instruction that can be imparted in the classroom and then set him in the field, place the necessary instruments in his hands and direct him to locate a railroad through a broken country, and he will make a complete failure.

The same is true with regard to agriculture in the case of boys or men who have had no practical experience upon the farm. Teach them, for instance, all the theoretical principles involved in plowing, and then tell them to go out and hitch up the team and go to the field, for the purpose of plowing, and the chances are that they would never reach the field, to say nothing of being able to plow after getting there, and yet the boy of the farm who has enjoyed the advantages that come from practice, while he may not understand all the theoretical points, will, when directed, take his team and plow the soil in a skilful manner. Agricultural colleges, then, have two classes to provide for: those who are well acquainted with farm operations and need instruction in the purely theoretical part of farming, and those who not only require theoretical instructions, but an application in practice. Of course, there are many matters connected with agricultural pursuits that even the boys of the farm are ignorant of, both in theory and practice, and it is upon these points that they should combine theory and practice, and no agricultural college should be considered to be fully equipped for instruction unless it can impart practical instruction.

The more practical men—those who are keen observers and eager learners—we have upon our farms and in our gardens the higher will the standard of agriculture be raised and the more certain will be the supply of scientific students, experimenters and explorers in the field of agriculture.

WM. H. YEAMANS.

#### WINTERING BEES IN CELLARS.

A cellar which will keep vegetables will answer very well for the bees; and the going into it every day need not disturb wintering bees if the persons entering are cautioned about jarring them, or needlessly disturbing the hives, especially if the bees are placed so that the light from the lamp does not strike where it will shine into the hives. If the cellar is kept dark during the winter, all that is necessary to do is to hang a thick blanket in front of the hives to dim the rays from the lamp; but if the cellar is light, a place in one corner should be partitioned off so as to make the part which is to contain the bees dark. Bees have been wintered well in cellars where the light of day was allowed to enter; but as a rule, bees winter best in a cellar into which no light from the sun ever enters while they are in it. The hives should also be up one or two feet from the cellar bottom, the bench or platform on which they stand resting on the ground,

instead of being nailed to the sleepers above, otherwise the jar caused by any movement on the floor above would disturb the bees, and tend to make them uneasy, thus causing their loss. Rats and mice should also be excluded from the cellar where bees are to be wintered; for of the two I would rather chance the jar of children playing over bees than of rats and mice running about and through the hives. Many bees are lost each year from rats and mice in cellars during the winter. The full entrance to the hive should be given where fast bottom-boards are used; and with movable bottom-boards the same should be left on the summer stands, and the hives raised two or more inches above the bench or hives on which they rest. Where honey-boards are used, I prefer to remove them, substituting several thicknesses of old carpet, or else a chaff or sawdust cushion two or three inches thick, through which the moisture from the respiration of the bees may escape, but still keep them dry and warm. The bees should be set in about the middle of November, and taken out about the time the soft maples and elms are in bloom. Some recommend setting in later and taking out earlier; but my experience has been that the sudden changes, both in the late fall and early spring, are very damaging to the bees, whether wintered in the cellar or out of doors, and it is best to avoid them where we can as well as not, as is the case in cellar wintering.

A few still recommend taking the bees out during a warm spell in winter, to give them a fly, so they can void their feces; but if they are quiet, I consider it much better to leave them undisturbed. Bees can retain their feces five months in the cellar much easier than they can three and one half months out of doors, providing the cellar is suitable to winter bees in at all. The right temperature of a cellar to winter bees well is from 42 to 45 degrees; but if fixed as above given, they will do very well as low as 35 to 40 degrees. If the cellar is one where the temperature goes as low as the freezing point, and stays there any length of time, I should prefer to leave the bees on their summer stands, unless I had some suitable means of warming it which was easily controllable; for a continued temperature at about the freezing point or a little below seems to be very injurious to bees.—G. M. Doolittle, in *Gleanings in Bee Culture*.

#### SKIM CHEESE.

On the subject of skim-milk cheese a writer in the *Country Gentleman* says: "Chemically considered, it can be shown that skim-milk contains almost all the elements necessary for the support of life and the rebuilding of tissue used up in active labor. It can also be shown, taking the physiological side of the question, that skim-milk cheese is somewhat tough and hard to digest, and that to one accustomed to whole-milk cheese it tastes flat and unpalatable, if eaten raw, but that if properly cooked it is readily digested and becomes, moreover, an appetizing article of food. The point, then, to be considered is this: Can the American people be taught the value of this article, and can they be made to like it when they find how valuable and how cheap it is? As there are two parties interested in the matter—one in finding a way to reduce the expense of living, the other eager to find a larger market for the products of his farm—there would seem to be no good reason why such a result could not be brought about. Both parties to be benefited need to be educated to a proper appreciation of the circumstances, and after that demand and supply can be expected to take care of the matter. The subject is certainly of great importance from whatever side it is looked at, and deserves intelligent attention and consideration."



#### Blood Poisoning

"My brother, Julius, was blood poisoned and although we had medical attendance, he failed to get better. He was sick for nine months, suffering with painful sores upon his legs. We were afraid they would have to be amputated. My grandmother urged us to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon after

#### Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Julius began taking it the sores all disappeared, and he was perfectly cured." EMMA CRAIG, 51 Park St., Cleveland, Ohio. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.



## Our Farm.

### GARDEN AND ORCHARD NOTES.

**T**WO CABBAGE CROPS.—For an early cabbage we have nothing better, as yet, than Early Jersey Wakefield. In the home garden we need only few heads of this. There is so much other stuff at the time when early cabbage is fit for the table—lettuce, radishes, young beets, cresses, early peas, asparagus, etc.—that we have at that time little taste for cabbage in any form, so that an occasional "boiled dinner" is about all that people who like that sort of thing will desire. Nor is it necessary to start the plants so very early, although they are easily grown, to be set out as soon as the condition of the ground and weather will permit. A single row in the early hotbed, or a few seeds started in a little box in the kitchen window, or in the greenhouse, will give fifty or a hundred good plants, enough for three or four home gardens. Of course, I plant more, because I have some call for them, and besides, I like to have everything in abundance. But as I do not make a business of selling early cabbages, I have often more than we can make use of for the table or sale, and consequently they stand until they begin to burst open, and until it may be too late to plant in their place a second, more profitable crop.

For some years I have, with good success, practiced the following plan of growing a second, often more prolific, crop of heads on the same old stocks. In harvesting my early cabbages, just as we happen to need them (and cauliflowers, too), I cut out the heads only, leaving the stumps with a few of the lower leaves still standing. New heads, often to the number of half a dozen or more, begin to start from the stump. If I aim for large heads, I cut out all but one. But sometimes even the little heads come handy for boiling, and if a plant is left with a number of heads, the latter can be used to good advantage in this way. If the season be favorable (and we usually have plenty of rainfall in the latter part of the summer), the single heads of the second crop often grow larger than were those of the first crop. And the numerous heads on any one plant may give a great quantity of good boiling material. To sum up, I believe this plan will serve the purposes of the home gardener often quite as well as to remove the early cabbages, stumps and all, dig up the ground (always a troublesome operation in these crowded quarters, where it has to be done by the spade or spading-fork) and plant a second crop. The close cropping practiced by the market gardener, one crop following another in rapid succession, is seldom found in home gardens, although it is worthy of greater attention in any case.

**FALL WORK.**—There are some things that the gardener can attend to with benefit to himself these fine autumn days. Manure is one of the great requisites. Without it gardening must be more or less a failure—generally more. Sometimes, by looking about you, you can find the best of opportunities to purchase the needed plant-foods at far less than they would cost in the average fertilizers of our dealers. With me the task of procuring and applying manures, even at the excessive rates considered most profitable in the market garden, has lost all its terrors.

I have again bought a number of car-loads of mixed manure from the stock-yards in East Buffalo. The manure of the last car was especially heavy, and steaming hot, and there were fully thirty tons in the car. We hauled it, spreading on the land directly from the wagon, in two days' time. It took twenty-five one-horse loads. We weighed one load, which contained 2,825 pounds. Of course, the horse was a large one and the roads were good. Thus, with comparatively small outlay in cost, the car costing \$17.50, delivered, and in a comparatively short time I can give all my garden land a pretty liberal coat of manure. I prefer to put this on the land after plowing, leaving it thus during the winter, and plowing again in the spring. Coarser

manure I put on before plowing. But my aim is to have every foot of loam plowed in the autumn. In spring I plow again and apply another coat of fine manure—hen manure, ashes, or fertilizers of some kind. If you would like to see how this manner of manuring and tilling works, come and call on me any time next season. I think it is an excellent method to discourage weeds and many insects, and to get the soil in the best mechanical order; namely, "mellow as an ash heap."

The drainage on the place is fairly good. Still, during thaws in winter and after heavy rains in early spring, water will stand on some parts for some time. From this cause I believe we have lost a number of young peach-trees. The young orchard of all sorts of fruit-trees is planted in long rows. I now provide surface drainage by plowing three or four furrows from each side, directly against the tree rows, and back, furrowing the strips between the trees. The land then appears as shown in illustration.

This plowing of the orchard in autumn has still another object. The pulverized soil certainly provides a much better protection against the winter's excessive cold than the hard-packed ground does. My neighbor, Mr. Hopkins, who has such phenomenal success with Bartlett pears, that his two-acre orchard alone gives him the income of an average large farm—\$3,000 in one year; \$2,000 in another; \$1,600 in another, and never less than \$700 or \$800 in a year of comparative failure—attributes much of this success to high feeding, perfectly clean cultivation and plowing in late fall, which latter, he claims, protects the roots from the influence of severe cold weather.

**MORE ABOUT GRASSHOPPERS.**—The cold spells of September have put a quietus on grasshoppers. There are a few specimens left, and make their appearance in warm, sunshiny days, but their power of locomotion is considerably curtailed, and they fall an easy prey to my big flocks of hens, capons and ducks. E. J. McDonald, in reply to my call for suggestions on the prevention of injury by grasshoppers, writes as follows:

"I believe that the best way to destroy grasshoppers is to turn loose upon them their natural enemies, chickens and turkeys. I have had no experience with turkeys, but they are generally thought to be better hopper-catchers than chickens. We keep fifty chickens, and this season they have cleaned the grasshoppers from an area of about five acres. This space contained our garden (about one eighth of an acre), a small potato-patch, the balance being in corn and pasture. Outside of this area where the chickens roved, the hop-



SURFACE DRAINAGE FOR FRUIT-TREES.

pers were very numerous, and ate the leaves from the potato-vines.

"Our chickens are Leghorns, an active breed, and are just as active in digging up corn and peas as they are in catching grasshoppers, so we keep them shut up when the corn is planted, until it gets so large that they do not bother it. When I sowed the peas there was nothing else that the chickens could harm, and wishing to give them a few more days of liberty, I placed boards over the peas lengthwise with the rows until they were ready to come up, when I removed the boards and shut the chickens up. In this way we have not only kept the chickens from doing damage, but have caused them to be of great benefit in catching grasshoppers, bugs and worms. They thoroughly bugged the potatoes in the little patch near the coop."

It is true that, under average conditions, a flock of fifty hens or chicks will do away with the grasshoppers on several acres of ground. This year, however, was an ex-

ception, and even a hundred fowls did not seem to make much impression on the number of hoppers in an acre garden. They devoured thousands, and thousands more came from the adjoining lands to take the places of the slain. If the pest comes again in such numbers, I shall try the brau-molasses-arsenic compound.

JOSEPH.

### Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

#### STRAWBERRY NOTES.

MATTED ROWS VERSUS HILLS—BEST VARIETIES—EARLIEST AND LATEST.

It is customary to grow the plants in matted rows because this method requires less attention in cultivation. The berries are kept very clean, no mulching being necessary, and as there are more plants to the acre, the

#### YIELD IS PRESUMABLY GREATER

Than in the "hill system" of cultivation. Arguments which carry some weight are frequently put forth in favor of the latter system, and trials are made upon a small scale by the market gardener, but never with sufficient accuracy and attention to determine the relative merits of the two systems. The recent crops have afforded us results touching upon this question, and they will be read with much interest by persons cultivating the strawberry. Among 35 varieties, planted side by side and cultivated in the two ways, 24 yielded heavier crops in the mat and 11 in the hills. The total yield from mats was 10 per cent better than the total yield from hills. The weights of the first picking, June 12th, and the last, July 5th, were greater from mats in each case by about 50 per cent. Kentucky, Crescent, Van Deman and Gov. Hoard were better in hills than in mat. The heaviest yield

#### OF ALL VARIETIES TESTED THIS YEAR,

Numbering 40, belongs to the Greenville by the mat system. This variety has borne a good report as long as it has been grown here. The berry is large, ripens well, is of good color, comes early and stays late. There was a quart of berries for every eight inches of row, calculated from the total figures of yield. The next in largeness of yield was Shuster's Gem, another new berry of great merit. The roll of honor in yield and beauty of berry, as made up from the reports of this season, is as follows: Beginning at the top with 1, Greenville; 2, Shuster's Gem; 3, Ohio Centennial, specially noted as the largest berry which ripens well and has a fine color and flavor; 4, Parker Earle, though one week later than the earliest, the yield was heavy and of good berries; 5, Van Deman proved to be

#### ONE OF THE EARLIEST,

With a medium-sized berry and a constantly good yield through three weeks; 6, Crescent, this good old standard must at last acknowledge defeat in point of yield and suffer greatly from a lack of quality in its berry; 7, Crawford stands next in order of yield, and can boast of a good and medium-sized berry; 8, Wilson's Albany; 9, Gov. Hoard, and 10, Chas. Downing. The five earliest varieties were, in the order of the heaviest yields at first picking: 1, Mitchell's Early; 2, Van Deman; 3, Crescent; 4, West Lawn, and 5, Shuster's Gem. The five latest varieties were, in the order of the heaviest yields at last picking: 1, Parker Earle; 2, Townsend; 3, Crawford; 4, Eureka, and 5, Kentucky.—George C. Butz, in Pennsylvania Experiment Station Bulletin.

#### TREATMENT OF ANTHRACNOSE—GOOD VARIETIES OF RASPBERRIES.

Raspberries, both red and black, have been a fair crop this season when well cultivated and properly mulched. Early varieties were effected somewhat by anthracnose, a disease of the bark, producing a scabby appearance of the cane, and stopping the flow of sap. The disease attacks the base of the cane first and spreads upward.

To prevent this disease, clean culture, with plenty of air and light, obtained by thorough pruning, are necessary. After it has gained a start, cut out and burn the old canes. Spray the new canes at once with Bordeaux mixture. Also spray in spring, before the new leaves have appeared.

#### VARIETIES DESIRABLE.

For the family garden and near market, the Ohio, Palmer, Older, Progress, Souhegan and Johnson's Sweet, among the early blackcaps, and Shaffer's Colossal (purple) are among the best. The Nemaha and Gregg, for late, head the list for size

and profit in the general market; these berries are almost identical, but Nemaha canes are stronger and more hardy.

In red, the Marlboro, for early, is best, and Cuthbert, for late, is quite satisfactory. The Golden Queen, or White Cuthbert, a beautiful, dainty family berry, lacks character, and is not recommended for the general market.

New plants of the red raspberry and blackberry are obtained by digging the larger vigorous roots, and cutting in pieces about four inches long, and sowing in drills late in the fall or early spring. Keep well hoed, and they are ready to set where desired the following year.

#### ROOT-PRUNING FRUIT-TREES.

Root-pruning acts like magic sometimes in bringing barren trees into bearing state especially when unfruitfulness is brought about by undue luxuriance. When trees are making very strong shoots, they are found on examination to be making roots in proportion, and so long as this goes on fruit prospects are very much jeopardized. It is the small, fibrous roots which command the formation of fruit spurs, and in some soils there is difficulty of maintaining a fruitful condition. In gardens where the surface is light and open, with a clayey subsoil, there is great tendency for the roots to go deep in search of moisture, especially if the aspect is at all open or windy. With soils of this description mulching is of considerable value, of no matter what kind, so long as it creates and maintains moisture. —Vick's Magazine.

#### CURIOUS GRAFTING.

The following note was made in France in 1882: Mr. M. Carillet, of Vincennes, took up a young pear-tree and grafted it with roots in the air on another tree. As the pear used as a scion was on general quince roots, the queer spectacle was presented of quince roots in the air above two varieties of the pear. Before the end of the first season the quince roots threw out leaves and short branches. The next year the quince shoots grew to a length of thirty inches. The next spring four varieties of pear were budded on the quince shoots. So at present the plant is made up as follows: The base stock is on quince roots. On this is another pear with its roots in the air. On the quince root, or on shoots coming from them, are four other varieties of the pear.

#### INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

**Crow Plum.**—J. J. S., Red Oak, Iowa. As to the Crow plum being exempt from the work of the curculio, I do not know whether it is or not, for I never before heard of the variety, which I suppose to be something new. I extremely doubt the statement, however, that it is exempt, because I have handled a great many plums of all the classes grown, and especially many different native kinds, and I have yet to see any that are curculio-proof, although many have been sent out as such. Where there are many varieties to select from, the curculio shows plainly that it has preferences for certain kinds; for instance, Weaver and Wolf are seldom stung as much as the De Soto, Forest Garden and some others in my plum-orchard, and the Lombard, Bradshaw and others of the domestic class are much more injured than native varieties. In the native plums comparatively few of the eggs laid reach maturity, while almost every egg laid in the former class develops. Various reasons are suggested to account for this, but the truth probably is that the native plum develops so very rapidly that many of the curculio eggs are squeezed to death before they can hatch.

**Mountain Ash.**—J. S. D., Minn., writes: "Please give directions for growing mountain-ash seed."

**REPLY:**—I prefer to pile the mountain-ash berries in small heaps, about one bushel in each, in a rather dry, shady place, mixing them with a few leaves, and then covering the whole pile with sod until spring. Be sure the berries are wet enough to start fermentation in them and the leaves. In the spring sow them in some situation where the young plants can be shaded a little, if necessary, from hot suns.

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## Our Farm.

### 1893 HARVEST.

**C**OR bulletin No. 27, for the week ending September 30th, announcing the close of the season, has just been received. I am rather glad of it, because from week to week, all through the season, since April 1st, I have read these dismal reports from every county in Ohio. First, too wet, and then late frosts, insect devastation, fruit-killing, wool-blight from tariff-tinkering scare, bottom out of banks and business, ruin staring manufacturers in the face, and want, suffering and even vice at labor's doors. When all was going to the dogs, the president dropped his fish-pole and returned to his business of tending baby and saving the country. And he don't save it very fast, either. He may, however, pull us through all right before we get done wanting it.

I desire to inform readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE there is one heaven upon earth, at least, and it is located in Ashtabula county, Ohio, this year. We have a great abundance and to spare of this year's crop, and it brings good money and lots of it, just as fast as we can get it into market. We had ample time to do our plowing last spring, from March 24th to April 14th. I never saw better weather for such work. Then the cold rains and snow came, and cold waves kept back fruit and saved it for us. And such immense car-loads of grapes and peaches as we have been shipping from this county for many weeks, shows the folly of going to California to raise fruit. Better by far stay at home upon Ohio presidential soil.

Such luscious peaches as we have here to-day in our little city market I never saw before, and all have a ready sale at from \$1 to \$2 per bushel. The hay crop is as good as I ever saw here, and brings our farmers from \$8 to \$10 per ton net cash—good silver certificate money and silver coin that passes current on all our church plates and donation parties, and even pays debts when we cannot use it otherwise.

I sold four car-loads of nice timothy hay, netting me a little over \$10 per ton; also a car-load of wheat straw here at \$5.50 per ton. We never sold for better prices before, and all for cash in hand. We have had timely rains all through the season, and all farmers who cultivated the potato-fields fairly, and kept the weeds and barn-grass from stealing all the moisture and plant-food, are this week digging the largest potatoes and have the heaviest yield per acre I ever saw. I have attended eight Ohio state fairs, but I never saw so large and nice a potato show at our state fair as we had in the city of Ashtabula last week at a street fair.

Such beautiful harvest-weather we never had before. Since July 1st it has been lovely all the time—just rain enough all the time to make fair pastures, big potatoes, and happy farmers that will own up the true situation.

Butter and cheese have been legal tender here in Ashtabula county for fifty straight years, the banner county of Ohio for the dairy interest all this time. And, oh my! With cash butter from 25 to 30 cents a pound, fast as we can make it, cheese from 9 to 10 cents per pound, who has cause for grumbling here? None but our Republican office-holders who want the salaries bad. Farmers can look on and whistle and sing.

To me it seems the most opportune age for young men and young women to commence life together on the farm that history has ever recorded. The prices of good farms are very low, terms of sale are very easy—long time and small payments are now the rule. Oh, if I could be set back forty years, would I not lead a sweet, rosy-checked girl up to a newly-bought farm home, no matter if there was a mortgage plaster on it for the purchase price, and we would resolve to fill the house and barns with plenty and get out of debt rapidly, and I certainly know we could do it very fast by fair and square farming, and there is no excuse for doing any other kind of business to-day.

Our silo-filling will all be completed this week; the winter dairy business will be thus assured. Money, money, every day, comes fast from this source alone—can't help but come.

Mountain piles of manure to grow our 1894 crops we will have ready by the first of April next, and it won't be braided through and through with whole corn

stalks, as the much-unmistaken farmers of the great corn belt of Ohio find theirs every spring. We know better than to waste all our corn stalks up here. We know the food value of them at last, and when we cut them fine and soften them up and cook them in the silo for the most succulent and digestible cattle food ever provided, we practice wisdom and come out of the race silver and gold plated heroes.

H. TALCOTT.

### RANDOM NOTES FROM MISSISSIPPI.

The average cotton farmers of the South know very little from personal practical experience about saving and utilizing the wastes from the pig-pen, fowl-house, cow-lot, horse-stable, etc. The policy of these farmers all their lives has been to see how much produce (principally cotton) could be secured from their lauds without rest or feed. No country on earth has had its soil so shamefully abused and robbed. Even the men who are feeding large herds of beef cattle for market on a cotton-seed meal and cotton-seed hull ration, count the droppings of the stock as of no value to them; at least they do not attempt to make profitable use of this rich manure.

Nearly all our southern dairymen feed more or less rich grain food, which chemically and practically is of very high value as a fertilizer, yet it is mainly wasted and counts but little as one of the profits of the dairy business.

It is time to call a halt and to make a change, for our impoverished lands, our flattened pocket-books, our fleeting bank accounts, our dilapidated buildings, all warn us—the handwriting on the wall—that we must pursue a different policy if we would become thrifty and independent.

### ALL COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS

Seem to give better results when there is plenty of humus in the soil. This being so, it behooves our farmers to raise green crops, like peas, clover, rye, etc., to be turned under as a fertilizer. By wise management in sowing such crops and turning them under at the proper time, and by using on this soil well-proportioned commercial fertilizers, any southern farmer ought to be able, by good seed and good cultivation, to average one bale of cotton or fifty bushels of corn on every acre of land under the plow. Why not? On the piney wood lands of this state, the "cow counties," so called, such results are not uncommon, and yet the lands a few years ago were considered the very poorest in the state. It is intelligent management that makes such results practicable.

### A CERTAIN FERTILIZER

May render fine results on a certain kind of soil, while the same fertilizer, when applied to another kind of soil, may show no improvement in the crop. In the first instance the elements of fertility contained in the fertilizer were just what that soil lacked and needed; in the other instance the elements of fertility most needed were of a different character and were not supplied in the fertilizer used.

The study of soils and fertilizers, the special needs of the former for certain plant-food that it is deficient in, an adaptability of certain fertilizers to certain crops, and the minimum and the maximum quantities to apply, supplying these fertilizers at the cheapest cost and making the most intelligent combination of different fertilizers, applying them to the land in the easiest, cheapest and most sensible manner to secure the very best results, these are vital subjects for thought, discussion and practical experiment, and should engage the attention of every farmer who has the ambition to make the farm pay a reasonable profit for time, labor and means employed in agriculture.

### DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

One farmer will make a good living and lay up some money every year, cultivating twenty or thirty acres; another won't make expenses, though the land be naturally as good, cultivating double the amount of land. There may be several reasons for this difference in results, but the main reason lies in the difference of the capacity of the individual men. One may be thrifty by nature, training and education; the other may be just the opposite. One man is strictly business, and adheres to business principles in all things he undertakes; the other may lack method and entertain light regard for the small details of business rules and practices. Some men will achieve success under very great disadvantages; others will prove themselves failures with the best of advantages in their favor.

### THE PEANUT

Has been suggested to us as a crop that might prove a very profitable one for stock feeding. It is suggested that the vines and the nuts be gathered all together and steamed (cooked) together. The large California peanut is almost free from dirt when it comes out of the ground. It is a well-known fact that the peanut is very rich in oil. The vines of the above-named variety are claimed to make about one ton of hay to the acre. This hay is very nutritious, and ought not to be wasted, as it now usually is, when it is proven to be such a good food for stock.

### RED CLOVER SEED

As a marketable crop can be grown very profitably on a great many soils of the cotton states, especially on our lime and clay soils. Three or four years ago I noted the statement that a Memphis house had purchased several hundred bushels of West Tennessee grown clover seed. The idea struck me then, and more forcibly impresses me now, that red clover as a monied crop can be grown profitably further south. Two crops of clover in a favorable season can be mown for hay, and a third utilized for seed. Twenty-five to forty dollars as the product of an acre of clover seed, in addition to two crops of hay, is no mean sum to realize. In this connection I will state that while on a visit to the Mississippi experiment station the other day, the director, Professor Tracy, informed me that he secured three tons of clover hay from two crops cut this season, and that he had just sold and shipped the entire product; he realized for the hay ten dollars per ton, delivered on the cars. The third crop was then of fair size and was being turned under green as a fertilizer.

EDWIN MONTGOMERY.

### FARMERS DO NOT CO-OPERATE.

In "Field and Garden Notes" friend Greiner makes the bold declaration that "farmers cannot be made to co-operate, not even under the pressure of immediate urgent needs." It is not our intention to discuss that particular point, because there seems to be no special call for it; the fact must be recognized that there is no co-operation existing, or that ever has existed, that has been effectual in accomplishing any very decided good to farmers as a class; one of the difficulties in the way is the feeling of selfishness that prevails that holds back from the expenditure of any labor that is not remunerative, and which if performed might benefit a neighbor to no inconsiderable extent.

This applies with especial force to the destruction of insect pests and the eradication of noxious weeds.

Probably there is no direction in which co-operation could produce more satisfactory results than in this, and yet there is a complete lack of it, and in very many instances a total disregard of it so far as uniting to the end of securing a mutually beneficial result.

It is surprising to notice the indifference that exists, even though the law steps in with the power that it was intended to exercise to compel co-operation, it does not accomplish its purpose.

In the state of Connecticut there is a law requiring the destruction of that abominable pest, wild carrot, which has been for some years over-running the state; a loyal observance of that law would result in the complete extermination of the plant from the soil, and yet because of a lack of enforced co-operation, the pest still has a strong hold upon the soil, if it is not actually increasing.

We do not wish to misrepresent the case in the least; there are many good citizens who year by year are faithful to the mandate of the law and destroy all plants upon their premises; they are compelled to repeat the labor year after year simply for the reason that a neighbor here and there has neglected to do what the law says he shall do; namely, prevent the seeding of a noxious plant.

The law says, "Farmers, here is an enemy to your success; unite in driving him from your farms." A part recognize what the effect is to be if it remains, and labor faithfully in the removal of the enemy; but others in their short-sightedness can discover no returns for the labor required to be expended, and so do nothing, and thereby they not only do an injury to themselves, but they compel the faithful neighbors to renew year by year their labor of destruction, which by full and combined effort need not extend over two years. Acts of this kind are some of the annoyances that real farmers are obliged to experience. It is a great pity that farmers, like children at school, cannot be graded and classified and then thrown together according to a classification based upon a willingness to co-operate in any and all efforts that might be necessary and put forth for the general welfare of the whole. But such a millennium as that cannot be hoped for so long as human nature possesses its peculiar characteristics.

WM. H. YEAMANS.

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### EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

**FROM INDIANA.**—There is a good corn crop in Allen county, and the farmers are busy husking and cribbing corn and taking care of the fodder. Corn is nearly all in the shock, as hay is a good price. The wise farmer knows the value of good corn fodder, and is saving all he has. There is an abundance of feed in this locality, although there was a continued drought in the hot summer months. The eastern part of Allen county has as good soils as can be found anywhere, yet there is a great deal that is undeveloped; that is, it is uncultured and undrained. It can be bought for a reasonable price—\$12 to \$20 per acre. It is a black, fertile soil, easy to drain. The land is well adapted to all farm crops and all kinds of vegetables, and is only about three hours' drive from the city of Fort Wayne, which affords a good home market, as there are from 10,000 to 15,000 employed laborers in the city. We believe there is gravel sufficient to make all roads in good condition for travel. Good water is easily procured at a depth of from twelve to thirty feet. Our shipping facilities are good. The school system of Indiana is well known to be unexcelled. Society is fairly good.

Dawkins, Indiana.

**FROM NEBRASKA.**—We offer one of the most healthful climates in the United States. The summers are not hot and oppressive, but a gentle breeze is always astir, so one does not feel the heat. The nights are cool and bracing. The air in winter is dry and light. The fall is very pleasant; there is no bad weather, as a rule, until January 1st. Spring comes about a month earlier than in Ohio. We have a good soil spread all over the face of the country. It is a rich, black loam, from seven to ten feet deep, and very productive. We raise the finest cereals and vegetables one ever saw grow—corn, wheat, rye, barley, oats, flax, buckwheat, sugar-cane, sugar-beets, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, pumpkins, melons and all other vegetables are raised in great quantities. Corn and wheat are the chief products. Corn grows to great perfection and always brings a good price. Wheat of the spring variety yields about fifteen to thirty bushels per acre, but the winter variety, which is being largely sown at present, yields about thirty to forty-five bushels, and brings a good price. Cattle, horses and sheep are also raised in large numbers. Fowls of all kinds do well. Fruit will do well when it receives proper attention. The older portions of the state produce as fine fruit as ever grew. The trees here are taking well and will bear soon. Water is no great drawback. The wells are from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet deep; but we have "sheet-water," and one cannot pump a well dry. Almost every farmer has a windmill, and in this way we can get water in great quantities, and do not miss running water. We are not troubled with floods to destroy our crop after we have it growing. Good farms can be purchased at from \$8 to \$16 per acre, all level and nice, with the best of soil and fair improvements—all close to good schools and church privileges. Perhaps you are aware that Nebraska has fewer people who cannot read or write than any other state in the Union. If you come here we will give you a cordial welcome, and you will have good neighbors of American birth. We have plenty of room for good citizens, and any one who will come here and be industrious, energetic and economical, will in a short time have a nice home in a nice country.

Wallace, Nebraska.

The Keystone Woven Wire Fence Co., of Tremont, Ill., are enjoying a phenomenal demand for their fence material. Right through the panic they were obliged to run their works up to midnight, and sometimes all night, to keep their order department from congesting. They are increasing their productive capacity, and will soon be able to meet any demand the public may make for their goods. See their ad. in this paper.

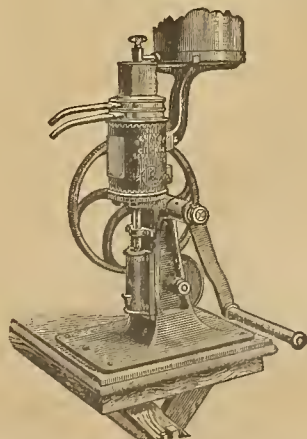
**Young Bearing Orange Grove** and choicest garden land. Close to railroad center. Cheap; terms to suit. Must be sold. **Box 27, Archer, Fla.**

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Will bring success where other systems have failed. Will enable increased profits to owners of Creameries. Will enable every Dairy Farmer to have the advantages of a creamery at his door. Free pamphlet on application. **P. M. SHARPLES, WEST CHESTER, PA.** Elgin, Ill., Council Bluffs, Ia.

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The Centrifugal process is most profitable at this season. When the cows are old in lactation the cream separator makes the greatest comparative savings. The process affords special opportunities at this time. The drought has greatly lessened production, and butter prices will continue high. You want the most and the best product. You need a separator, and you need the **BEST**—the "Baby." It should earn its cost by Spring.

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## Our Farm.

## THE POULTRY YARD.

Inducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammon, New Jersey.

## WHY HENS FAIL TO LAY.

**H**ENS are individuals, and the different members of a flock may in no manner be alike. When it is claimed that a flock does not lay, it must be considered that some of the best hens to be found may be in the flock, and may be laying, but as many in the flock may be non-producers, the good hens fall under condemnation simply for being in bad company.

One of the mistakes made is in not culling the flock so as to retain only the profitable hens. Many persons have become disgusted with poultry as a business because they kept, at an expense, a lot of hens that were not worth the room they occupied, and which served only as an incumbrance to those that were producers, and this mistake is a very common one with those who buy a large number of hens with which to begin, as they are sure to receive some that are useless along with the best. Any system of feeding is expensive if the hens do not lay, and the greater the number of non-productive hens the more cost is added to the eggs received. The fact that there are many flocks from which no eggs at all are received is well known, and this condition is one that should receive attention.

When a few hens prove their superiority as layers they should not be discarded, even if aged. The annual selling of the hens, and keeping untried pullets, is at the bottom of the difficulty. All pullets that are to be used for replacing old hens should be hatched from eggs laid by the best hens, and the sire of the pullets should not only be a male from a prolific breed, but also from a family of good layers. Even with this precaution there will be worthless pullets, but they should be gotten rid of just as soon as their characteristics are known. Delays are dangerous in such cases.

Hens may fail to lay also because of improper feeding. An egg is very complete in its composition, as it will produce a chick, and the food must necessarily correspond. The safest and best course to pursue is to feed a variety. When this is done, and some of the hens lay regularly, and others not, it is time to save food, shelter and labor by getting rid of those that are unprofitable.

## LIGHT BRAHMAS.

Every bird having feathered legs is not a Brahma or a Cochin, and the breed is condemned by some for faults that do not belong to it, simply because many do not know what a pure-bred Light Brahma is. The description of a Light Brahma is as follows: Pea comb (a large comb with a smaller one on each side of the large one, the whole, however, being a small comb resembling a partially opened pea pod). The plumage is white, except the hackle, saddle, tail and some of the wing feathers. The legs are yellow, with heavy feathering down the sides, which extends to the ends of the toes. The beak is yellow, the upper mandible having a dark stripe. A full-grown male should weigh twelve pounds and a hen ten pounds. The Brahma cannot fly, and is therefore one of the best breeds for yards and low fences. It is also a very hardy breed, seeming to be adapted to any climate.

## BRAN AS POULTRY FOOD.

One advantage possessed by bran is that it contains a fair proportion of the phosphates, and for that reason may be used with the ration in order to render it more complete. We do not approve of feeding it in the soft condition if it can be used by sprinkling it on cut clover that has been scalded, though a mess of scalded bran and ground oats, early in the morning of a cold winter day, is very invigorating and nourishing. Even when the food is not varied some advantage may be derived, by way of compensation for omission of certain foods, by the use of bran and linseed-meal. Two pounds of bran, mixed with one pound of linseed-meal and a pound of ground meat, fed to the hens once a day, allowing half a pint of the mixture to ten hens, will greatly add to the egg-producing materials. As a food for chicks, bran should always be scalded and allowed to stand an hour or two in order to soften. As a material on

the floor of brooders, to absorb the moisture, it is excellent, and for packing eggs it serves well as a protection against breakage.

## BREEDS OF DUCKS.

The pure breeds of ducks are more easily kept than the common puddle ducks, as they can be made to thrive without providing ponds. The breeds best known, and which are the most popular, are the Pekin, Aylesbury, Rouen and Cayuga, the first two breeds being white in color and the Cayuga black, the Rouen having a plumage of several colors. These breeds grow to a large size, and individual specimens have reached ten pounds in weight. As they grow rapidly they reach the market at an early age.

## DETERIORATION AND DISEASES.

Diseases may be transmitted to succeeding generations, and unless the flock is kept from "running down" by breeding from new males of selected stock every season, there will be a liability to degeneracy and disease. The fall is the time to procure the males, as they are more numerous at that season, and can be bought at a smaller outlay. No male bred on the farm should ever be kept for breeding purposes. Procure new blood every year.

## A DOUBLE COOP.

A cheap and convenient coop for confining sitting hens, or for separating sick fowls from the others of the flock, is designed by Mr. F. Baltus, Baltimore, Md.,

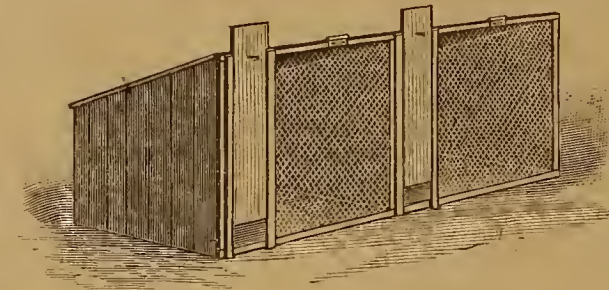


FIG. 1.

who describes it in a letter to us as follows: "My wife was always complaining of not having a coop that she could clean out properly, so I went to work and built her one, which answers the purpose. At least she thinks so. The drawings which I send you explain themselves. The coop can be made single or double, and may be of benefit to some one of your many readers."

The coop is easily made, and costs but very little. The door, which is opened by simply turning it up, as seen at Fig. 2, is made with a half-inch mesh of wire, tacked to a frame with wire nails. If it is desired to make the coop water-tight, it can be easily done by covering with tarred paper. If a hen has a brood of chicks, the coop should be single, as the chicks are sometimes killed when they stray into a coop containing another hen having a brood.

## FEED-TROUGHS.

Never use a feed-trough for whole grain, but scatter it. Never feed soft food, however, unless in a feed-trough or on a clean board.

If the food is in a moist condition, and is thrown on the ground, filth will be swallowed by the fowls, the result depending on whether disease germs are present, and as a flock of hens will, in the course of a few months, cover every square foot of the surface of a poultry-yard with their droppings, there is always danger in feeding soft food on the ground.

## THE FALLOUT BUILDING.

Building the poultry-house cannot now be delayed. It requires quite a length of time for a new poultry-house to be quite free from dampness, and cases have been known where roup was contracted by simply moving the hens from an old poultry-house into a new one. It is generally supposed that boards are dry, but there will be found a difference between an old poultry-house on which the boards have become seasoned and one recently built, and for that reason we advise against delay.

## SELLING COCKERELS.

If the cockerels are retained until their sickle feathers appear they will only bring in market the price of old roosters. Half-grown chicks should consequently be sold in order to get good prices. As prices will become lower from this time until after

Christmas, nothing will be gained by holding onto the surplus stock, which are now taking up the room on the roost that can be more profitably utilized.

## BANTAM FOWLS.

Bantams find no sale in market, and their eggs are never sold, but they lay larger eggs in proportion to their size than any other breeds. If eggs are desired for home use, those from Bantams can be produced at as low cost, proportionately, as other eggs, and as they are not only useful, but are admired as pets, there is no reason why a flock should not be kept, especially by the younger members of the family.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**SOFT-SHELL EGGS.**—I notice a great deal written about hens laying soft eggs. It is abortion, caused mostly by the hens laying too much. It is not as bad with me if I give them corn-meal mixed with milk or water. My hens won't lay much unless I feed them three times a day, consequently they are fat. I have always found any kind of dark feed injurious to hens; it makes their livers large and white. I have been raising hens for thirty years, and have not had any disease among them. Hens laying a great deal causes them to eat eggs, also. S. R. Oak Ridge, Miss.

**USING WEEDS AND VEGETABLES.**—A word about poultry food. We let our hens have as much ground for a range as they want, and they take in nearly forty acres. Our buildings are in the orchard where apples, peaches, plums, cherries and blackberries grow. We raise all of our poultry feed, except wheat bran, as we buy a part of that, so that our feed expenses are very light. Nothing on the farm is allowed to go to waste that poultry can be trained to eat. We save all the small potatoes, if no larger than a bird's egg, all the little sweet potatoes, if nothing but strings, small vegetables of all kinds, little, inferior apples, etc.; all vegetable and apple scraps of all kinds and feed to the hens. We feed all kinds of vegetables, both cooked and raw; all refuse of cattle and hogs, even to the old roosters after they have done all needed service, and all other kinds of fresh meat not fit for family use. The meat is always cooked, and all cooked food is thickened with wheat bran. We feed corn, oats, rye, beans, peas, pop-corn, sorghum and sunflower seed. We use red pepper and a little salt in the cooked feed. We generally sow a field of rye in the poultry range. The hens are so ravenous that they eat blue-grass equal to a goose, and will in a short time clean out a whole patch of horse-radish. They actually ate up all the early greens on the premises from our family. We haul bushels of sand and gravel, pound up all broken crockery, use lots of air-slaked lime, give clean, fresh water and keep the premises clean. We prefer to feed oats to adults and half-grown chicks in the sheaf. We find nothing better for laying hens than sheaf oats. On account of grapes, we raise our young chickens in buildings with plank floors. The feed consists of corn-meal and wheat bran mixed with table scraps, vegetables and apples, onions, lettuce, sweet milk (all sour milk boiled), curd, all hard vegetables, both cooked and raw. We boil a great pot of greens, and mix greens and liquor both in the feed. We place great handfuls or sheaves of lamb's-quarters and mustard in their runs daily, and in a little while every leaf will be stripped off

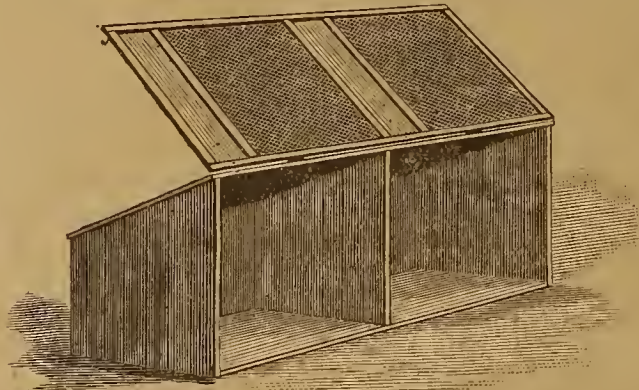


FIG. 2.

the plants. Purslain tied in big bunches is also relished. The green feed tastes better to them if allowed to pick it off for themselves, than to have it chopped up for them, and besides, it gives them exercise, too. We also feed some fresh meat, cooked, and sometimes egg custard. G. A. L. Buckhannon, W. Va.

**USING AN INCUBATOR.**—An incubator is easily managed when the temperature does not go below fifty degrees, but when the temperature of the atmosphere gets down to zero, or thereabouts, I don't know how you would manage a hot-water machine to keep up the temperature. All things considered, I find that the incubator giving the most satisfaction is the one I now use, having a boiler filled with water, and kept hot by an oil-stove at the one end, the eggs being nearer the boiler at the opposite end than they are near the lamp, as the water is nearer, or the egg-drawer is better at the right hand, where the water first leaves the heater, than at the left, and so the eggs must be nearer the boiler at the left to make up for it. Manufacturers of incubators may claim what they please, and perhaps know a great deal more than I do, but I do know that a hot-air machine will not hatch as large a percentage of eggs as a hot-water machine. The heat given off from a hot-water boiler is a soft heat, and soft heat is the natural heat of the hen. Therefore, I think the heat produced in this way is one step nearer nature than those whose heat is supplied by hot air. Another important point is the turning of the eggs. I use a slatted frame, and turn all the eggs in an instant, without danger of breaking, as would be the case when turned by hand. It is original with me, having it in use several years. There are two ways of using it. The way I use my oil-stove, I can sleep just as safe and sound as if I used hot water only. Nor is there any danger of the eggs being

cooked. The stove I use is always full of oil, consequently there is no danger of an explosion. It will burn for three weeks without filling or trimming. There is no smell, no gas, nor the least bit of smoke. I got the idea from a mineral wick. The merit does not lie in the wick, but in the keeping the lamp always full of oil. The oil is supplied by an adjoining tank through a tube, as fast as it is burnt up by the flame. In regard to the brooder, I would say that it is as near perfection to the old hen, with the exception of feathers, as any that I have yet seen. A good brooder is as much or of more importance than an incubator, for one half of the chicks die in rearing them on account of an imperfect brooder, or way of taking care of them. I always could get a better hatch by keeping the temperature up to 105° for the first week, 103° for the second and 101° or 102° the third week. When I tried to hatch the reverse, I always found quite a lot of dead chickens in the shells, especially when I could not get a very reliable thermometer. E. S. S. Pleasant Mills, N. J.

## INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

**Stamp for Eggs.**—E. J. McD., Guichard, Pa., writes: "Please inform me where to get the stamp for stamping the date upon eggs."

**REPLY:**—They can be procured at any place where rubber stamps are made.

**Crossing.**—Mrs. A. P. S., Weston, Mo., writes: "I wish to know which breed is best to cross with my hens. They are Plymouth Rocks, Cochins and Brahmas."

**REPLY:**—If you desire a good laying cross, the use of a Brown Leghorn male would probably be satisfactory. If for market use, the Wyandotte. It is better to keep the breeds pure, however.

**Perhaps Poison.**—F. P., St. Joseph, Ill., writes: "Some of my fowls have died. They appear dizzy, then hang their heads. Both males and females are subject. It has happened several times."

**REPLY:**—It is probable that they have eaten of something (perhaps weed seeds) which caused it, or they may have vertigo from eating too much stimulating food.

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Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun or factory, wool or cotton yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address, J. E. GEARHART, Clearfield, Pa. Mention this paper when you write.

**POULTRY MEN**  
Have proved that green cut bone is the greatest egg producing food in the world.  
**Mann's Bone Cutter**  
Warranted to cut green bone with the meat and gristle, without clog or difficulty, or money refunded. Illus. catalogue free if you name this paper. F. W. Mann Co., MILFORD, MASS.



# Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

**Whitewash.**—J. D., La Fayette, Ind. One pound of common brown sugar to sixteen gallons of soft water, with the necessary quantity of good, fresh-burned lime, makes a very hard and durable whitewash.

**Manures for Cabbage.**—L. L. R., Hempstead, Texas, writes: "Will cabbage do well in sandy soil with only a small amount of bone-meal, cotton-seed meal and lime?"

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—If the land is rich enough it will; if otherwise, not. But why use lime? There is plenty of it in bone-meal. Possibly your soil may need potash, and there is none contained in bone, and but little in cotton-seed meal. Wood ashes would be preferable to lime, anyway; and if the land is deficient in humus, better use some stable manure.

**Keeping Parsnips Through the Winter.**—J. E. S., Crossenville, Ohio, writes: "Can parsnips be pulled and put away the same as potatoes, buried or in the cellar so as to keep?"

**REPLY:**—What you want for market or for use during the winter should be dug before the ground freezes solid, and stored in a root-cellar. What you want to use in the spring can be left in the ground, where they will winter without loss.

**Best General Purpose Sheep—Fence Posts.**—E. B. E., Saybrook, Ill., writes: "What is the best kind of sheep to raise for general purposes?—When is the best time for making white oak and walnut posts?"

**REPLY:**—Some breeders prefer one breed and some another. The best is a matter of opinion. The Shropshire, Southdown, Dorset, American Merino, and others, each has its champions.—Of more importance than the time of cutting, is to select sound, green timber, split the posts and season them thoroughly under shelter.

**Onions and Celery.**—B. J. S., North Creek, Ohio, writes: "Which pays best on good muck land, onions or celery? If celery, how many plants to the acre, and how many pounds of seed to get the number of plants? What is the average price of good celery in the markets? How many acres can a man attend to with a few hands to help?"

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—It all depends on the character of the muck land whether it is good for onions and celery or not, or whether better for the one than for the other. Evidently, you have had no experience whatever with any of these crops. The only thing for you to do is to try both of them on a small scale in an experimental way, and in the meantime read the newer books on onion and celery growing. "Joseph" has written several of them lately.

**Lime in the Garden—Gathering Tomato Seeds.**—A. S. R., Carolineville, Ill., writes: "Will it pay to use air-slaked lime on garden and small fruits?—Will it answer to save tomato seed from a patch of tomatoes where many of them were affected by rot?"

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—Sometimes it pays to use air-slaked lime, and sometimes it does not. If you apply plenty of manure to the garden and small-fruit patch, lime will seldom have much effect, and at any rate, good results can only be expected if it is used as a change, and on rare occasions.—You will find few patches of tomatoes, nowadays, but what have more or less specimens affected by rot. I think it safe to gather seed from the sound tomatoes, and if you are afraid of infecting the plants grown from such seed, you can subject it to a course of preventive treatment, by soaking for a little while in a weak solution of sulphate of copper, just before planting it.

**To Destroy Canada Thistles.**—J. M. T., Galion, Ohio. The following method is recommended in Prof. Beal's "Grasses of North America." Canada thistles have long roots, which store up nourishment in the latter part of summer and fall to feed the spring growth. I kill the thistles without the loss of a crop, as follows: Have the land rich, if possible; at least, have it well seeded to clover, and by top-dressing with plaster, ashes or by some means, get as good growth to the clover as possible. As soon as the clover is in full bloom, and here and there a thistle shows a blossom, mow and make the crop, thistles and all, into hay. After mowing, apply a little plaster to quickly start the growth of clover. You will find this to come much quicker than the thistles. As soon as the clover has a good start, from July 20th to August 5th, plow down, being careful to plow all the land and to fully cover all growth. Then roll and harrow at once, so as to cover every thistle. But few thistles will ever show themselves after this, and they will look pale and weak. When they do show, cultivate thoroughly with a cultivator having broad, sharp teeth, so as to cut every one off under the ground. In two days go over with a sharp hoe and cut off any that may have escaped the cultivator. Watch the thistles, and use the hoe and cultivator until freezing weather. You will see them getting scarcer and scarcer each time, and looking as though they had the consumption. By plowing the land just before freezing, you will have the land in the finest condition for a spring crop. This plan not only kills thistles, but ox-eye daisies and other weeds. It is much better than a summer fallow, and without the loss of any crop.

## VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers, Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. Detmers, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

**Peritonitis.**—G. B., Russell, Kan. Your description indicates that your filly died of peritonitis, an almost invariably fatal disease in horses.

**A Lump.**—A. A. B., Soldiers' Grove, Wis. You forgot to state what kind of a "lump" you mean, and where the same is; whether it is in the throat or adhering to the tail. Some people, and you seem to be one of them, call every enlargement a lump. I cannot answer your question.

**Defective Mane.**—G. E. S., Xenia, Ohio, writes: "Is there anything that I can use which will aid in producing a luxuriant growth of mane on a three-year-old mare? She has rubbed most of it off, and it does not seem to grow out much."

**ANSWER:**—All you can do is good grooming; that is, keep the crest of the neck and the mane clean—if necessary, by washing the same with some antiseptic; for instance, with a two or three per cent solution of creoline. Hair-producing remedies do not exist. Those advertised are humbugs.

**Cow Troubled by Flies.**—E. A. B., Torch Lake, Mich. If your cow is troubled with flies and cannot ward them off on account of a stumpy tail, the trouble will cease very soon, because cold weather will soon come and the flies will disappear. In the summer the best and most humane remedy is to cover such a cow, when in the pasture, with a blanket of light muslin, or with a fly-net, as is done in Holland. If there are sores in the skin, the same will be brought to a healing by a few applications of a two or three per cent solution of creoline in water. I suppose it is the sores more than anything else that attract the flies; hence, bring them to healing first.

**Probably a Case of Cow-pox.**—F. W. K., Hays City, Kan. What you describe seems to be a case of cow-pox; a somewhat troublesome, but not at all malignant, disease. A treatment is hardly ever necessary. Careful and gentle milking and cleanliness usually suffice, because a healing will take place in due time. If, however, the teats should be very sore and inflamed, a mixture of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, and sweet-oil, six parts, may be applied after every milking. The mixture is somewhat poisonous, but as the milk, if the disease is cow-pox, is not desirable for human consumption, it does not matter.

**Debility.**—A. C., Cadillac, Mich., writes: "I have a horse about twelve years old. He is very hearty and fat, but has no life. He is dull, and not willing to work in the harness. His legs seem to give out. He has a swelling coming under his neck. What will cure that?"

**ANSWER:**—The debility and the (probably hydropic) swellings of your horse may be due to various causes, and as the remedy necessarily must consist in removing the cause or causes, I cannot tell you what to do as long as I do not know the cause or causes, and I have no means of knowing the latter, unless you acquaint me with all the attending circumstances and the exact conditions under which the horse is kept and with all the symptoms presented.

**Epizootic Ophthalmia.**—D. F. D., Chapman, Kan., writes: "I have some young cattle that seem to be blind. Their eyes run, and a bluish-white scum covers the eye-balls; white matter runs from them. They seem to be in great pain, and their eyes smell. I would like to know what the disease is; also the remedy."

**ANSWER:**—What you describe is undoubtedly epizootic or infectious ophthalmia. An eye-water composed of corrosive sublimate, one part, dissolved in distilled water, one thousand parts, will do some good in the beginning. But in your case the first stage has probably passed long ago, and your cattle either have recovered or have—some of them—permanently lost their eyesight. Of late the disease complained of has been frequent every summer in certain districts widely distributed over the whole country.

**Amaurosis.**—E. L. Y., Brownsville, Md., writes: "I have a fine mare, four years old, perfectly healthy in every respect. About two weeks ago she became totally blind. There was not nor is there at the present time any inflammation or soreness about the eyes, and they look as clear and sound as they ever did. She is used about three times a week, and kept in a well-ventilated, light stable, and let out in the yard at least an hour each day."

**ANSWER:**—If your mare is perfectly blind, and the eyes clear without any signs of inflammation, it is a case of amaurosis; that is, the cause of the blindness is in the optic nerve, and the case is hopeless and incurable. Such a mare should, under no circumstances, be used for breeding.

**Flexor Tendons Cut.**—J. H. T., Abilene, Kan., writes: "My mare had all the leaders of her right hind leg cut off midway between the hoof and knee. Will the leaders knit together, and if they do, will they be so long as to let her toe turn up, or will they contract while healing so as to hold her foot in its original position? Kindly state any other facts connected with such a case; that is, whether she will be permanently crippled and whether she will get sufficiently well so that it will pay for doctoring her. Veterinarians here disagree as to whether my mare will get well or not."

**ANSWER:**—As it is, your mare will be worthless. If the case had been properly treated from the beginning and the leg been bandaged in such a way as to keep the parts in their relative positions, your mare would have had a good chance to be restored to usefulness.

**Urticaria in a Mule—Pigs with Insects on Them.**—D. A. C., Guilford, Ind. The eruption on your mule is probably nothing but urticaria. If it is chronic (that is, of long standing), it does not as easily yield to treatment as if it is of recent origin. Good grooming, and internally small doses of arsenious acid, as of iodide or bromide of potassium, two drams to one half ounce daily in the water for drinking, may be tried. If there is an itching sensation, washings with a two-per-cent solution of carbolic acid or of creoline will remove it.—The "insects" on your pigs, for all I know, may be lice. Why don't you call them by the right name? The best way to keep them off is to wash your pigs

first with soap and water, and then with a good tobacco decoction, and this done, keep them in perfectly clean quarters free from lice. The same treatment should be repeated in about a week.

**Probably Chronic Catarrh.**—T. Y. B., Allenwood, Pa., writes: "I have a five-year-old mare that had distemper last winter. She continues to cough and discharge at the nostrils, particularly in the morning when watered. The glands in her neck, or throat, are enlarged. I took her to a veterinarian, who gave me a liniment to rub the glands with. She seems some better, but not cured. I have continued the treatment for over two months. It does not seem to hurt her for work. Can you give me a remedy that will effect a cure?"

**ANSWER:**—What you complain of is probably chronic catarrh, and possibly may be something worse. At any rate, it is a disorder which does not easily yield to treatment, and if to be treated at all, a most thorough examination will be necessary to ascertain the true nature and the exact seat and extent of the morbid process, because without such information no treatment that can do any good can be devised. If no competent veterinarian is available where you live, I cannot possibly help you from a distance.

**Coagulating Milk.**—A. G. C., Oxford, Iowa. Milk will coagulate (thicken) whenever the sugar of milk is changed into lactic acid, and the latter combines with the alkaline constituents, which kept the casein in solution. Consequently, wherever such a change (fermentation) takes place, the casein will be thrown out of solution and the milk will coagulate. The same thing also happens if some acid is added to fresh milk. If sugar of milk is changed into lactic acid, the change usually is brought about by some fermenting agency introduced into the milk—by accident, perhaps—after milking. The health of the cow has nothing to do with it, except it be in case of garget, and then the milk is already coagulated when milked out, or while yet in the udder. That improper food given to a milk-cow can affect the quality of the milk may not need any explanation. Ropy milk is caused by bacteria getting into the milk after milking. In such a case, the only known remedy consists in milking with clean hands in a clean place, and in thoroughly cleansing and disinfecting the milking utensils and vessels, and the place where the milk is kept.

**A Morbid Growth.**—W. H. McM., Bear Lake, Mich., writes: "I have a cow that breathes very hard. She is thirteen years old. She has a lump on the side of her left jaw which has been there since she was three or four years old. It does not grow and has never caused her any trouble. About two months ago she hurt her eye, and a short time after commenced to breathe hard, and keeps breathing harder all the time. A short time ago I discovered a lump forming right between the eyes, which is hard and seems very sore."

**ANSWER:**—What you describe is undoubtedly some morbid growth, but whether it is a malignant or semi-malignant tumor, a sarcoma, for instance, whether it is a severe case of goiter, or whether, finally, it is a case of actinomycosis, cannot be decided from your description. If it is a severe case of goiter or struma (a morbid enlargement of the thyroid gland), it may be that the affection of the eye is a consequence, and presents what is known as Basedow's disease; an occurrence not at all rare in human beings and in dogs. Not much can be done with any prospect of success in either case.

**Incipient Elephantiasis.**—J. M. McC., Greeley, Kan., writes: "I have a mare with a big leg. I suppose she was bitten by a snake, about two months ago; I found her in the pasture with her leg swollen slightly. In three days it broke, just above the pastern. There was a discharge of a yellow color, as thin as water. After it broke the matter discharged quite freely, and her leg kept swelling until it got as large as a churn. I gave acetonite to reduce the fever, and in about a week the swelling reduced, but it is very large yet. Is there anything that will reduce the enlargement?"

**ANSWER:**—Although it is not impossible that the disease described was caused by the bite of a poisonous snake, it is more probable that the same was a case of plegmonous erysipelas, not infrequent in horses with abundant connective tissue and a strongly-developed lymphatic system, especially if a small wound or lesion is existing, through which an infection can take place. If the sores discharging the yellowish water (lymph),

and afterwards pus, are healed, but the swelling is yet considerable, the best way to reduce it is by judicious bandaging, to be commenced at the foot. If all sores are healed, exercise may be given during the day, and bandaging resorted to during the night. If there are yet open sores, it will be best to dress them twice a day with iodoform and absorbent cotton, and then to put on the bandage. The latter will not only keep down the swelling, but will also promote absorption. It is, however, doubtful whether all the swelling will be removed; still, it may not yet be impossible.

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## Our Fireside.

## A NOTCH ON A STICK.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE SQUATTER FAMILY.

IN the center of a half-cleared jungle of palmettoes, sour oranges and moss-hung oaks—those semi-tropical growths that belong to the sunny land of Florida—stood a stout little cabin. It was built of brown logs—logs that had doubtless been white at the beginning—and faced the dancing, changeful waters of the lake, the old Indian Astatular, now Lake Harris, whose low shores upon the one hand gradually ascending upon the other into the beautiful bluffs where they tell you the great kaoline beds begin.

A beautiful spot; a spot seemingly designed for rest and dreaming, despite the wilderness stretching back in the rear of the cabin in these magnificent hummocks of almost impenetrable growth; despite the prosaic brown cabin itself; and despite the woman, gaunt, sallow and bearing the unmistakable marks of that fell destroyer, consumption, standing in the door of the cabin with languid, sunken eyes fixed upon the water, two children of equal age clinging to her skirts. She held in her hand a string of fish, and a couple of wild birds, still warm, lay on the doorstep at her feet, quite close enough to absorb the undivided attention of the twins, who observed them slyly from behind the folds of their mother's skirt.

The mother's complaint was entirely lost upon them, a fact which could not affect that complaint in the least, considering the boys were but five years of age, and the complaint made more to the unresponsive water sobbing against the bluffs than to the little—unresponsive also—towheads busily contemplating the outlook for a breakfast:

"What we-uns air goin' ter do I don't know. Starve, I reckon. Starvin' seems ter be in an' about all that air lef' ter folks, sometimes. I reckon we-uns air about come ter one o' them sometimes."

The faded eyes again scanned the seemingly limitless expanse of water. To the untraveled heart of the homesick it was almost as another world that intervened between her and the old home among the far-away Tennessee hills. For however interest and circumstance may combine to draw the feet to strange lands, the heart of the loyal dweller of those grand old heights refuses to be weaned; the feet may wander, the heart, never.

Twelve months before the steamer had set the little family down upon the lake shore. The family consisted of a consumptive husband and a wife scarcely more healthy; Obed, a shiftless, light-hearted boy of sixteen, overgrown and awkward, whose sternest ideas of life were a chase for a rabbit or a shot at a bear in a palmetto-tree; and the twins, Jack and Bennie, who beheld the dawn of their fifth birthday at the same moment when the steamer landed them upon the shore of Lake Harris.

The family had settled upon the opposite shore at first, being lured thither by the wonderful promises set forth in the "boom" that had laid off a town there, built a hotel, a drug-store, a church, a number of pretty dwellings, a railroad and a wharf. The snare proved effective. People moved in. Not the rich, for the rich move cautiously; it is they who have little to lose who are always so brisk to risk it. So the poor rushed in, investing their little all in a home and a few acres upon which to start their groves. And then the boom burst. Just when they began to feel it possible to eke out an existence until the trees should begin to bear, the bubble exploded. The "wind was wrong" for that side of the lake; oranges were frost-bitten and would not mature. Starvation knocked at more than one door, until the frightened inhabitants gathered the small remnant of their possessions and fled; fled where work, at least, was to be had. The big hotel was never opened, and the steamer merely whistled as it passed the wharf of the "deserted village."

The Tennessee family had drifted to the other side of the lake, found an empty cabin—deserted, as they supposed, by some cracker family—and had moved into it without asking permission of any one. They had not moved in with any idea of defiance, but merely as a shelter—"A place to die in," the man told himself. And moreover, the owner of the cabin was absent at his summer home, and his agent, presuming upon that absence, had closed the handsome house upon the lake shore and run off for a little trip somewhere, with a view to disposing of a collection of alligator tusks and leathers he had collected for the northern market. There had been empty cabins enough, the homes of the crackers who had moved farther back into the wilderness as the foot of civilization pressed too near. Why they should have selected this one cabin out of the many they had passed is one of those things not to be accounted as accident, to which some have given the bolder name of fate. It may have been. Who knows? Since fate comes in so many forms and guises, answering even to the name of providence.

The cabin in which the family had taken refuge was part of the property of "the squire," the rich gentleman who owned the pretty house on the bluff overlooking the lake. He owned most of the land around, indeed; had bought it in order to protect himself against squatters and crackers and such objectionable neighbors. The house upon the bluff was covered with jasmine and roses; a mass of bloom the year around were the long, deep verandas that looked out upon the lake. There was a walk to the shore, lined either side with stately palmettoes, with the glint of blue waters shining through the long, rustling leaves; and at the end of the walk a flight of steps that ran down the bluff to a fancy little wharf where the steamer was wont to stop for oranges during the shipping season. There were flowers of every hue and odor, birds of every plumage, while about a fountain that played before the door, water-lilies—white and pink and pale purple—were floating. There was a boat-house, too, for the squire's yacht, and fastened to the piles that supported the wharf were two skiffs, which the natives had permission to use during the owner's absence. They were welcome to do so, only the squire required their return, always, at night, and that no one should ask the loan of them during his sojourn in Florida.

A cracker who had been out in one of the skiffs had stopped at the cabin to leave the "string o' feesh" and "a bit o' wil' fowl," two birds, for the family in distress. He had helped to bury the father the week before, and had helped the others to live since, by a

was a strong face; a good, honest face. The squire himself would have been impressed by it had he seen it at the moment. But the squire did not see it; he was at that moment helping a little lame girl, in a book-store in a far-away city, to select a case of books to be shipped to the house on the bluff overlooking Lake Harris, upon whose still waters the gaze of the woman in the cabin door was bent longingly. The soft air fanned the faded cheek with delicious promise. She could live in a land like that; she could make her own way, too, if she had the opportunity, and if she could sell the Tennessee land. That Tennessee land! She glanced around to see if Obed might be near.

"Obed can't abide me ter count on that mount'n land," she said, forgetting that Obed had no control over her thoughts, however his boyish "mannishness," she called it, might disapprove the hope of ever realizing anything from the barren tract in the Tennessee hills that had once been their home.

"Brother Silas writ me last July ez he'd do his level best ter sell it," she went on, talking to herself. She had hopes of the old mountain land, in spite of Obed. When she sold that, and the little boys were old enough to help, she and Obed could "manage ter get along." Though people had not hesitated to tell her there was not much to be expected from Obed. They called him "trifling," those who didn't understand him. To the mother he was merely "follicsome."

"There's plenty of good in Obed, ef it can be got out; plenty," she said to the blue lake kissing the kaoline banks.

hope. She held the iron fork suspended above the brown fish full three minutes while her inspiration took shape.

"I'm good min' ter do M," she declared. "I'm good min' ter—"

"Obed's comin'," said Bennie, patting her shoulder as she knelt before the fireplace turning her cake. "Obed's comin' home."

At the same moment she heard his voice, singing as usual, coming from the direction of the hummock. Such a voice, and such a song! To the three worshipping ones in the cabin it was the sweetest music.

"Had an ole cow, milked her in a gaad, Ever time she kicked me I lammed her with a brad."

True, true, 'tis so true,  
Cream in the cream-pot, folly barbecue;  
Cream in the cream-pot, fiddle-diddle-dey!  
Johnny kep' pluckin' on the banjo.

"Hit air Oby," said the mother, a smile of welcome lighting the sallow face. "Run 'long, Bennie, an' fetch the cheers ter the table. Here, Jackie, you-uns set the hoe cake up fur mammy. But don't you-uns try ter fetch the coffee-pot, son; ye might let it drap, an' it air bilin' hot. Mammy'll fetch that fur her little boys. Look sharp, now, an' fix things nice fur yer brother; he'll do some-thin' fur you-uns, himbeby, Oby will, an' so will mammy."

The twins did as they were told; they were already, from having it continually dinned in their ears, learning to look to Obed as something which controlled their future; a boy above them; a man, to their imaginations, whom they might worship afar off.

"Ther be be," said Bennie, as the strains of "True, So True," drew nearer.

"Ther's Oby," said Jack, setting the brother's chair in place.

"Come in, son," said the mother; "we-uns hev got a right nice breakfast this mornin' an' it air cooked tolerable well."

A tall, overgrown, awkward boy stood in the cabin door, a rifle in his hand, a shock of yellow hair falling in not ungraceful, waving masses upon his shoulders, and a broad slouch hat pushed back upon his head, disclosing a face that was at once a puzzle and a study. The eyes were gray; that deep, brownish gray that always suggests melancholy even when lighted up with animation. The face was neither strong nor weak, yet it was a decided face. It showed tenderness rather than tenacity; force rather than persistence. His voice, when he spoke to the little boys, who were observing him with a sort of worshipful content, possessed a strangely musical gentleness that served effectively to blunt the edge of the bravado with which he was accustomed to address them. He dipped his face in a basin of water, and smoothed the yellow

shock of hair with a piece of horn comb, before he took the chair little Bennie had set for him at the table.

"Hello, kids?" was his greeting, as if he had but the moment discovered their presence.

The little fellows responded with a smile, and a childish rubbing together of little palms between little knees, as if being spoken to by the elder brother were a compliment not to be underrated.

"Waal, kids," Obed continued, while his mother helped the three plates to the fish and corn-cake. "ther's a rabbit outside; I kilt it in the swammock. An' it's got ter be skunt."

The children offered no other reply than the delighted grin with which they were wont to receive the news of their brother's successes with gun or trap. They would assist, with their presence, at the skinning, of course. Obed had told them the rabbit had to be "skunt;" they understood that as an invitation to be present at the ceremony. The face of the mother, however, showed none of the pleasure expressed in the countenances of the children.

"Oby," she said, in a slow, troubled way, "the squair's niggers hev come."

"Let 'em," replied Obed; "I ain't keerln'."

"An' the squair hissef air a-comin' next week," she continued, ignoring his careless reply.

"Waal, let him, too; I ain't keerln' fur hit, nuther."

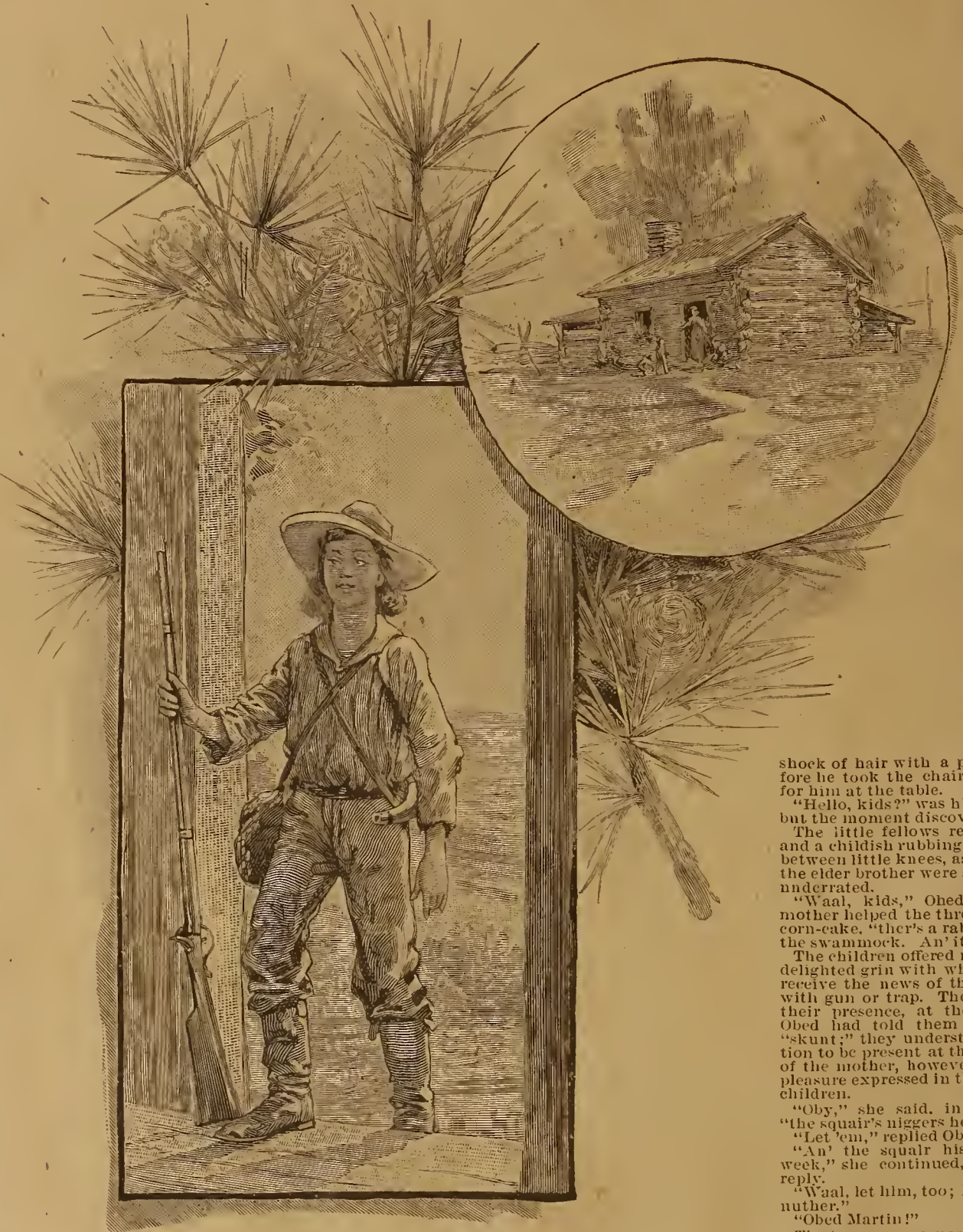
"Obed Martin!"

The tone was as near reproach as any she ever adopted when speaking to him, her tall, shiftless, idolized son.

"Oby, you-uns must keer, son," she dropped back into her habitual tenderness. "The squair thinks we-uns air here ez squatters, come ter put up on him. He'll drive us off like varmints, the folks allows. You-uns must go up an' see the squair, Oby, an' git work an' git him ter let we-uns stay on here." The gray eyes were lifted from the plate they had been assiduously studying; there was a very determined ring in the tone in which the big boy said:

"I won't!"

But the old mountain mother was not disturbed by that; in fact, she was rather pleased that he could speak in a determined way; it contradicted what they said of him, that he was "without will-power"—meaning he was half-witted. She did not urge the matter; she was a very shrewd mother, and she understood the nature with which she had to deal. But when the breakfast things were cleared away, she got down a bit of soiled paper and the stump of a lead-pencil that had been her husband's, and went out where Obed was skinning the rabbit he had shot, the little boys squatted on the ground, looking on with delight in every feature. She sent Bennie to "fetch a cheer," and seating herself under the shade of an oak, she unfolded her scrap of paper, smoothed it carefully upon the lid of an old box that lay upon her lap, and prepared to begin the laborious task of writing a letter. One of the little boys came and leaned against her knee, though he did not once remove his gaze from the rabbit, fast losing its furry hide under Obed's old knife. He did not like to see his mother sitting off there alone, and he



A TALL, OVERGROWN, AWKWARD BOY STOOD IN THE CABIN DOOR. IT WAS BUILT OF BROWN LOGS.

division of fish or fowl when he went out on the lake, and a gopher turtle or a palmetto cabbage when his excursions were confined to the "swammocks," or hummocks, those jungles of oak and wild orange in which so many of the delights of the Florida cracker are hidden. He had brought news this morning, however; news that had sent a thrill of fear into the heart of the gaunt mother and widow. The squire's agent had decamped—"elared out," the cracker said—and the squire was about to return. The servants had indeed come on that morning's steamer, and were already opening and cleaning up the house on the bluff.

The visitor "allowed the squair wuz clever enough, only he couldn't stan' no furrardness, an' he would be tolerable ap' ter kick up a row 'bout their bein' in the cabin, and like as not he 'ud be drivin' uv 'em off." He druv a drove o' folks off'n his land lars' time he n'z down; though he hed ter go nineteen miles ter git hands ter gether his crap, he druv off a whole drove. He allowed they-uns were too furrard. He can't abide furrardness. This house uz built fur his hands, an' he allows he won't hev no squatters about'n him."

Driven off! Where? How? How could they live? Where go? Surely, that little acre could be spared from his many. If not—into the small, dark eyes came a glow; something that betokened strength, that was not without shrewdness, in the character of their owner. The pale face, with the full light upon it as it was lifted a moment as if to meet the untold future dawning very near now,

A gentle swashing was the only reply, as if the blue water might have been saying, "Hush-sh-sh! Do not count on Obed!"

As if she caught some such suggestion in the melancholy music of the waves, she sighed, and turned from the door to the simple duty of preparing breakfast for her children. Her own heart was too troubled for eating. Squatters! That was what they were called, and they would be driven off as such by the gruff old squire when he should come back to his southern possessions.

"Pears like we-uns can't git a purchase on nothin'," she said. "Now, ef them folks as have got 'homes o' their own, a place ter rise up an' ter sit down, an' ter keep the heads o' the little children dry—Lo'd, Lo'd! Folks don't know what pleasure air until they hev got a home like that; they certainly don't."

She turned the browning trout nimbly with the long, iron fork, the twins looking on, hearing her complaint, but giving no heed. The report of Obed's gun in the hummock broke in upon her reflections pleasantly.

"He's a gre't hunter, Oby air," she declared.

"A mighty fine hand with a gun, ter be sure." And so he was; but when it came to a steady, prosaic job in the grove or field, Obed was scarcely to be depended upon. His mother, however, had all faith in him; his shiftlessness was passed over as one of the perquisites of youth, to be outgrown sometime.

It was to him she would have to look for a living for herself and the twins. "now that their pa was gone. Ter Oby an'—the squair."

The sallow face lighted up with sudden



could not quite give up the rabbit. So he went over where she was, and with his small, brown hand resting upon her knee he prepared to enjoy the sport from a distance. But she pushed him off gently.

"Run along now," she said. "Mammy's got ter write a letter. Mammy's got ter write ter Uncle Si fur ter sell some land fur we-uns."

Obed dropped the rabbit with a gesture of impatience.

"Drat the land!"

"Obed Martin!"

"I say, drat the land! I hates it—*ef*," he modified, "*ef* I hates anything."

She looked at him reproachfully, the stub of pencil in her hand, brown hand.

"It air all that stands between them two children an' starvation," she said slowly. "They air too little ter work, though work be plenty. An' their mammy air not strong enough ter work fer 'em, an' their poppy air dead."

She did not censure him; she merely ignored him; left him out, entirely, of her calculations, as something not worth considering. If he understood he gave no sign; if he felt it, she never knew. He had returned to his task of dressing the rabbit, and was whistling "Ole Molly Has."

That night, however, when the twins were asleep, mother and son had a long talk. She urged, argued and pleaded, all to no purpose. He would not ask the squire for work. He "would not be a nigger fur any man. Ef he dray 'em off they'd hev ter go, an' he didn't keer how quick. There!"

The next morning he noticed the very determined look upon his mother's face, as she moved about the cabin. When he took down his gun and started to the woods, she told him that she had resolved to go to the squire herself and ask for work. She couldn't see her children starve, and she could manage to "wrop oranges."

At the same moment the squire was reading a letter, in his city home, received that morning from his man Reuben at his house on the bluff. He was very angry when he folded the letter, and scribbling a few lines on the envelope that had inclosed the letter, he ordered the hired boy to carry it at once to the telegraph office. A little crippled girl looked at him across the breakfast-table and said, as she dropped an egg into her cup:

"Anything wrong, grandpapa?"

"Yes!" roared the squire. "Reuben writes me there is a family of squatters in that double cabin back of the grove; the one at the stile, where my agent always stayed when we were occupying the house. I telegraphed him to put them out, at once—at once!"

"Oh, grandfather!"

"At once," replied the squire. "I will not have those trifling, wandering fellows take up on my plantation. As for employing them, I would sooner allow the fruit to rot on the trees. I will not be put upon by squatters; they must move off at once. I will tolerate no foolishness."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE ARRIVAL OF A FRIEND.

The pretty house on the bluff wore an air of genuine southern comfort. Every window stood wide open, and the windows reached from floor to ceiling, letting in the glad, good sunshine until it lay in silver patches upon the walls, or long, quivering bars upon the floor, where a swaying rose-bush now and then dipped its bloom-laden branches before the window, crossing the silver with shadow. From every window dainty curtains swayed lightly in the gentle breeze from the lake; the soft swishing of the water and the half-melancholy rustle of the stiff magnolia leaves mingled pleasantly with the voices of the servants calling to each other from room to room, where they were busily arranging for the family expected by the morning's steamer.

Not lacking in curiosity, Obed had hung about the place for two days, watching from a covert of citron and young lime-trees a tall negro man trimming the rose-bushes and training the jasmine that covered the broad verandas. A dozen times he started from his hiding-place to go and speak to the man, but a word his mother had used arrested his steps each time. "Squatters!" Somehow, the feeling that people believed them to be such made him feel that it was true. He was afraid the man would drive him off. He had caught a glimpse of a smart-looking maid who wore a white cap, moving about in a bright, sunshiny room, whose windows opened upon "the palms," a space between the yard and the orange grove where the palm-trees, some forty or fifty, had never been cut away, but which made an oriental kind of scene that was the favorite nook of the occupant for whom the smart housemaid was preparing the pretty room. She called it "The Palms," and the morning on which the family was expected, Obed saw the maid carry a little crimson hammock out and swing it under the trees. Another was swung among the jasmines that shaded the veranda, and a pillow of gay silk was tucked into each.

The maid seemed hard to satisfy in regard to the room, however. Obed could see her while she tied the light curtains back with a slip of blue ribbons, loop them this way and that, stand off and look at them with her head to one side, in a critical manner, then change them again, letting them a trifle lower, lifting the ribbons a fraction higher, until Obed thought she would never get them to the point that was just right. At last, however, they seemed to suit her, and stepping out the low window, she ran down the walk to a rose-bush, and gathering a lapful of the large, yellow-looking rosebuds, hurried back to finish her decorations.

A few minutes later, the negro who had been trimming the roses called to her that the steamer had whistled for the wharf. Sure enough, it was coming; there was a line of smoke that looked like a banner waving from the tall smoke-stack. The servants about the place heard the whistle and ran down to the wharf, to the very last one of them. The smart maid was the last to leave the house; and when she did come out at last she carried a blue silk sunshade in her left hand, while with her right she was pushing a little willow chair that moved on wheels. Obed had never seen one like it, and so great was his curiosity concerning it that he could scarcely resist the temptation to come out from his lurking-place behind the citron-bush and join the servants at the wharf. But he had heard such queer stories about the old squire for the last two days, that he was afraid to face him just yet. He came from his covert sufficiently, however, to see the group on the little steamer's deck waving their handkerchiefs in acknowledgment of the salute being waved from the landing. There was an old man, tall, heavily built, with gray hair and beard; that, he knew, was Squire Roseborough. The lady standing at his side, waving a white scarf, was his widowed daughter, Mrs. Featherstone. Obed had heard of her as being very proud and rich, and having nothing whatever to do with the people around. He watched her intently; so intently, that when his gaze, slowly traveling the steamer's deck,

fell upon a small figure leaning heavily against the rail, with the saddest, palest face turned toward the landing, he almost started.

"Be it a kid or a woman?" was his thought. But when the pale face suddenly turned to catch a shimmer of sunlight, he "reckoned it were nuther; it were jest a angel in a gal's clothes."

The little girl pushed the tangled, wind-blown hair from her face and languidly waved a handkerchief to the servants assembled at the landing. But when the maid with the white cap came down from the house, pushing the chair, the child dropped her handkerchief and kissed her hand to the new-comer, a greeting that was instantly returned by the maid.

"Her room, I reckon," said Obed, nodding toward the blue ribbons the woman had tied about the curtains.

The next moment the steamer was at the wharf and the Roseboroughs were coming up the walk toward the house. The boy behind the citron-bush drew back, though he still watched, through the branches, the party coming toward him. The squire came first, followed by his widowed daughter, a queenly-looking woman, who carried herself very much in the same manner as did the squire himself. The squire's wife was dead, and Mrs. Featherstone made her home with him, as did Ekse, Mrs. Featherstone's daughter, whom the maid was bringing up the walk in the rolling chair that had so perplexed the boy behind the citrons.

The squire looked very stern and solemn. Obed thought, until he turned, as he frequently did, to speak to the little lame girl. His face seemed very tender and kind then, almost like a different face, indeed.

Obed watched for another glimpse of the face that had so perplexed him. It was the mountaineer's first peep at real life, and for a moment he wondered if he had dropped suddenly into another world, where it was all sunshine and flowers and gay laughter. At this moment the breeze tipped the blue parasol aside, and he saw that the lovely little face lying against the silken cushions was as pale as marble. The rose-cushions only seemed to bring out the delicate beauty more perfectly, though it could not disguise the weary look in the large, blue eyes, over which the pale lids drooped heavily. Across the chair a small crutch was lying. Obed had not noticed the crutch when she stood on the steamer's deck, kissing her hand to Julie, the maid. He saw one of the servants step forward and remove his hat before offering her the cluster of orange blossoms he had picked as a kind of greeting for her. But when the tired little voice said, "Thank you, Reuben," Obed had a feeling that he would like to have thrashed the man for disturbing her. He heard her the next moment say:

"Oh, Julie, go slow; it does hurt my lame back so!"

And when he saw the stern old squire turn and lift the fragile little form in his own strong arms, while the golden head dropped wearily upon his shoulder like a broken flower, he crept away from his hiding-place and went home through the grove in the rear of the house. He had no further desire to spy upon Squire Roseborough's family. Somehow he felt, by contrast with that which he had witnessed, more like a squatter than ever.

His mother was busy in the kitchen when he got home, and the little boys were gone off to fish, with bent hooks, from the public wharf half a mile distant. The friendly cracker who brought the fish earlier in the morning had allowed them to go along with him. "To give their mammy a breathin' spell," he told his wife, who also made one of the party.

The cabin seemed rude and bare enough after the bright scene he had witnessed, though Obed, for all his shiftless ways, was not given to envy. He knew the house felt lonely, although he scarcely understood why. He hung about the place until noon, doing nothing and saying little. He even forgot to whistle, and not one of his funny old songs suggested itself as a break in the monotony of a morning at home.

His mother came out at last, and finding him sitting under an orange-tree, silent and thoughtful, called to him in her shrill, sharp treble to know if the boat had come "fur true."

"Oby," she said, upon receiving an affirmative answer, "I wisht yer would go up ter see the squire, son."

"Done see him," said Obed, with a characteristic chuckle.

"Done see the squair? Why, son, why'n't yer tell yer mother? What'd he say, Oby? Did he ax yer in?"

The manner in which he said, "Not *this* time," caused her to fear some prank at the bottom of the meeting. Obed was given to pranks.

"Oh, son," she said, "tell me, hev they come fur true?"

He nodded.

"Come on the boat while ago. I see 'em. A man, a woman, a lot o' niggers an' a little kid, all hair an' eyes, ridin' in a cheer an' kerryin' uv a crutch. Not good fur much, I rickin; looked kind o' fagged out. Squair wuz ther, too; I see him."

"How did he look, Oby?" she demanded, with as much interest as if Squire Roseborough, the stern old orange grower, had been a near kinsman, or at the least a very, very dear friend. "How did Squair Roseborer look, son?"

"Oh, he's healthy, I reckon," said Obed. "Leastwise he looked like he might a had a tolerable breakfast, then again he didn't; naw, I'm sure he ain't had noie, not a scrap nor bite. That's how comes it he sort o' minded me o' that ther tiger-cat I kilt in the swam-mock day befo' yistiddy. The one these smart licks 'roun' here allowed ware a catamount count o' its tail. Its tail ware too short fur a cat, them smart-uns allowed. En mebbe it ware; I dunno. All I knows air ez Squair Roseborer hev got a mighty close-kin kind o' look to that ther wil' varmint."

He saw the fear that crept into her eyes; he felt it in the voice with which she asked:

"Air he survivin'-lookin', Oby?"

He nodded.

"Jest about like the stump-tail catamount I'm tellin' of you-uns about. Not quite so smilin' as the cat, mebbe, but a right sharp favior."

In spite of the chuckle that accompanied the slanderous description, Obed knew well enough that he was not giving the squire justice. He had seen the tenderness in the strong, stern face whenever it was turned toward the afflicted child.

Still, he had truly thought of the unyielding, wild creature he had first wounded, then killed, in the hummock, when the squire's face had been turned for a moment toward the citron-bush, behind which he was concealed.

He recognized that in the face, although he did not know its name, which would brook neither foolishness nor trifling. For the first time in his life Obed had come face to face with a strong will, and he recognized it in one glance at the face of its owner. It made him



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R. 10.

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think of the wild creature brought to bay in the forest.

"Did you speak to Squire Roseborer, son?" To the simple-hearted, affectionate mother there was nothing too good or too grand for her boy; and she believed, moreover, in the old mountain custom of "being friendly" and of speaking to everybody, a custom as unchangeable as the hills themselves.

Obed glanced up quickly. There was an odd, half-comical expression in his eyes when he said:

"Speak?" He burst into a roar of laughter, leaning against the tree and holding his sides, as if speaking to old Squire Roseborough were the liveliest joke of the season.

"I say, speak! Jest wait till you see him. Did I speak ter the tiger-cat, passin' compliments an' sich? Naw'm, I didn't speak. Oh, my, speak! The squire trilled mighty hard ter git me ter he friendly an' ter shake hands with him, but I wouldn't. Naw'm, I'm ohleegeed ter tell you the truth. I didn't speak. I didn't git elost enough. An' I don't aim ter git clost enough ter speak, never. Speak ter Squire Roseborer! Oh, my goodness! I say it!"

The next moment he was gone; he dragged his gun down from its place above the door and strode off toward the hummock. His voice came back to her, where she stood as he had left her, wondering as to his mood and the meaning of his words. He was singing, as usual, one of those old meaningless jingles he had picked up in the mountains of Tennessee.

"Had 'n old wife, she had no sense;  
Looked like a sapsucker sett'n on the fence;  
True, true, 'tis so true.  
Cream in the cream-pot, folly barbecue;  
Cream in the cream-pot, fiddle-diddle-dee;  
Johnny kep' pluckin' on the banjo."

She sighed, and went back to her work, saying in extenuation:

"Poor Oby, poor son; he do so like ter enjoy hisse'f, Oby do."

At sunset his rifle still sounded in the hummock, though he came home at dusk without having brought down anything. He had merely been "enjoyin' hisse'f," as usual.

The next day he was out again early, before his mother could find an opportunity for renewing her efforts at persuading him to see the squire.

He did not go home to his dinner, but went instead to get some cartridges from a neighbor who made a business of hunting also, who, with the generosity that is characteristic of the cracker, was always willing to share his stock.

It was near sunset when he crossed the white, sandy road that lay between two magnificent tracts of Squire Roseborough's hummock land. The road was more like a tunnel than a veritable driveway, winding as it did through a forest of moss-hung oaks that met in a gray arch overhead, while the sides were a wall of gray moss, wrapped from tree to tree until it was scarcely possible for human foot to pass through the magnificent jungle. The road, dusky at all times, was wickerly so at the sunset hour.

Obed stopped a moment, as he always did when crossing there, to look down the dreamful vista nature's great architect had built. He possessed a keen sense of the beautiful in nature, and was alive to all her many moods and changes.

"It air pritty," was his thought as he watched the gray moss swaying like a shadowy, fanciful thing as the light wind played in the tops of the tall oaks. "It air pritty; all o' Florida air pritty—most as pritty as Tennessee, if it had the mount'ns. Naw, I won't say that, nuther. I be bound ter stand by the mountains. Hello, what's that? My, what a trap!"

A light basket buggy was coming down the road, drawn by a small white pony. There was a dash of blue and a sparkle of silver as a stray glint of sunlight fell now and then upon the pony's silver bits, or caught in the meshes of the light robe thrown over the laps of the occupants of the buggy. Obed saw that those occupants were women. He had no time for further discoveries before the pony threw up its head, stopped stock-still in the middle of the road and refused to stir. The phantom came to such a sudden halt that the woman

(Continued on page 16 of this issue.)

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## Our Household.

### SOUL TO BODY.

So we must part, my body, you and I,  
Who have spent so many pleasant years to-  
gether;  
'Tis sorry work to lose your company,  
Who clove to me so close, what'er the  
weather.  
From winter unto winter, wet or dry;  
But you have reached the limit of your  
tether,  
And I must journey on my way alone,  
And leave you quietly beneath a stone.

They say that you are altogether bad  
(Forgive me, 'tis not my experience),  
And think me very wicked to be sad  
At leaving you, a clod, a prison, whence  
To get quite free I should be very glad.  
Perhaps I may be so a few days hence;  
But now, methinks, 'twere graceless not to  
spend  
A tear or two on my departing friend.

Now our long partnership is near completed,  
And I look back upon its history;  
I greatly fear I have not always treated  
You with the honesty you showed to me.  
And I must own that you have oft defeated  
Unworthy schemes by your sincerity,  
And by a blub or stammering tongue, have  
tried  
To make me think again before I lied.

'Tis true, you're not so handsome as you were,  
But that's not your fault and is partly mine.  
You might have lasted longer with more care,  
And still looked something like your first  
design.

An even now, with all your wear and tear,  
'Tis pitiful to think I must resign  
You to the friendless grave, the patient prey,  
Of all the hungry legions of decay.

But you must stay, dear body, and I go.  
And I was once so very proud of you;  
You made my mother's eyes to overflow  
When first she saw you, wondrous and new,  
And now, with all your faults 'twere hard to  
find

A slave more willing or a friend more true.  
Ay, even they who say the worst about you  
Can scarcely tell what I shall do without you.

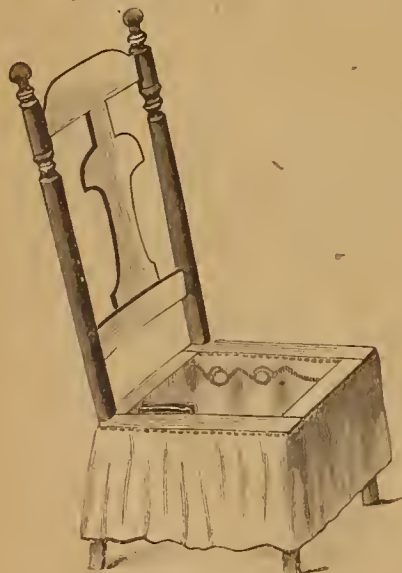
—Cosmo Monkhouse.

### HOME TOPICS.



**H**OUSE PLANTS.—There is no denying that a few healthy, growing plants in the window brighten a room during the dark days of winter as nothing else will; but don't make the mistake of trying to keep so many that their care will be a burden. It is not necessary to buy expensive plants, and of those brought from a greenhouse into the dry atmosphere of our living-rooms many soon fade and die.

Morning-glories make very pretty plants for hanging-baskets or bracket-pots, as they can be trained up around the window, and will bloom profusely, though the flowers will be smaller than when grown out of doors. The nasturtium is also pretty for a hanging-basket. A root of the



SLIPPER-CHAIR.

common bleeding-heart, taken from the garden before the ground freezes, will grow and bloom during the winter. These, with a pot or two of ferns from the woods, will make a lovely window.

The delicate maiden-hair fern can be kept in a healthy condition by keeping the soil in the pot in an equable state of moisture, and never letting the pot stand in a cold draft of air by opening the window on it. The pots of ferns should be immersed to the rim in a pail of tepid water twice a week during the winter. No matter how common the variety, a thrifty, growing plant is always beautiful.

**RUINED LIVES.**—Every few weeks I read in the daily papers of the mysterious disappearance of young girls from fifteen to

eighteen years of age—too old to be kidnapped against their will—and in nearly every case the sequel to the story is a life ruined by their ignorance and folly, or a tragical death.

Last night I read that the aid of the police was asked to find a young girl of seventeen, who had been missing from her home for three days. She was described as a pretty, bright-eyed brunette, and her mother said she did not feel alarmed about her at first, as she was in the habit of going out to walk with other girls in the evening, and frequently went home with a friend for the night; but now she had learned that her daughter had been meeting a young letter-carrier during these walks, and she believed this accounted for her mysterious disappearance. Was this mother altogether blameless?

Almost every day and evening we see on the streets of our cities and villages young girls whose manners attract attention. No doubt in most cases the girls are ignorant of the construction which is put upon their behavior. Many young girls think it is wise to appear a little "fast," and regard it as merely fun to flirt with chance acquaintances made on the street. Some of them—whose minds are filled with sensational stories where the hero falls madly in love with the heroine when he first sees her face, follows her on the street, makes her acquaintance, and finally marries her and carries her to a home of wealth and elegance—these girls fancy a similar fortune awaits them.

Although these street acquaintances may end in a flirtation only, as doubtless many of them do, yet a risk has been taken and a stain is left on any young girl's heart who indulges in them.

I cannot but believe that the parents who permit their young daughters to come and go at their pleasure, often not knowing where or how they spend their time, are blamable for much that follows. Delicacy is something which, when once lost, can never be regained; but ignorance is not delicacy. Instead of the Old-World custom of never permitting a girl to go on the street without a chaperone, I would have girls so wisely taught of the evil in the world and the danger of making chance acquaintances, that they might ever be protected by their own pure hearts and quiet, dignified behavior.

A healthy home life is the soundest safeguard, and in this home life the wise mother is her daughter's most intimate friend and confidante. She keeps her own heart young, that she may understand the feelings and trials of the young hearts given her for guidance and be a wise counselor when her loving care is most needed.

To be in closest sympathy with her children, the mother must begin at the cradle. She must constantly accustom herself to enter into her children's feelings and share their joys and sorrows. Then they will grow up with such a bond of love and trust that whatever comes to them, the first impulse will be to tell mother.

MAIDA McL.

### HOME-KEEPING.

Dear housekeepers, faultless ones, whose houses never accumulate dust and whose cellars are as neat as your parlors, how is it about your home-keeping? These are not one and the same. They are similar; but many houses are in no real sense homes, heart-homes. There may be absolute cleanliness, the prettiness that bric-a-brac and drapery give, and yet the essential element of the heart-home be wanting. Instead of the warm and winning atmosphere, there may be chill and cheerlessness. Almost as great responsibility rests upon you, wives and mothers, in this matter of home making and keeping as in the care for husband and the training of the children.

What first induces the young husband to join and punctually attend the club? Is it not disappointment in his wife? Is it not her failure to make herself and home so attractive that it shall be the dearest and sweetest place, so satisfying that he will not need the club? Many a man has gone to ruin because there was no knowledge beyond housekeeping in the place he called home.

What an accountability rises up before the woman who fails in this duty. Bitter indeed is the hour in which the young husband learns that his wife saves her pleasantness and prettiness for the world, and has little for him and home. Equally bitter has been the experience of the wife scarce out of her bridehood, who discovers

that she is not as attractive as in the lover days, and that clubs are necessary to entertain and while away the evenings.

There is a remedy for all this. The charm of home and the power to attract and hold the husband belongs to and is the duty of the wife. Men are not more perfect than women. There are women who have done all that was possible, and have failed. Of them it will be said, "She hath done what she could." All honor to them. But the larger class, the selfish and the demanding, are those who reason thus: "I have my rights as well as he. If he will do thus and so, so will I go my way." Fallacious argument! Many an aching heart lies beneath such defiant words. Let me describe a wife who really made and



WORK-BASKET.

kept a home; a home in the dearest, sweetest sense; a home whose memories fill the eyes of a six-foot and sixty-year-old man to-day.

Mary was married young, not an only daughter, but the eldest and best-beloved. She had been accustomed to petting and lived in a loving atmosphere. Surrounded by comforts, with a host of friends, she had an extremely happy life. When her wedding day was announced many were the queries as to whether she could be happy in this strange home to which she was going, in a strange city, away from the sweet sounds and beautiful sights of her country home.

George, her husband, was a young, active man, full of business, and ambitious to be a leader among the wealthy. He loved Mary dearly, but she had a rival. It was love of money. She went to a beautiful dwelling, attractive with pictures and ornaments, well appointed, and glistening with newness and beauty.

All went smoothly until the necessity arose for devoting the evenings to business. Books and papers were brought home. Mary had to sit quietly, while George wrote and calculated, and was so wholly absorbed in his business details that he seemed even to forget her presence. She felt lonely, set aside and neglected. Was it for this she had given up home and friends? It was hard.

Evening after evening was spent in this way for nearly six weeks. No word passed between them until the clock struck eleven, when he arose, gathered his papers quickly, and with a tired look prepared for rest.

What did she do, upbraid and irritate, complain and censure? No, indeed, for as he wrote, she was reasoning thus with herself: "Many a wife would be thankful to have her husband sit beside her all through the evening. Many sit alone, indeed. George is doing this as much for me as for himself. He shall have my sympathy, my patient, silent help."

The next evening, as it came near the closing-time, she slipped quietly from the room to bring in a plate of cake and some hot lemonade, which he particularly fancied. This she presented with a sweet smile, and in her kindest, cheeriest way said:

"I am so glad you are through. Now we will have our refreshments and a five-minutes' chat."

How his face beamed, and what a warmth filled her heart as he said:

"My dear little wife, you don't know what a help and comfort you are to me."

This was the beginning of her home-keeping. She always rose early, a little in advance of her husband. While he dressed, she saw that nothing was missing on the breakfast-table, and as long as the flowers

lasted in her little garden, there was a flower or a spray of trifolium laid by his plate, for his buttonhole. The newspaper went directly to his room door when it arrived in the early morning, and she handed this to him herself, with some pleasant remark about not reading too long and a promise to give fifteen minutes' notice of breakfast.

Did this make him selfish? No. It is an unusually hard nature that responds not to little loving attentions from the wife. She was always looking for him in the late afternoon, unless there was a caller. But when she heard his key in the door, she excused herself to meet him in the hall, and presented him to her friend.

Here is the mistake which many a young wife makes. She fails to arrange her engagements for the hours when her husband is absent, and to make it the rule to give the welcome home when he arrives. This comes to be one of the sweetest things to the husband, and one which he misses most when it fails.

She studies his tastes, dresses to please him, and was made happy in his admiration and pleasure. She catered to his appetite in the regular meals, choosing his preferences at luncheon, which he took down town.

You will say she was perfect. In truth, she was not. She was irritable and jealous, but she was wise. She loved him better than she loved herself. She learned that, nine times out of ten, she could have her own way by yielding to his. She would say pleasantly:

"Well, I intended to do thus and so; but it shall be as you say, and I will be satisfied."

He would then, if it was possible, do as she wished. Her generosity awakened his. They had differences, but, true wife that she was, she always said, "Forgive me, George, I was wrong."

This quickly aroused his better sense, and he exclaimed:

"No, Mary, it was not all your mistake. Fully half the wrong was mine. Forgive me." This ended the difficulty, as a rule.

Everything bright and pleasant was done for him, and a blessed home-keeper she learned to be. Years after, when the children added to the life and cheeriness of the household, her wise way of forgetting self shone out. They were taught to watch for and welcome father. Little things were done especially to please him. Verses were learned to recite to him, a handkerchief hemmed to surprise him. One ran to put away his hat and cane and another to bring his slippers. His return was the gala hour of the day. Each one's birthday was celebrated. Little gifts were made or bought, little loving notes were written or printed, according to the years, a new piece of music played or sung. Every holiday was a jubilee, and Christmas was made supremely happy in the giving—not receiving; that was made to hold a secondary place.

Oh, what a blessing such a home will be



FLOWER-TABLE.

all through a lifetime. What hallowed memories cluster around it, and how revered will be the mother who makes and keeps such a home. If there is a tender spot in the world-hardened heart of an erring man, it is the remembrance of mother and home. Dear young wives and mothers, give to the house all needful care and attention; but never neglect the smallest details, even the seemingly unimportant, of the home-keeping. Make the home a well-loved spot for all who dwell there. Be the wife and mother best beloved, molding by your sympathy and unselfishness the lives of those about you, and leading them to noble and heroic deeds and faithful service in the battle of life.

HOPE HOLIDAY.



USEFUL ARTICLES.

It is the little adornments of a house that give it a home-like appearance, though one should not be so wedded to those that have gone out of date or become soiled as to be unwilling to give them up for those of more recent date.

**WORK-BASKET.**—A dainty work-basket is always attractive. The one we give, lined with silk and trimmed with ribbons, and hung in a tripod of bamboo canes, is particularly pretty. It is only to contain the dainty work reserved for evening or when some one drops in.

**SLIPPER-CHAIR.**—A chair you do not care much for can be utilized for this; draped and painted, with a cover to fit the seat, it answers the double purpose of a seat and a receptacle for shoes.

**FLOWER-TABLE.**—This table has the center cut out, so as to sink the flower receptacle below the surface of the table. It can be made a thing of beauty. I had more satisfaction out of one very large, fine-leaved begonia last winter than out of a whole standful of inferior plants. It made an enormous growth and retained all its leaves through the entire season. I rested it this summer, and it will spring into new beauty this winter. A few well-developed plants are better than a lot of scraggly ones.

**LETTER-CASE.**—This is made of glass, upon which you can paint a spray of flowers, if you choose. It is incased in ribbons and suspended by them. It is a very lovely adjunct to a young girl's room.

**NAPKIN-HOLDER.**—This is a great convenience for children. Crochet in silk around the brass rings, and run rubber the color of the silk through them, and attach clasps at the ends. These would make very attractive Christmas presents for several little children.

**CROCHETED EDGE.**—A few yards of this, to some one who does not do the work, would be very acceptable. Fancy braid is used in part of its construction.

**LINEN-WORK.**—To those who are taking this up now, let me say, do not waste your silks and time on the common cotton pieces offered for sale, but get the best of linen, as they last so long, if done upon good material, and you feel that your work has paid. Large patterns are very effective and less work, and the small patterns need to be done with a very exquisite touch to have them look well. Do not attempt too elaborate patterns at first. It would be nice work for a little girl's club, and then about Christmas you could have a sale, if you did not care to keep them.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

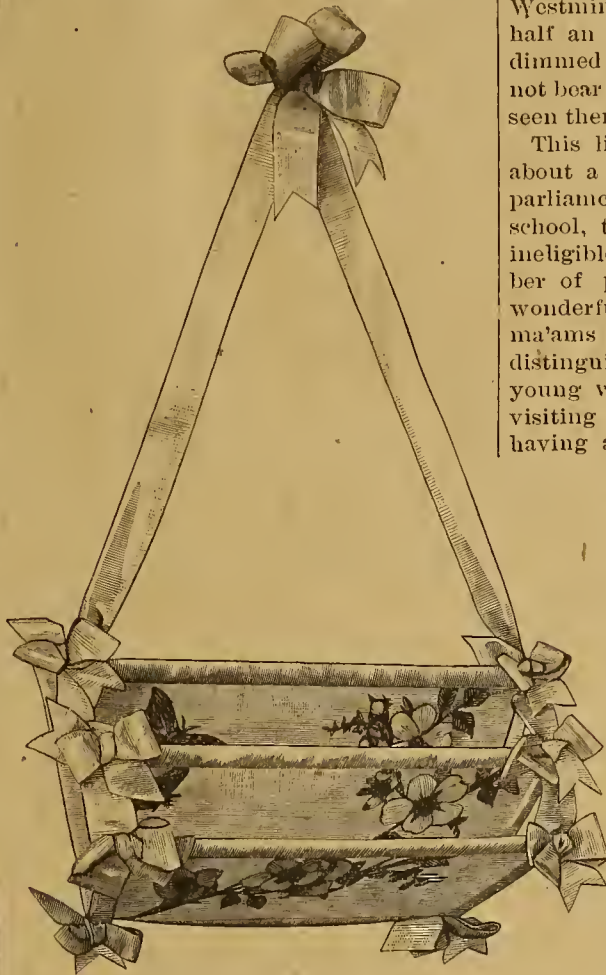
TO THE GIRL WHO IS ABOUT TO MARRY.

This article isn't so much for the girl who is to marry a rich man as for the girl who is going, for weal or woe, to unite herself with a man whose worldly goods are moderate.

Every girl who has a taste for the matrimonial life also has a love for a home in its fullest sense. She likes that home to

a clerk, or very likely there is something with which she busies herself that brings her a salary. Sometimes wee baby girls are so fortunate as to have a "hatching-chest" started for them, into which the fond relatives begin to stow things useful for her when she shall grow to be a woman and have a home of her own.

If the girl is not so fortunate, then, nothing daunted, she can start one for herself. Out of each month's earnings she can



LETTER-CASE.

either lay by or invest a certain sum for her house-to-be.

It is so easy to buy a pretty dish here, a cup and saucer there, when one is going about. I know of one housekeeper who can tell many a charming story as she washes her dishes. She will tell you that the time they all went to Blanktown and had such a good time that she saw that pretty dish and bought it for her hatching-chest. In fact, many of her dishes have some association, over which she likes to linger.

Then there are the quilts and comforts. The quilts! Ah, me! I have a mingled feeling of pity and admiration for the woman who pieces a quilt. I pity her because she seems to be frittering away so much useful time, and I admire her because it does seem so natural and irresistible for a housekeeper to do such silly work, if she have a born love for it. But after all, the prettiest, most durable and satisfactory home-made bed-coverings are those made light in weight. One's old sateen and challis dresses work up nicely into comforts. I have little use for the heavy, stiff comforts made of starched calico and filled with a lot of cotton.

Then on Christmas and the birthdays, when she likes to remember John, she can be "long-headed," and at the same time love him just as much, if she gives him a pretty picture or an easy-chair, which will help fill some corner of the home-nest-to-be.

As for fancy work, it isn't advisable to accumulate too much, especially of the purely ornamental kind. It goes out of date so quickly, and one does not want too much about, anyway, for it gives a room an overstocked and stuffy look. But let her start her hatching-chest by all means, and some day she will thank her lucky stars for the things contained therein.

M. D. S.

IDEAL MISERY.

I am a great lover of Dickens. Now, if you are not, you will have no patience with my expressed taste, but if you agree with me, you will applaud my literary preference.

I admit that it takes perseverance to get fairly started in one of his big books, but then they pay so grandly for the effort. If you cannot attack such an immense structure of plot and people, try his short stories. You can read half a dozen in an afternoon. If you wish to be melted into tenderness, there will be bits of pathos to bring tears to your eyes. If you would laugh, there is fun in plenty, while always you must be delighted with his marvelous

descriptions, no matter to what applied. No matter what he tells, it is all done so well.

Here is a tale called "Sentiment." It must have been written when the author was very young, about twenty, when, to use his own language, he "dropped his manuscript stealthily at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box," and when, afterwards, he saw it in all the glory of print, he said, "I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there."

This little story, "Sentiment," is only about a silly daughter of a member of parliament, who was sent to a boarding-school, that she might be safe from an ineligible suitor. The family of the member of parliament is touched off with wonderful skill, as well as the school-ma'ams and their elation at receiving so distinguished a pupil. The sentimental young woman finds her lover to be on visiting terms at the boarding-school, he having a "cousin" there, and they make an elopement. After being for a short time the wife of a good-for-nothing, "she finds that ideal misery is preferable to real unhappiness."

So, after laughing at the way the story is told, we reflect on this grain of wisdom. Ideal misery; how many girls cultivate it! Nearly every girl is unhappy over a love affair. The saying that "the course of true love never did run smooth" may be responsible for much of this lackadaisical sighing; but the fact is this, girls, if love runs too roughly, it is not true, and would much better be thrown aside. If it is your parents' will which makes your difficulty, trust to them. If it is incostancy on the part of your lover, or if you cannot understand each other, let him go. For my part, I like those jolly verses from Tom Moore:

When love is kind,  
Cheerful and free,  
Love's sure to find  
Welcome from me.

But if love brings  
Heartache and pang,  
Tears and such things,  
Love may go hang!

If love can sigh  
For one alone,  
Well pleased am I  
To be that one;

But when I see  
Love given to rove,  
To two or three,  
Then—good-by love!

Love must, in short,  
Be fond and true,  
Through good report,  
And evil, too,

Else here I swear  
That love may go,  
For all I care,  
To Jericho!

Yes, that is the way a happy old maid feels. And she deserves some credit for it, because if she had a tendency to ideal misery, she might moan because she has no husband, no children, and will never be a grandmother. But it pleases me to congratulate myself that I have no mate to double my anxieties, and no posterity to multiply my cares.

My neighbor, Mrs. Dwight, has a talent for misery. She has a little son and daughter, and a husband who, although he will never set the world on fire, is good and industrious. His wife is always miserable about something, principally because they don't get on in the world as fast as she wishes. One day, when she had been complaining, I said: "Woman, be glad that Johnny isn't dead, and Molly a cripple, and your husband sick with a malignant cancer!" She did reform for a while after that, but lately it is the old story.

Did it ever strike you, it is not the real griefs of life—loss of money or friends—which cause us the deepest unhappiness? We worry most over imaginary ills; we waste ourselves in ideal misery.

AUNT GRISELDA.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

TABLEAUX.

Soon the long winter evenings will be here, and the young people will be planning for some form of social entertainment. For their benefit we give three effective and easily executed tableaux.

"The Flower of the Family" always takes well. The curtain rises, disclosing a flour-barrel on which is painted in large, showy letters some well-known brand of flour. After waiting long enough for the audience to take in the apparent "sell," the front staves of the barrel, which have been previously loosened, are pushed aside, and a pretty, popular child of four or five years of age, attired in quaint, fancy costume, steps out, and after gracefully saluting the audience, the curtain is drawn.

"Good-night" is a pretty closing tableau. The lights are turned very low as the curtain rises, disclosing a little girl in long, white night-dress, with bare feet peeping out beneath her white nightcap scarce confining the pretty curls. In one arm she hugs her loved dolly, while in the other hand she holds a lighted candle. After a moment she sweetly bids the audience "good-night" and retires behind the scenes.

One of the prettiest tableaux I ever saw was also used as a closing, and was announced as "Bedtime—a Connected Tableau and Pantomime in Three Scenes."

The first was a young mother seated near the bed with her little three-year-old child in her lap, all ready for bed. As the mother counted the little one's toes, a clear voice behind the curtain repeated the old nursery rhyme:

This big toe took a naughty boy, Sam,  
Into the cupboard after jam;  
This little toe said: "Oh, no, no!"  
This little toe was anxious to go.  
This little toe thought 'twasn't quite right,  
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.

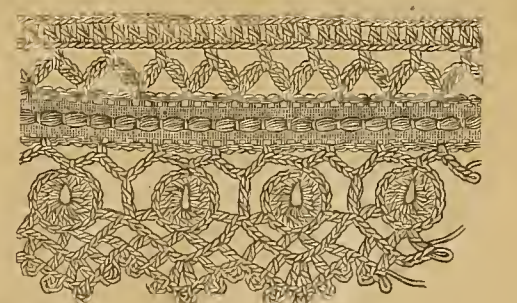
This big toe got suddenly stubbed,  
This little toe got ruefully rubbed,  
This little frightened toe cried out: "Bears!"  
This little timid toe said: "Let's run up-stairs."  
Down came the jar with a loud slam, slam,  
This little tiny toe got all the jam.

In the second scene was the mother as before, and her little child kneeling beside her with clasped hands, while in the background an angel hovered.

The third scene disclosed the child in bed asleep, one little arm tossed out over the cover, her golden curls showing on the pillow, and the mother beside her, one arm resting lovingly over her as she bent to see that all was well. An angel with outstretched hands and wings poised as for flight, hovered over and just back of them. The lights were turned low, with only a dim glow on the stage, and the tableau was lovely.

The angel was represented by a girl eight or nine years old with a sheet draped about her, leaving neck and arms bare. Her face, neck, arms, shoulders and long, wavy hair were powdered a dead white, and she stood on a low step-ladder, also draped in white, she being higher and nearer the bed in the last scene than in the second. The wings were a wire frame covered with unprinted newspaper.

The bed was made by placing a broad board on four chairs. To the backs of



CROCHETED EDGE.

those intended for the head a light frame was fastened, making it about fourteen inches higher than the foot. Both were then draped with sheets, making a very dainty-appearing child's bed.

CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

**REMEDY FOR ANTS.**—I have found flower of sulphur an effectual remedy for ants of all sizes. Scatter it all around the window-sills where they come into the house, and all around the edges of the shelves. I also dig open their nests where I find them on the lawn, and scatter the sulphur freely in them, and they soon disappear, not to return.

Seald the bowl in which the butter and sugar are to be creamed for cake; the hot dish heats the butter so that it will blend much easier with the sugar.



NAPKIN-HOLDER.

be well stored with things that are useful and things that are beautiful. She likes to know that her supply of table-linen is ample; that there are plenty of sheets and pillow-cases, and that the drawer for the towels is not scantily supplied.

If the girl who is engaged to John knows that John isn't amply able to provide all of these things, why shouldn't she take it upon herself to see that these provisions are made? Maybe she is a teacher, maybe



## Our Household.

### WHEN THE NEW WEARS OFF.

He was a youth, and she a maid,  
Both happy, young and gay,  
They loved—and life to them was fair  
As one continuous May.  
The croakers saw this happiness,  
And said, "Ah, love is blind;  
You're happy now, but care will come,  
When the new wears off, you'll find."

They married, and then their life grew rich  
With calmer, ripper joy;  
They were as man and wife more fond  
Than when as girl and boy.  
Their "friends" could not endure the sight,  
And said, with wordly wit,  
"It will not be so bright and fine  
When the new wears off a bit."

Ah, well, the new wears off, of course,  
And then, what did they find?  
An oldness which was better far,  
For love is not so blind  
As selfish care, and loving hearts  
New joy will always meet,  
So, when the new wears off, they'll find  
Old love the more complete.

### SOUVENIRS FROM THE FAIR.

**I** WENT the way of the world, the flesh and the miscreant this summer and found myself in the White City on a bright day not long ago. Loitering along down in the Liberal Arts, I amused myself watching the Cingalese in their bazaar, dressed in their picturesque oriental costume. Presently, along came an honest old soul from the country, who, like the excellent man that he was, had brought his good wife along to help enjoy the sights. Being of a social disposition he concluded he would go in and visit awhile, so he tried the gate; but he couldn't get the combination. The crowd surged past, busy, bustling; but blissfully unconscious of the amusement he was affording, uncle worked away. Pretty soon along came a native who had been to headquarters after a relay of tea. Brushing uncle aside he touched the latch, when, presto, change, open it flew, as by magic, and in he walked, casting a look upon uncle black enough to dishearten any one less courageous. Not so uncle. Through wars and rumors of wars, he persevered, until auntie, catching his sleeve, drew him away indignantly. There was fire in her eye and anger in the elevation of her nose, and she gave those innocent Cingalese a glance more withering in its intensity than the noonday sunshine of their native isles, as she said in scornful accents: "They think they're so smart."

"Why, who does?" asked uncle innocently.

"Why, them old Ceylons. They think they kin jist come over here to Ameriky and run us Amerikins out!" and there were enough contemptuous exclamation points in auntie's voice to have buried the whole bazaar.

"Orange cider! Orange cider! Nice and sweet! Sweet and good! Only five cents! Try a glass!" cries the enterprising youth who sells this insinuatingly delicious beverage at the Nebraska building.

"Eh, made in Nebraska, I suppose?" says a pleasant cynic interrogatively, whereupon everybody smiles—even the gilded youth with the chameleon upon his cravat.

Then I hurried away to the Idaho building, where I fell in with some lovely Wisconsin girls and compared experiences. "I had picked up a kaleidoscope the other day and was looking through it, when along came an old gentleman, and bless your soul, didn't he stop and look through the other end. And there we stood eying each other through that tube," said one of the ladies.

Of course, we all laughed, and another lady said: "Well, I had a funny experience, too, the other day. It was down in the Moorish Palace. You know, there are so many wax figures down there, and they are so deceptive. I was sitting on a divan, when somehow I felt kind of funny, turned around, and what do you think? There stood a lady examining me from head to toe. 'Thanks, awfully,' said I, 'but I'm not a wax figure,' and really, her friends

laughed so hard that the Bulgarian orchestra paused in the midst of a beautiful air, to smile over the fun, too.

"And I," I began, but the bell rang six, and we all had to disperse, so I had to save my experience.

If one is an admirer of relics, there will be find ample gratification for his penchant in the Massachusetts building. There one may read the original Scarlet Letter Law, which provides that both man and woman convicted of the offense shall sit in the public stocks for one hour, and shall have a capital A of some color contrasting with their ordinary garments fastened upon their clothing, and that each time they appear publicly without it, they shall be subjected to not less than fifteen stripes. From such cold and forbidding soil as this sprang the passion-flower of Hester Prynne's love, and the immortal genius who created it looks calmly and thoughtfully down upon the surging multitude, to many of whom these historic relics bear a sacred significance.

Up-stairs one may find an old-time conception in tapestry of our much-enduring, long-suffering forebears, Adam and Eve. Eve in a costume fearfully and wonderfully made.

They had the appearance of having dressed for a garden party, and Adam, supposed to be seated upon a mossy bank, looked as though he were scooting through the air on an invisible toboggan-slide, a very badly frightened forefather, bent somewhat in the shape of an obtuse angle. Eve, arrayed in all the glory of crinoline and an impossible chignon, had just placed her hand upon an apple that nodded in tempting proximity; and as we could not see the gentleman whose pleasant gallantries have for six thousand years had the honor of winning the heart of the fickle Eve, we concluded that probably fruit was as defective then as now, and that the face-



INITIALS FOR MARKING HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES.

tious old attendant was, very probably, curled up inside, waiting to startle the fair lady when she had taken a bite or so from the unfortunate apple.

Just across the aisle from Adam and Eve hung a fragment of the wedding-gown of Mrs. Governor Endicott. In its day it must have been an expensive and beautiful dress, and we imagined a demure and dark-eyed Puritan maiden, clad in all its glistening, splendid sheen, with its festoons of roses and vines and tender buds, with soft laces caressing her pretty throat and arms and leaning gravely on the arm of stern, unbending old John Endicott upon that wedding morn, two hundred and seventy years ago. Ah, me! How the present faded away and page after page of old New England history flashed past in panoramic view.

A wedding-dress of white brocade, a pair of green satin slippers, pointed and high-heeled, brought to mind a vision of stately halls, grave courtesies, dignified cavaliers, powdered queens, embroidered vests, small clothes, silk stockings, silver buckles, minuets, granddames and glittering brocades, with a background of blazing fireplaces, and dmsky Indian figures creeping warily through dark forests, where the snow lay deep in winter, and from whence it crept slowly and reluctantly before the soft spring breezes.

And just here somebody grasps me by the arm and says, "Come on, we can't spend too much time in one place," and my dream of the past is swallowed in the rushing present.

CARRIE O'NEAL.

### SOWING SEED.

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow!" Thus the preacher read, one summer Sunday morning, then he expounded the parable of the sower. As he talked of all the kinds of ground and of how some seed seemed to be wasted as it fell from the hands of the husbandman, or of how the birds of the

air came and took it up, one and another of the congregation thought the sermon did not apply much to them, since they were neither preachers nor teachers, and had their hands and heads full of the business of the week.

After the congregation was dismissed Mrs. Adams looked about her, and as she walked along out of her pew, she thought how tired Mrs. Bird looked, and how sad Miss Rice was, and she saw several whom she knew had had no outing through the summer. In the morning as she went to do her marketing, she stopped at the house of a friend, Mrs. Burt, as fortunately situated as herself, and together they planned a picnic, as they called it, but it was not like other picnics. We will furnish all the supper, said they, and we will make it just as nice as we can. They lived in a city on a lake, so they thought a boat-ride would be pleasant. Just as they were planning, Mrs. Burt's sister came in, who had a home for the summer at the beach, and she offered the large dining-room of her summer cottage in which to serve the supper. So it was all agreed. Forty were invited, and they were not all chosen from the sad and weary ones, but enough of the more fortunate were invited to give to the party the best of cheer, and not have it seem wholly a charity.

Mrs. L was a dear old English woman, with her white hair in little puffs at each side of her face. She hadn't been anywhere in four years, she said afterward, and she was very happy to go. Mrs. Welch had never been invited with the church people since she had been among them, and she hadn't thought she wanted to be invited. Her husband had been a useful pastor, and she the honored minister's wife for years where they had lived. After he died she came to the city to live with her son; her work seemed to be done and she was sad. It did her good to

have them want her to go, and though not much acquainted, there was tender Christian fellowship that made her content, and gave her another interest in life.

Then Mrs. R had thought she could never go again in any company, because the world had looked so dark since her husband's death. That day she went because Mrs. Adams had urged her to go, and partly because her mother was with her and not well, and the bracing air of the lake might do her good. And that day there came to her a higher thought than her own sorrow, and a revelation of doing for others, a giving up of selfishness, even of selfish sorrow, until real joy came into her heart. The world grew more beautiful, and she saw that she loved to live.

Then it rested Mrs. T, for it gave her fresh air and brightened her, for her husband was a chronic invalid and she nearly always stayed right in the house with him.

Another dear woman went who must soon go to a hospital for treatment and could not know the outcome, and as she said, "I shall, as I lie in the hospital, see in my thoughts all your dear faces and recall our perfect afternoon at the beach."

No more elaborate tea could have been served to any wedding guests than was served that summer afternoon. As they came home many spoke to Mrs. Burt and Mrs. Adams, saying, "You went out to sow in earnest, did you not?"

"Why, no," said they, "we never connected the sermon and the picnic; in fact, in church we thought the sermon did not apply to us."

"Well you have done your sowing just the same," said Mrs. S. "You have both sown the seeds of sympathy and interest, and the seed will not be lost. You have given to us with no thought of return. No sower ever sowed more precious than you have this day."

They had not thought that that day's party was such a beautiful service to the

master. Across the church that same day sat Mrs. M, and as she heard the "sowing sermon," she thought the seed-sowing rather beyond her sphere in life; but as she was going out of church she noticed two tired, thin-faced shop girls. She knew their names, and spoke to them, asking where they roomed. During that week she found them on the attic floor of a high building, in a small room. They boarded in a cheap restaurant, for beside supporting themselves, they had to care for their mother and a sick sister, so they had to live cheaply. They had not had a day's holiday in three years. So Mrs. M invited them to her beautiful home to stay from Saturday night after their work until Monday morning. What a rest, and even foretaste of heaven, that home was to them. One of the girls said to Mrs. M: "It will not matter how many years you live, you can never think of a more beautiful thing than this to do again."

Do we think that sowing may be done by every act in life? One cannot weigh the harvest when the sowers go out to sow, and often they sow all unconsciously.

MARY JOSLYN SMITH.

### ENTERTAINMENTS.

**DOLL DRILL.**—This is for little tots whose ages range from five to seven years. They should be dressed in Kate Greenaway costume, with poke bonnets or Gainsboro hats. The little midgets are seated on high chairs, each holding a doll in her arms; at a given signal and keeping time to music, the children with the dolls clasped in both hands, go through a series of calisthenic drills, that any kindergarten teacher in the neighborhood can furnish you with. After that the children can croon a lullaby like the old-fashioned quaint: "Hush, my child, lie still and slumber," and imitate a mother putting her babe to sleep. Don't you know that any entertainment given by children is almost sure to draw a crowd? Each child, you know, has a host of friends and relatives who delight in seeing the amateur histrionic talent of the family; besides, people in general thoroughly enjoy seeing children perform. Here is a description of a unique and I think novel entertainment.

**THE "ORANGE GROVE."**—In a moderate-sized hall or very large parlor have two avenues of evergreen trees. Bank up one end of the room with greens, laurel, palms, ferns, etc., and have the piano hidden in a bower of greens, so that soft music can be heard during the entire evening, but the instrument not seen. Hang Chinese lanterns everywhere, borrow all the candelabra in the neighborhood, and lamps with yellow shades, to shed a soft, mellow light. The trees should be decorated with oranges made of yellow felt and filled with some sort of a prize. Most of them contain something useful, such as a pair of mittens, small silk handkerchief, needle-books, court-plaster case, etc. A few might contain something comical, like a booby prize. Ice-cream, orange-ice, orange-cake and fresh oranges should be on sale. The pretty waiter girls should be attired in filmy white dresses, with orange sashes and ribbons. Now, with the gas turned low, lamps and candles shedding a yellow radiance, "yellow and white" girls flitting about among green trees, the scene is enchanting.

### HOW TO WATER FLOWERS.

All writers on floriculture agree in the importance of moisture, but not all agree as to how water shall be applied in the effort to secure a moist temperature, writes Eben E. Rexford. "Sprinkle daily," one says. "Flirt water over them with a whisk-broom," says another. I notice that I have made use of the word "shower," I presume that the other writers quoted from had the same effect in mind that I have; but the term "sprinkle" is a misleading one, and a whisk-broom is not the proper instrument to use in distributing water over and among the plants. You must have something more than a mere sprinkling to do much good, and with a brush broom a mere sprinkling is about all you ever get. You should aim to throw water up among the branches, so that the lower side of every leaf is wet; unless this is done you but half accomplish what you aim at, and this is all you can accomplish by the use of anything that does not throw a stream of water forcibly in any direction you want it to go. Every person growing plants in the window ought to be the owner of a brass syringe made expressly for florists' use. With one of these implements it is the easiest thing in the world to get water just where it is needed, and the red spider is sure to be routed by the persistent use of it.



AUNT NANCY'S ROMANCE.

Go along, you silly creatures,  
And don't you talk such stuff;  
It's like to make your poor old aunt  
Get cranky, sure enough;  
Do you know I'm nearly forty—  
Do you think I've lost my head?  
And as for Deacon Tomlinson,  
You know his hair is red.

You know he's got nine children,  
As wild as they can be—  
Good land! I tell you 'tain't a bit  
Of use to talk to me.  
Besides, I'm nearly forty,  
And I haven't lost my head,  
And as for Deacon Tomlinson,  
His hair is awful red.

You say he's coming over here  
To tea to-night? Oh, my!  
I'll have to fry some doughnuts  
And bake a cherry pie;  
And, Dolly, honey, you must make  
A loaf of sally-lunn,  
With lots of eggs to make it light,  
And bake it good and done.

What, something of importance  
To tell me, did you say?  
I wish you'd plait my muslin ruff,  
And do it right away;  
I know I'm nearly forty,  
And I haven't lost my head,  
And as for Deacon Tomlinson,  
His hair is kind of red.

But then, it's just as well to look  
As decent as you can;  
And the deacon is always a most  
Observing kind of man;  
We knew each other long ago,  
When we were young and green;  
We had a falling out, and so  
He married 'Tildy Bean.

It's only just about a year  
Since 'Tildy quit this life—  
He says he's lonesome, does he,  
And he's bound to have a wife?  
Dear me, I'm nearly forty,  
But I believe I've lost my head;  
And as for Deacon Tomlinson,  
His hair ain't very red.

—Good Housekeeping.

EUGENE FIELD IN THE EAST.

**M**R. EUGENE FIELD, of Chicago, has been visiting Boston and giving readings. A reporter of the *Advertiser* prints this sketch, which is doubtless intended to be not only descriptive, but humorous:

"Mr. Field looks somewhere between twenty-five and fifty-eight years old. His face is smooth, and so is much of the rest of his cranium. He looks the New-Englander of the Hosea Biglow type, and the only thing that surprises one when he owns up to having been born in Massachusetts is that it was not New Hampshire. His frame is tall and osseous, and his hands, complexion and furrowed facial surfaces would do no discredit to the worst specimen of the genus horny-handed labor. The shining roof to his brain cavity is only smooth when his conversation is in a state of comparative repose. When he speaks, the moment he begins to grow interested in the subject is marked by the corrugation of his forehead into a horizontal frown, in deep and many furrows, that extend from one temple to the other, and show where the underscores should come in in the emphasizing, italicizing and capitalizing of his enthusiastic conversation."

The many western friends of Mr. Eugene Field will be glad to know that his venture on the platform as a reader has been attended with flattering success in the East. The entertainment which Mr. Field and Mr. Cable offer conjuncting, is drawing large and appreciative audiences. Mr. Field's "Second Book of Western Verses," by the way, will be published immediately, and from the advance inquiries for it, the publishers anticipate a very large sale. Mr. Field's two first books, "A Little Book of Western Verse," and "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," have now passed through several editions, reaching a total sale of 20,000 copies.

SANDWICHES.

Few things are more appetizing in their way than are these delightful and substantial dainties. They may be made either of sweets or of meats, and in some form or another must meet the taste of all people. The old idea of a thick slice of bread buttered in spots with thick lumps, and filled with enormous slices of cold beef or ham is passe, to say the least. Something better is at hand, and sandwiches present themselves in such dainty forms and fillings that even an epicure is tempted to partake.

Good bread is the first requisite; it must not be too fresh, but for rolled sandwiches it should not be twenty-four hours old. It is very nice work to butter the bread for the accepted sandwich of to-day. It must needs be done before cutting, else it can scarcely be done without causing the bread to break or crumble and the thin, even slice is spoiled. For meat or fish paste sandwiches, the slice cannot be cut too thin, and in case of using anchovy or chicken paste, this, too, must be spread before the slice is cut. A little greater thickness is allowable where tongue, chicken salad or game is used.

Graham bread makes excellent sandwiches, and is toothsome when sweets are used for filling; jelly preserves, chocolate tablets, fig paste and various other sweets make delicious sandwiches. This is a little out of the old idea that meat must always form the filling, but it makes a pleasant change, and the children who take lunches to school will appreciate it. White bread or rye bread are better with meats or cheese or salads. Beef makes a most delicious sandwich if properly prepared. The proper way is not to cut in slices, but to mince it and season well. I like a salad dressing on the meat. A little good mustard will do if the salad dressing is too much trouble. Spread thinly with butter, as few things are more disgusting to some than are chunks of butter, left to dissolve in the month; let the spreading be done before cutting the bread, and then cut thinly, allowing a good spreading of the filling, but not enough to become mussy. Where sandwiches are used for lunches they should be wrapped in waxed paper, as this preserves them moist and fresh, even after some little time has elapsed since their preparation.

Chicken salad from which the dressing will drip makes a most delectable sandwich. Then follows pickled tongue, which is cooked till very tender. Deviled meats are also good, but there are apt to be scraps of meat about that will make most appetizing sandwiches if minced and well seasoned. Fish, too, may be utilized.

The following is a most excellent recipe for sandwich filling:

**CHICKEN PASTE.**—Cut or mince fine the meat of a chicken, a beef tongue and some mushrooms. Melt four ounces of butter, adding a tablespoonful of minced shallots, fry awhile and add two ounces of flour, stir and fry, and finally add a quart of chicken broth, thicken with the yolks of four eggs, add the juice of a lemon and boil three minutes. Half of this sauce may be reserved for another time. Add the tongue, chicken and mushrooms to half the sauce that is in the saucepan, boil a few minutes and cool. This filling will keep a week, and it is good for almost any kind of bread, white, Graham or crackers.

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October 18, 1893.

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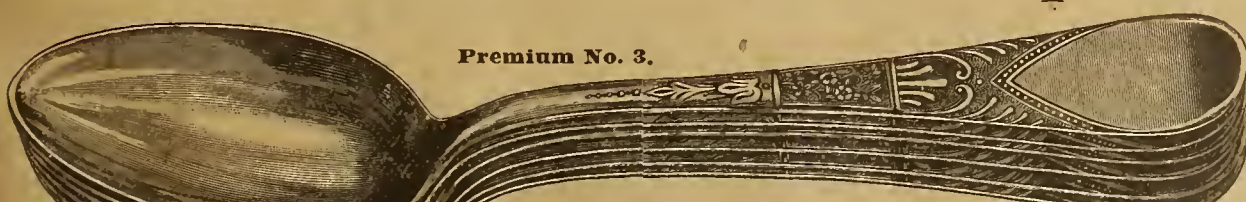
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## Our Sunday Afternoon.

### WORLD'S PARLIAMENT.

"He hath made of one all nations of the earth."  
The New World's call hath summoned men to prayer:

And swift across the ocean's path of foam,  
Along the mountain tracks or desert's glare,  
Or down the Old World valleys they have come.

O golden, olden East,  
Right welcome to the feast.  
The New World welcomes you  
In the most holy name of God,  
The New World welcomes you.

The New World's call hath summoned men to prayer:

All Christendom hath felt her great heart beat,  
And Europe's messengers from everywhere  
Still wake the echoes with their coming feet.

O Musselman and Greek!  
The glad New World doth seek  
With Christian and with Jew,  
In the most holy name of God,  
To love and welcome you.

The New World's call hath summoned men to prayer:

And Africa hath heard the call and cry  
To her most noble sons to haste and share  
The brotherhood of worship side by side.

O heirs of liberty,  
Dear negro brothers ye,  
At last at one with you,  
In the most holy name of God,  
The New World welcomes you.

For all the creeds of men have come to praise,  
And kneel and worship at the great white throne

Of God, the father of us all, and raise  
The all-world's prayer to him, the great alone,

O creeds, whate'er ye be,  
The truth shall make you free.  
And be ye old or new,  
In the most holy name of God  
The New World welcomes you.

Let Moses still be revered, and the name  
Of Buddha fill his worshipers with awe.  
Still let Mohammed from his people claim  
A sober life and conduct as before.

Yet nought of outlook shall be sacrificed  
By which man doth his soul's horizon scan,  
For over all the creeds the face of Christ  
Glow with white glory on the face of man.  
And all the symbols human tears have stained,  
And all the paths of prayer man's feet have trod,  
Have nearer knowledge of the father gained,  
For back of soul and symbol standeth God.

In fullness of the time,  
From every creed and clime,  
The New World and the Old  
Pray in the age of gold,  
In one vast host on bended knee  
The Old and New in unity.  
Of truth's eternal good  
To east and west forever given,  
Proclaim in sight of heaven  
In the most holy name of God,  
Immortal brotherhood.

### FOR OVERTHROW OF CREEDISM.

IN working for the world's salvation we are to work for the overthrow of creedism. The religious world is divided, because of creeds and not because of God; theories and opinions are made substitutes for truth. The substitutes are relied on and the truth is left in the background. The prophet's staff could not put new life into the dead boy—the man of God must touch and breathe in him, and human creeds cannot give life to the dying race of men—God himself must touch and heal and save.

The pulpits and churches and organizations must be linked for the work of saving from crime and violence. The same writer in his vision saw united the figure having the face of a man, of a lion, of an eagle and of an ox—united for God's work. He teaches the union of different forces for a great object. I believe that God wants the union of America and Europe and Asia and Africa. Union for salvation; for the lifting up of humanity. For this purpose God made all nations of one blood, and for this purpose the master prayed, and that prayer God will answer through all who do his will.

In working for this wonderful object, let us keep in view the fact that there will be held another parliament of religions in that great city, the New Jerusalem, with its jasper walls and gates of pearl, its streets of gold and rainbow-gilded throne, its tree of life and river clear as crystal, its sea of glass mingled with fire and wonders untold. The angelic and redeemed hosts of heaven with those who come from the North, and the South, and the East, and the West shall form a parliament where the union shall be eternal, for there is the fullness of joy and pleasures forever more. Between that parliament and this there is a gateway. On the arch are the letters D-E-A-T-H. Through that gateway we

must pass, and if we develop character until we reach the arch we may interpret the letters. D stands for disciple; E, enter; A, and; T, travel, and H, heavenward. Death to the Christian means, disciple enter and travel heavenward.

### ONLY ONE MOTHER.

Hundreds of stars in the lovely sky,  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
Hundreds of flowers in the sunny weather;  
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,  
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,  
But only one mother the whole world over.

Perhaps the subtlest self of all is the saintly self—the self that asserts itself in denying itself and fosters a subtle spiritual pride in the emphatic profession of humility. I meet with dear Christian souls who seem calmly to take it for granted that they are living on a higher plane than their less enlightened fellow-Christians. "We are living the higher Christian life, and we have such wonderful times up here on the mountain top; we are sorry for you poor, dear, half-enlightened souls who are still on the wilderness side of Jordan, and haven't yet entered the promised land, with which we are now quite familiar." There is a deal of dying to be done still by those who cherish these lofty thoughts of their own attainments. The holiest man will ever be the man who thinks least of his own holiness.—Rev. W. H. Aitkin.

### A HOME THRUST.

A story is told of an old Fijian chief and an English earl—an infidel who visited the islands. The Englishman said to the chief: "You are a great chief, and it is really a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries, who only wish to get rich among you. No one nowadays would believe any more in that old book which is called the Bible; neither do men listen to that story about Jesus Christ; people know better now, and I am sorry for you that you are so foolish." When he said that, the old chief's eyes flashed, and he said: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now you—you—if it had not been for these missionaries, for that good old book, and the great love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you—you would never leave this spot! You have to thank God for the Gospel, as otherwise you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on your body in no time!"—Chronicle.

### THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults and much blame, therefore the art of not hearing should be learned by all. It is quite as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many which we ought not to hear, very many which, if heard, would disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness, that everyone should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to his pleasure. If a hot and restless friend begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief those fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. It has been remarked that if all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion stuck full of sharp remarks.

### ALMOST.

The sentiment of the popular religious song, "Almost Persuaded," has a capital illustration in the words of Aunt Sally, an old colored Christian: "Almost! Why, chile, dat no good. S'pose I almost take a drink, I se dry still. S'pose I almost go to my dinner; dat help my stomach any? No, honey, we's got to eat, or else we goes hungry. I don't almost love my Lord Jesus; I loves him quite."

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## OLD MR. BLOBS' INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

(In 6 chapters, complete in this issue.)



No. 1.—OLD MR. BLOBS—"So the stings of bees will cure rheumatism, will they? I'll have to try that."

(See No. 2, on page 15.)

## REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK

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## Farm Gleanings.

### AN ADDRESS ON THE DEPRESSION OF VALUES IN FARM LANDS.

THE late depreciation of land values in the thickly settled sections of the East and their rise in the sparsely settled sections of the West present an anomaly to be explained only by the cheapening rates of transportation, which places the Western product at the dock for foreign shipment as cheaply as that grown in its immediate vicinity. It costs no more to-day to move a car-load of freight from Minneapolis to New York, a distance of 1,400 miles, than it cost twenty-five years ago to move a car-load of freight from Rochester to New York, a distance of 374 miles. Again, on land worth \$5 per acre in Minnesota the interest per acre, at 7 per cent, is 35 cents per annum. The interest on land in New York at \$50 per acre is \$3.50, a difference of \$3.15. Now, for this \$3.15 you can ship the crop from one acre of land in Minnesota to Liverpool, England.

From a comparison of values of farm lands in the United States, and taken in 1870 and 1880, it will be found during that decade that while Colorado advanced \$21,723,475, Vermont declined \$30,041,065; that while Dakota advanced \$20,315,819, New Jersey declined \$66,627,543; that while California advanced \$120,811,254, Pennsylvania declined \$67,792,172; that while Kansas advanced \$14,851,896, New York declined \$216,681,025. If the figures were at hand for 1890, they would show a still greater decline of land values in the East.

In Great Britain the agricultural losses of the kingdom, incurred within twenty years, are stated to have been £1,000,000,000. Russia, Australia, the Argentine Republic and other nations are under the same depression. England has built her railroads in India and Canada, pushing them forward and developing agricultural resources which tend to cheapen. Russia has also pursued the same policy over vast tracts of land. These causes tend to develop the farming industry in all these countries with an artificial growth.

Our lands have been cheapened by this low rate of freight and overproduction, the same as the rate of interest has been lowered in this country by laying cables that reach immense sums of money at a low rate of interest in London, Paris, Berlin and Holland. When the cables were established, the legal rate of interest in New York was seven per cent. To-day it is six per cent, and will soon be five. Whenever a scarcity of money arises, a cable transfer from the cheapest market tends to make the rate uniform, and consequently continually lowers the rate of interest.

In the same manner the immense lines of domestic telegraph and railroads which have brought our country closer together in all parts, combined with good banking facilities and a uniform currency, have solidified it and gradually affected the rate of interest in every state by the easy communication with New York. So this overproduction and cheap freights, like the swing of a mighty pendulum, first shrunk the value of lands in the East, is now beginning to be felt in the West, and if, by the stimulus of irrigation, the area of production is still further enlarged, will again in time react upon the East.

Let it be borne in mind that I am not speaking against cheap transportation, for the dependence of the East upon it (where Massachusetts can furnish bread to her people for only a half day in the year) goes without question. But the unnatural stimulation of farming in the West, together with cheap transportation, has often filled our warehouses with many million bushels of wheat to be added to next year's crop.

I am inclined to think, however, that in our state the level of the depression in farm lands has been reached. I observe from the figures lately published by the census bureau at Washington that while the total real estate mortgage indebtedness of this state has increased something over 148 per cent, during the ten years intervening from 1880 to 1890, scarcely any of this increase represents an increase in the mortgage indebtedness on farms. In 1889 the amount of mortgage indebtedness on farms was actually less than that in the years 1882, 1883 and 1884. I do not expect to see prices go much, if any, lower. This conviction is largely based on the new conditions to which our farmers are adapting themselves gradually—the conditions

presented by a rapidly increasing population in our cities, which demands something more from our farms than wheat and corn. These conditions will compel a diversification of farm products—a tendency already well started—and all our improved agricultural lands will be needed in furnishing those various products which our own people consume in greater and greater proportions each year.

Our state population is increasing at the rate of a hundred thousand people a year. We now average 130 persons to the square mile. In England the average is nearly 500. We can reasonably look forward to as great a density of population. That means greater economy in the use of our lands and better prices for them. It means more work for farmers and more money. It means agricultural prosperity instead of agricultural distress. The sooner our farmers generally will thoroughly readjust themselves to changed conditions, the sooner their lands will recover their value, and the greater will be the rewards for their efforts.—Gov. Flower, at Palmyra (N. Y.) Fair.

### POWER OF THE GRANGE.

The Grange is not a partisan organization, and cannot be used to advance the interests of any political party. It has for its creed that which is best for the farmers of our country, but in seeking to advance the interests and prosperity of those engaged in agriculture it wages no warfare against any other pursuit or profession. The greatest good of all is what it aims at, and it has advanced along that line during all the years of its existence. Concerning the tariff it has maintained the same course, protection for all classes of people, or else protection for none, and that no one class of people should thrive and prosper at the expense and injury of another. In other words, perfect quality is its cardinal principle, and it teaches it. For instance, the manufacturer wishes to have raw material admitted free, while he wants a heavy duty imposed upon manufactured goods. The farmer, on the other hand, who is the producer of this raw material complains very justly of this inequality, and says that if he is to have no protection he ought not to be compelled to help enrich those who would thus profit by his toil and at his expense. And because of this doctrine of equality before the law which the Grange ever upholds and advocates, is the reason why it is so strong an organization and why it is so thoroughly favored by the farmers of our country.

But there is still a great deal of work to do. There still remains the need of persistent and well-organized effort. The grasp of corporate power is by no means relaxed, and fertile in resources, fruitful in schemes and determined in action, it has armed itself with power, not only to resist any further demands by the people, but to nullify the work which has already been done. To prevent this increase of power, the farmers must organize and stand up manfully for the principles of the order which has already done so much for their benefit; these giant corporations and trusts, which threaten to devour us and our substance, can be changed into our servants instead of our masters. Help establish the Grange, and it will be a great help to you and yours.—Connecticut Grange.

### CEMENT FLOORS.

Cement floors can often be made much cheaper than wooden floors. A cement floor well made will be as solid as rock and will last as long as needed. They never rot or break through, do not leak and cannot be rooted up by hogs. The floor can be laid level or in any shape desired. Remove the loose soil from the surface down to solid ground or hard-pan, and fill up with sandstone a foot or more in depth. Level the top by breaking the stone quite fine with a heavy hammer. Make the first coat of cement thin enough so it will pour down into the stones, thus cementing them firmly together. The finishing coat should be made just thick enough to level nicely. Make the cement about an inch deep above the stone, then if it is properly laid there will be about six inches deep of solid cement on the surface. The deeper the loose stone foundation is under this the better. Use the best cement and sharp sand for this work. It should be mixed thoroughly, about two parts sand to one of cement.

Although any farmer can, with a little practice, make a good cement floor, it might be better to hire some one who has had experience in laying such floors, as

much depends upon having the cement and sand properly mixed. The floor must be allowed to dry thoroughly before using or before freezing weather. For box-stalls or stable floors cement has no equal. It will make a water-tight floor for the silo. A cement floor should always be well covered with straw—better for the floor and the stock. This kind of floor can be laid in horse-stalls, but if the horses are to be sharp-shod or stand on the floor much of the time, it would be best to cover the cement with plank.—National Stockman and Farmer.

### THE BRONTES AS ROAD-MAKERS.

John Loudon Macadam was a county Down surveyor. He wrote several treatises on road-making of a revolutionary character. His proposal was to make roads by laying down layers of broken stone, which he said would become hardened into a solid mass by the traffic passing over them.

For a time he was the subject of much ridicule, but he persevered, and proved his theory in a practical fashion. The importance of the invention was acknowledged by a grant from the government of ten thousand pounds, which he accepted, and by the offer of a baronetcy, which he declined. He lived to see the world's highways improved by his discovery, and the English language enriched by his name.

The old, unscientific road-makers were too conservative to engage in the construction of macadamized roads, but the Brontes were shrewd enough to see the value of the new method, and they tendered for county contracts, and their tenders were accepted. Then the way to fortune lay open before them. They opened quarries on their own land, where they found an inexhaustible supply of stone, easily broken to the required size. With suitable stone ready to their hands they had a great advantage over all rivals, and for a generation the macadamizing of the roads in the neighborhood was practically a monopoly in the Bronte family.—McClure's Magazine.

### ORANGES VERSUS SOAP.

The housewives in Florida have found a new use for oranges. They scrub the floors with them. Go into almost any town in the orange-growing districts, and you will see the women using the luscious fruit exactly as our housekeepers use soap. They cut the oranges in halves and rub the flat, exposed pulp on the floor. The acid in the oranges doubtless does the cleansing, but at any rate, the boards are as white as snow after the application. It is thought that lemons would be better than oranges for this purpose because of the additional acidity.

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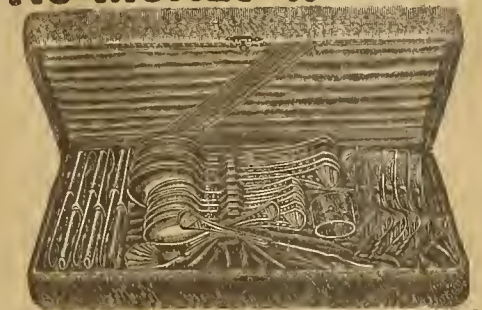
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No. 2.—OBLIGING FARMER—"There's a hive of bees right here that are stingers, you bet!"  
(See No. 3, on page 17.)

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## A NOTCH ON A STICK.

(Continued from page 9 of this issue.)

who was driving was thrown violently forward against the dashboard, while the startled pony was snorting and trembling with fear.

The woman regained her seat in an instant, and at the same moment a sharp cry of fear from her companion rang through the forest.

"Little nag smells a varmint," said Obed with a chuckle of enjoyment. "Women air sech skeery critters; holler like a screech-owl bekase their nag smells a varmint."

He had no thought of danger, supposing the horse had caught the odor of a wildcat in the hummock, as the horses frequently did, and knowing the cat would be far more frightened than the horse as soon as he should detect the approach of human beings, and make for a safer retreat. But the next instant he caught a glimpse of the "varmint" that had caused the alarm, and without an instant's hesitation he set out for the scene of terror with all possible speed.

"Gret guns!" he exclaimed, "but it air certainly a whopper."

The "whopper," a huge rattlesnake, one of the kind known among the natives as the diamond snake, owing to the peculiar brown spots, diamond-shaped, running in a straight line down the reptile's back, lay coiled upon the roadside not more than ten feet from the pony's fore feet. As ugly a representative as any that inhabit the Florida hummocks.

The woman was lashing the pony with the whip, vainly endeavoring to urge him past the snake. The other occupant of the carriage lay back against the cushions, white and silent. She had screamed, just once, when the reptile lifted its head and sounded the well-known ominous warning.

Obed was familiar with the ugly terror and its habits, both of attack and defense. He knew that it seldom offered battle except upon the defensive. He ran forward, motioning the driver to turn back.

"Turn back!" he called to her. "Turn ter the left an' go back! The critter'll never pass it; turn 'roun' an' go back!"

But the frightened pony refused to advance or to retreat; he stood with fore feet planted, ears thrown back and nostrils distended, trembling with fear.

In another instant Obed had crossed up to the left of the animal, made a swift lunge at the uplifted head, and with his left hand (he still carried his gun in his right) he dexterously turned the pony aside. Eyes and nostrils being turned in another direction it was no great task to deftly seize a firmer grip upon the bit.

"Rattlers ain't sech mighty hands fur waitin' ou critters like you-uns," he said as he turned the astonished steed out of the road, faced it homeward and motioned the driver to use the whip.

As the buggy sped by a little face leaned out and a voice called to him:

"Thank you, boy, for helping us."

And at that moment Obed recognized for the first time the occupants of the carriage—the smart maid and the squire's crippled granddaughter.

"Waal," he exclaimed, "ef it ain't the kid!" It was at this moment the occupants of the buggy heard the report with which Obed gave expression to his astonishment by a well-directed shot at the snake. The lame girl impulsively placed her hand upon the hand of the driver.

"Stop, Julie," she commanded. "Stop the pony."

"We don't know as it is dead, Miss Elise," said the girl, hesitating.

"Stop, I tell you," said Elise. "It can't hurt us at this distance, dead or alive. Oh, Julie, will you stop when I tell you to do so?"

"Yes, miss, you know most surely I will," replied the careful maid, reluctantly obeying orders. "But it's a bad fright you have had, and the mistress will say I ought to have brought you on home at once. You ain't that strong you can stand so much, miss."

"I reckon I can stand a little more," said the child, the faintest suggestion of sarcasm in her voice. "I want you to call that boy here to me, Julie."

"Miss Elise!"

"Yes, call him here; I want to speak to him. Oh, Julie, why don't you do as I tell you? You know I am ill and fretful. Call the boy to me, please, Julie."

She leaned back wearily among her cushions, while the servant got down, and still holding the lines, shouted to Obed, who was moving off down the road.

Hearing the voice, he turned and saw the girl beckon him.

"Hello! somethin' happened ter the kid," he said; and without waiting further he ran forward to offer such assistance as might be needed.

"What's up?" he asked, when in speaking distance. "Is the little kid still skeered?"

A merry laugh came from the buggy. A sound so unusual of late that the maid was glad she had obeyed and called the boy back, in spite of her first misgivings.

"Come around to this side, you boy you," said the girl. "I can't lift myself up to talk to you over there because my spine is weak, and I have had such a scare that I am all tired out. Come around this side so I can see your face. There, now, I can see you. I was awfully frightened. I believe I screamed."

"Sorter yelped like," said Obed. "Not a full-grown scream." Ain't skeered yit, air ye?"

"Say scared, boy, not skeered. Skeered isn't in the dictionary," said the queer, imperious little creature from the depth of her cushions.

"Ain't it?" said Obed in mock surprise. "I allowed it was in some o' the big books else you wouldn't been so well acquainted with it. An' say, kid, if it ain't there it ought ter be, yer know, bekase some awful pritty folks git tuk that way sometimes."

She laughed again, so merrily that the prim maid herself smiled.

"Oh, how you do talk," said the lame girl. "And was it you we heard singing those funny songs when we drove through the hummock yesterday?"

"If it were mighty fine singin' it might a-been use, if it were not a wildcat. Say, kid, don't go off that way again; makes me afraid you are still 'scared,' eh?"

She laughed again, and said:

"No, thank you; I am not frightened now. I only called you back to thank you for helping us. I did call out 'thank you' as we drove off, but you may not have heard me. I think you must be a very brave boy; I think, indeed, you are the bravest boy I ever did see."

"Don't mention it; don't mention it," said Obed. "I'm tolerable peart, to be sure. You ought to see the lions get up and hoop-la out o' sight when I set my foot in their jungle. But shucks, I reckon you ain't looked around much in these parts. Why, they's plenty, lots as peart as me. Why, they just grows wil' in these parts, same as cats an' catamounts—us brave fellers do. Oh, we're healthier'n pizen about here."

"Pizen," said Elise, "you mean poison, I am sure. Say poison, boy, not 'pizen.'"

"Well, then, 'poison boy,'" said Obed in the tone he had been quick to observe brought a laugh to the sick girl's lips.

"You are a funny boy," she said when she had laughed at his odd, ready humor. "I am glad we met you in the woods, and I am glad you killed the snake. Did you hear me call out 'thank you' as we drove off?"

Whatever his faults Obed was truthful. He hated falsehood, indeed, above all things—"worse than pizen"—he told the twins when by any chance the small couple were suspected of any slight wanderings in that line. He could not have explained to himself why it was so, and yet he knew that for the first time in his life he would like to tell a falsehood. He had heard the voice calling "thank you, boy," as the golden head of its owner darted by in the hasty retreat, but he had not troubled himself to acknowledge it. But he had heard, and he said so.

"Well, then," said the girl, "why did you not say 'Not at all'? Did you say 'Not at all,' or else 'Don't mention it'?"

"After you said you were obliged?" said Obed, in mock indignation. "I jist reckon I didn't. I know my manners more better than that; I'm much obliged ter you."

"Oh, you boy, you boy," said Elise, "say obliged, not 'obliged,' and was, not 'ware.' You are so funny; I don't get much fun. I'm a cripple, you know. Don't ask me what made me cripple, because I don't like to talk about it, except to my mother, when I am tired and need lots of love to keep me from thinking about myself. Come nearer to me, boy; are you afraid of me that you hang back there and work your foot in the sand and look at me so long and so hard? Are you afraid of me, I say?"

"Don't you believe it, kid," said Obed, struggling to hide his embarrassment under a great show of bravery. "I ain't afraid o' nothin' in this burg of a country, rattlers nor nothin'. Not-afraid air my name. I jist ware, no, was, watchin' of you bekase you made me think of a hummin'-bird I saw a bit ago balanced on the stem of a broken lily, in the woods back ther'. An' I ware a wonderin' how old you air."

Instantly the large eyes filled, and the voice that replied sounded harsh and peevish, a trifle bitter, too, for one so young, and surrounded with all that wealth could offer of the beautiful and pleasant.

"Old," she said, "oh, I am older than you, perhaps, though you are so tall and so strong. It is the weak back that makes me look so little. But I am fourteen years old, boy."

"Great Moses," said Obed, "I allowed you'd certainly say four hundred, you talked so solemn about it. But don't you furgit, I'm ahead of you; way yonder, I've been in this burg a long time, kid. Got lots o' back, I have, an' some cheek, they do say."

"I believe they are right about that," laughed Elise. "Now, boy, you are looking at me in that rude way again. What are you 'wonderin' now?"

"Why," said Obed, "I was jist a wonderin' what you ware about ter say."

"Well, boy," she leaned forward to look steadily into his eyes, "I have something to say to you. I think what I am going to say may do you a great deal of good some day. Come here; now listen. I am going to make you an offer and give you a promise."

Timid, awkward, and withal full of curiosity, Obed approached to hear the words, the simple words that were still to be the pivot upon which should turn his destiny.

[To be continued.]

### TO CATARRH SUFFERERS.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a medicine which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending his name and address to Prof. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the means of cure free and post-paid.

## Our Miscellany.

Did you ever know anybody to spank evil out of a child or love into it?

FRIENDS, like gloves, are of little account unless on hand when needed.

THE Mazariu Bible, one of the first printed in metal type, has just been sold for \$24,750.

THE state attire of the king of Siam is worth over \$1,000,000. He has three hundred wives and eighty-seven children.

SEND for catalogue of Folding Sawing Machine. 9 cords in 10 hours. Folding Sawing Machine Co., 241-49 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

AN English firm is using the silk of the wild silkworm, from which is woven a soft, substantial fabric of a light tussore or pongee shade.

"Hilo" cures catarrh, bronchitis and consumption by steam inhalation. Send for free trial bottle. Gilbert & Coakley, 154 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

A FIVE-CENT stamp was sold in New York the other day for \$325, and it had been canceled at that. It was the New Haven five-cent stamp of 1845, and had been cut from the envelope, which impaired its value.

THE PERSONAL DISCOMFORT, and the worry of a Constant Cough, and the Soreness of Lungs and Throat which usually attend it, are all remedied by Dr. D. Jayne's Expecto-rant, a safe medicine for Pulmonary Disorders and Throat Affections.

THE antiquity of the fan in the East, particularly in Asia, extends far back beyond the possibility of ascertaining its date. In China and India the original model of the fan was the wing of a bird, and at one time was part of the emblems of imperial authority.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



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**CORNISH & CO.,** —Established 27 Years— Washington, N. J.

### HOW BURGLARS GET THEIR TOOLS.

Every little while the police arrest a man with a kit of burglars' tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable citizen would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked-looking knife ever made; but who would know where to get a slungshot, or a jiminnie, or a device for drilling into a safe, or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling? There probably are places in many large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are scarce. Once in a while the police find such a factory, and then things go hard for the proprietors.

It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are as respectable men in the community. When a burglar wants any particular tool made, he goes to a mechanic who can do the job, and pays him perhaps five times as much as it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping still about it. Superintendent Elbridge, of the police department, recalls many cases of this kind that have come to light in Boston.

One in particular occurred three years ago, when an escaped convict named Williams went to a blacksmith in Roxbury and got him to make a lot of drills to be used in safe-cracking. He personally superintended the tempering of the steel, and when the job was nearly completed it leaked out, and Williams was arrested. In this instance the blacksmith knew nothing of the use to which the tools were to be put, and escaped punishment.

In the opinion of Superintendent Elbridge, most of the tools used by burglars are secured in this way. The only regular establishment where they were made ever discovered in Boston was at the west end. This was years ago, and the place was soon broken up.—*Boston Daily Globe.*

### EVEN BLIND EYES SEE ITS BEAUTY.

One man pushed another in a roller-chair down the pier on which the moving sidewalk was at work. They appeared to be comrades. The man who did the pushing was noticeably and tenderly attentive. When a man is that way, his attention is more noticeable than a woman's. After awhile the pusher lifted the other man from the chair and carried him up to the moving sidewalk, and placed him on one of the seats. Then he put him back in the chair and pushed him under the arch of the peristyle and out into the court, where they stopped and looked, as many thousands have stopped and looked. The pusher stepped aside to make a little purchase for the man in the chair. One who had been watching said to the pusher:

"Your friend is an invalid. I hope what he has seen will benefit him."

"He hasn't seen anything," was the sad answer. "He has been blind since he was a child, and a few years ago he became paralyzed in his limbs. But he longed to see the fair, as he put it, and we brought him along to please him."

"From where?"

"From Providence, Rhode Island."

"Does he enjoy his visit?"

"As much as I do, and I think more. It makes the fair doubly enjoyable to me to tell him what I see and to notice his delight. I had him in the art gallery yesterday, and you ought to have heard him telling the people at the boarding-house last night about the paintings he saw. Many of them which I had explained to him he described far more graphically than I could have done."

What strange beauty hath this Dream City which causes it to break through curtained eyes of the blind?—*Chicago Tribune.*

### DANGEROUS.

A young man having cut his finger, sent for a physician, who, after examining the wound, requested his servant to run as fast as possible and get him a certain plaster. "Oh, my," cried the patient, "is the danger so great?" "Yes," was the reply; "if the fellow don't run fast, I'm afraid the cut will be well before he gets back."

### ARE YOUR PULLETS LAYING?

The late ones as late as July and August, can be brought forward so as to pay well, while eggs bring good prices. Strictly fresh eggs will probably retail as high as 50 cents per dozen in Boston and New York markets before February first. Get all the eggs you can.


Mrs. L. J. Wilson, of Northboro, Mass., says:—"In past years when my pullets laid at all, they would lay a litter and then move around for weeks doing no laying. Last fall and winter there was no interruption of their laying. The results were the best I ever saw in an experience of 18 years, which I ascribed to the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay."

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These beautiful dolls have always been a joy to thousands of little hearts, and no mother should fail to take advantage of our great offer to make her children happy. These dolls are eighteen inches tall, in pretty colors and are made so any one can quickly fill them with hair, rags or sawdust; thus getting a doll for a few cents that is worth a dollar. We will send this doll and Cheerful Moments three months for only 15 cents. Paper one year and two dolls 30 cents. **CHEERFUL MOMENTS PUB. CO.,** 79 Court St., Boston, Mass.



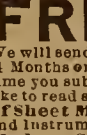
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This lovely Maltese Beauty is the handsomest cat ever seen. These cats can be stuffed by any child and will last for years. The true Maltese color is reproduced, and the hair, eyes, paws, and all are as natural as life. Dogs will bark at them, live cats will bristle up. We will send one cat and Cheerful Moments three months for only 15 cents. Two cats and paper one year 30 cents. **CHEERFUL MOMENTS PUB. CO.,** 79 Court Street, Boston, Mass.



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We will send **MODERN STORIES**, a large 16-page Story Paper, 4 Months on trial for 10 cents. If you will send us, at the time you subscribe, the names and addresses of 3 ladies who like to read stories, play or sing, we will send you 44 pieces of Sheet Music **FREE**, this a choice selection of songs and instrumental music with all the parts complete; address **Modern Stories, 87 Warren Street, New York.**



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### HE ESCAPED.

"Scotty Smith" is the nickname of a man living in southern Africa, whose adventures and escapades would fill a volume. As a "veldt" man he is unsurpassed. In "Gun and Camera in Southern Africa" the author gives an account of one of his many escapes.

During the troubles in 1883, I think, he was surprised and captured by the marauding Boers, and taken to their headquarters at Rooi Grond, near Mafeking. He was condemned to be shot on the following day, and was fastened with ropes inside a hut, at some distance from the camp-fire.

During the night he slipped his bonds, crept to the place where the Boer horses were stabled, saddled and bridled two of the best of them, and made his escape from under the very noses of the Dutchmen.

A day or two afterward he met a Boer, who was personally unacquainted with him, who informed him that he was looking for "Scotty Smith."

"Well," said Scotty in Dutch, "I'm looking for Scotty Smith, too; we'll go together."

They rode together for some hours, and then Scotty found an opportunity, slipped his man, and betook himself to a safer part of the country.

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THE woman journalist is not to obtain a footing in Japan. The Japanese house of legislature has just decided that women are not fitted for the work of either editors or publishers, and has consequently passed a regulation to the effect that no one is to hold a post of this kind except a male over twenty-one years of age.

### EVERY LADY

HER OWN PHYSICIAN.—A lady who for many years suffered from Uterine troubles, Falling Displacements, and Leucorrhoea finally found remedies which completely cured her. Any lady can take the remedies and thus cure herself without the aid of a physician. The recipes with full directions and advice sent FREE to any sufferer, securely sealed. Address **MRS. M. J. BRADY,** 621 No. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Name this paper.)

### ONE OF OUR HUSTLERS, IN UTAH.

October 17, 1893.

**MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK:** Gentlemen—I inclose bank check to pay for 100 subscriptions and premiums, according to your New Plan. Send me 50 copies of the Atlas, 25 sets of the Silver-plated Teaspoons, and 25 copies of the Portfolio of Photographs.

Yours truly,  
John England, Sr.



# Selections.

## ANCIENT AMERICAN RUINS.

**M**AJOR WILLIAM SULLY BEEBE, a retired army officer living at Thomson, Conn., is about to send to the leading archaeologists of this country and Europe what he considers proofs of some very remarkable discoveries that he has made during researches that have cost him twenty years of study and large sums of money expended in novel lines of investigation. He believes that his findings will convince scientists that America is the seat of an older source of occidental civilization than either Assyria or Egypt. He has pursued his original lines of study with regard to the ancient races of America and their monuments and relics, and it was by comparing his findings with the work of the authorities on European archaeology that he has reached his startling conclusions. There have been guesses in this direction. Many able men have called attention to astonishing parallels in myths, in languages, and in architectural remains among the findings on the two continents. Major Beebe's claim is that he has pursued these and thousands of other analogies to a point at which he has become satisfied that they prove America to have been the parent of European beginnings.

He makes this claim specific as regards the races that flourished around the Mediterranean—the Accadian, the Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Roman, and the Greek. He asserts that they prove themselves to have been the borrowers from an earlier people on this continent, because in the parallels that occur in the early traces of both civilizations the greater purity is found in the American examples. Myths and symbols and folklore tales that European students have not been able to make clear, are simplified when read by the light of his American discoveries. In the journey to distant lands they have been altered, copied blindly, or repeated ignorantly, he thinks, so that they have obtained altered or modified meanings on the other side. To give only one example: Major Beebe asserts that the zodiacal sign of Sagittarius was at first an armadillo, the name of which, in Peru, meant an armored hare or rabbit. The sign and name remained the same wherever the armadillo was known, but by the time the symbol reached northern Mexico and the region of our states it became changed to an "armed rabbit"—a rabbit carrying a bow and arrow. It is the same sign, Major Beebe says, and stands for the same constellation in the heavens as the European symbol of a man with a bow and arrow, Sagittarius.

Major Beebe declares the most ancient remains of former civilization on this continent to be those ruins of temples and of cities that are found in the neighborhood of Lake Titicaca, on the Bolivia-Peru border. These relics are scattered over a great extent of country and reveal remarkable skill in stone-cutting, in architecture, and in ornament. This region is 14,000 feet above the sea-level, and too cold to provide sustenance for more than a sparse population; but there is little doubt that its climate and population were once very different. It once supported thousands of stone-cutters who could neither live nor work there now. The Aymara tribe of Indians, the present inhabitants, have retained in great purity the language they spoke when the Spaniards conquered the country, and at that time the Spaniards took down their fables and legends in great numbers. Major Beebe sent a capable man there to verify the old observations and make new ones, and after a study of eight other American tongues and peoples to the north of the Aymaras, he is convinced that they are the relics of the oldest American semi-civilization, and that their influence spread over North America. Proofs of this he claims to have found as far away as Iowa and New Jersey. He asserts that there are in Egypt, and, for that matter, all around the Mediterranean, the most evident duplications of the work of these Aymaras in dials like that at Stonehenge, in Assyrian and Egyptian buildings, in the folklore and in the languages of many peoples.

Of almost equal interest to Americans is Major Beebe's discovery with regard to the pictographic tablet found at Davenport, Iowa, and declared by our Smithsonian experts to be spurious and worse than val-

ueless. Major Beebe declares that he is able to read it. He says that it reproduces the symbols and myths of the Aymara Indians, and tells the same stories that are conveyed by means of the great dial-temple at Tia Huacan in their country—the same that Mr. R. Inwards, of London, found to correspond so nearly in appearance with a miniature temple left in Assyria. Major Beebe has reduced all his proofs to writing, and arranged the vast number of analogies that he claims to have discovered between Old and New World beginnings in such a manner that when all are collected and presented in print and sent out, the scholars of the world may, with the least possible trouble, examine his work and judge his claims. He is a man of leisure and of means, who in taking up the study of Hebrew had his attention directed to those similarities between the Israelites and our North American Indians which have been often and generally discussed. He says he expected to pursue the familiar theory that our Indians are the "lost tribes," but the longer he studied and the further he extended his researches, the more strongly he was led to believe that America was the birthplace and not the offshoot of the forces that began our civilization.—*New York Sun.*

## AN AMERICAN STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE.

The colonial should be our national style; it originated here, is distinctively American and may be easily adapted to all the requirements of American life. Why should we take English manor-houses and French chateaux for the models of our elegant country mansions, when we have, on home soil, such a noble and beautiful monument of American country architecture as Monticello, the Virginia home of Thomas Jefferson, designed largely by himself? To be sure, most of his ideas were suggested by foreign models, but the house is quite unlike anything that we could find in Europe. It is a brick structure one story and a half high, with classic porches of columns, triglyphal frieze and graceful balustrade, surmounted by an octagonal dome; the ground story is lofty and elegant, with spacious windows; the hall, a large pavilion, extends the entire height of the house; the great dome served as a ball-room. The interior decoration, simple but elegant, gives an effect of spaciousness and grandeur combined with cheerful homelikeness.

Few styles offer greater variety than the colonial; almost every one of the colonies stamped its own individuality upon it by variation in general treatment or in the details of decoration. A great variety, too, is offered in the materials that may be adapted to this style; all kinds of stone, as well as stucco and brick, are used with fine effect, while frame houses are often very beautiful. Brick, however, seems to be the most useful for general purposes, often covered with stucco in country houses, where the decorations are usually of wood in the shape of balustrades, broad window-frames and headings. There are many beautiful and unique motives of interior decoration peculiar to the colonial style, the extensive use of hardwood in wainscotings and antique moldings, simple but rich. The shades of color employed in colonial architecture, whether in stone, stucco, brick or frame structures, are of such delicacy that they must appeal to the artistic eye; in strong contrast to the atrocious colors and combinations employed in so large a proportion of our houses, especially noticeable in that style of country architecture known as the Queen Anne.

A great advantage of the colonial style is that it furnishes a sufficient variety of types to suit almost all tastes. We have the severe and plain designs of New England, and the rich and graceful forms of the South. In fact, it affords all forms save the grotesque.

Every other country in the world has its own characteristic style or styles that are employed in every sphere of architecture—styles that are inevitably associated with each country and its people. The United States alone stands as a borrower, and a borrower from all sides. The style that is all our own has been lost sight of in the flood of foreign forms and foreign ideas, and has ceased to stand as the distinctive and characteristic architecture of America.—*The Critic.*

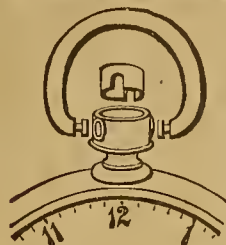
Impartial writers are quoted with saying that the gold contained in the medals, vessels, chains and other objects preserved in the Vatican would make more gold coins than the whole of the present European circulation.

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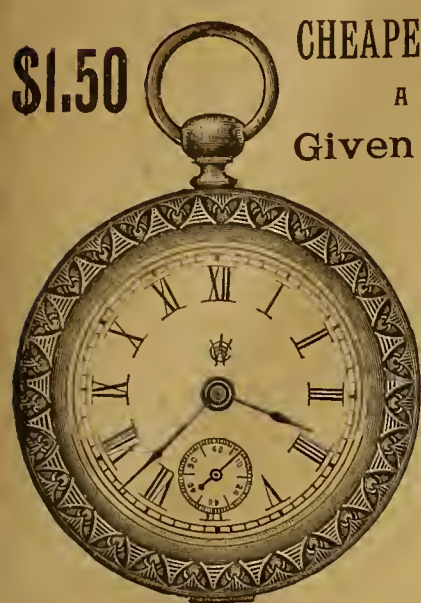


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Pastor First Baptist Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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JOHN A. ALLISON, Covert, Mich.

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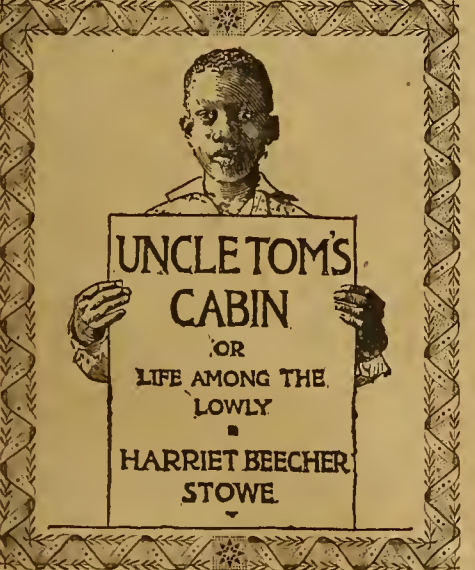
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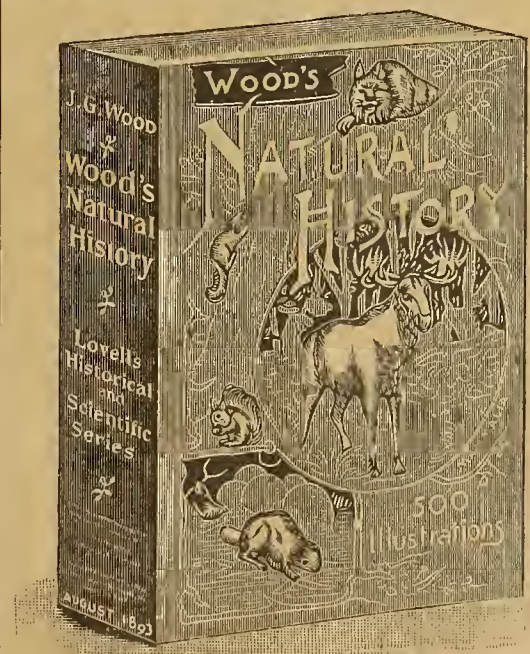
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NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

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## Current Comment.

THE national irrigation congress was in session in Los Angeles, California, during the second week of last month. The results of its deliberations are presented to the people of the country in the form of an address or statement. This statement bears evidence that the subject of irrigation was discussed broadly, wisely and with a full appreciation of its vast importance. Attention is first called to the fact that of our former vast public domain but little is left for homestead settlement except the arid lands. The arid public domain is estimated to contain 542,000,000 acres. Enough of this by means of irrigation can be made fit for homes and farms for millions of people. In order to provide homes in the future for the multitude of home-seekers and a further field for colonization under conditions favorable to individual and national prosperity, the reclamation of these arid public lands now becomes a great national question. After pointing out radical defects in the laws governing waters and lands in a number of states and territories, the address emphasizes the need of federal legislation and supervision. Streams rising in one state and flowing by natural courses through one or more other states, must be conserved and equitably divided under federal authority. Laws must be devised which, while assisting the work of reclamation and furnishing proper safeguards alike to public and private interests, will recognize the rights of the states on one hand and the rights of the nation on the other. The whole subject of national legislation, the address advises, should be investigated by federal authority, and it suggests the appointment of a non-partisan national commission to enter upon the work at once.

It favors the limitation of the amount of land that may be taken up under the systems of irrigation to forty acres, and the restriction of this privilege to American citizens. Attention is called to the importance of the storage problem and the care and preservation of the mountain forests. A plan for forming an arid land policy is outlined as follows:

The time has come when the work of developing an arid land policy, on broad national and state lines, can no longer be delayed. The number of plans suggested for the solution of the problem are legion. Some of them have received endorsement from commercial and political conventions. Believing that harmony of action is vital, that wide discussion and patient investigation are indispensable in arriving at wise conclusions, we earnestly favor the adoption of the following plan: There shall be appointed by the national executive committee of the irrigation congress, a commission for each state and territory in

the arid or semi-arid regions, consisting of five members each, who shall be competent and experienced men. These commissions shall at once enter upon a careful investigation of the conditions existing in each of their states or territories, and then formulate plans looking to the adoption of a national policy, to be supplemented by appropriate local laws.

The results of the investigations of these several commissions shall be submitted to the next irrigation congress, at a time to be designated by the executive committee, not exceeding one year hence, and upon these reports the final and definite declarations of the people of the western states and territories may be based. By this means we hope within a reasonable time to suggest a satisfactory irrigation policy to the nation and to the states and territories, and we hereby declare our purpose to erect it upon broad foundations of justice and equity, with due regard for the rights of both labor and capital.

The address concludes with the following:

To deal with the arid public domain is one of the mighty tasks of the future. It means not only the conquest of a new agricultural empire and a tremendous contribution to the national wealth of the future, but it involves the development of new forms of civilization, and will give new life to popular institutions. It is a high and sacred trust, and in so far as it may become the peculiar concern of western men, they will be true to its great obligations. But they approach the matter in no spirit of petty sectionalism. They invite the co-operation of all their countrymen, east as well as west, north as well as south. While mining and its kindred employments are vastly important to the western states, directly and indirectly, the irrigation industry is and must ever be their supreme interest. Under just laws and proper national encouragement it will add new luster to the American name.

This congress has displayed no little wisdom in asking, not for great government appropriations of money with which to water the deserts, but only for necessary and judicious federal and state legislation under which the work of reclamation may be carried on to its highest possible development.

What has been accomplished in recent years by means of irrigation in various parts of the great arid region strengthens the prediction that it will become the seat of a very high civilization. "The intensive scientific cultivation rendered possible by irrigation results in the largest conceivable development of independence and prosperity on the fewest possible number of acres. The conditions of social life which naturally grow up in a region of small farms are among the strongest attractions of the irrigated districts of the West."

History strangely repeats itself. Extensive ruins of irrigation works show that in prehistoric times the very lands that are now being reclaimed were occupied by millions of people.

AUGUST 7th Congress convened in extraordinary session and received a message from President Cleveland urging the prompt repeal of that part of the Sherman silver act of 1890 providing for the monthly purchase of silver bullion. The house, although allowing ample time for debate, acted promptly and passed a repeal bill by a decisive majority. In the senate, however, there was anything but prompt action.

The urgent appeal of the president for prompt action, and public sentiment as reflected by the press, were disregarded. There was a weary war of words, words, words. The debate turned on the silver question in all its phases, but the real struggle was against the right of the ma-

jority to rule. By tactics of delay and obstruction, more or less parliamentary, the minority struggled to prevent the bill from coming to a vote. Regardless of the business interests of the country and of the will of the majority of the people this struggle was prolonged for nine weeks. At last filibustering failed. A repeal bill was allowed to come to a vote. It was passed by a decisive majority, promptly concurred in by the house and signed by the president. The monthly purchase of silver bullion has been stopped, but the balance of the Sherman law of 1890 stands. In the treasury and in circulation together there are over six and a half hundred million dollars of silver. It will continue to be used as money and be maintained at parity with gold by the pledge of the government. With respect to the use of both gold and silver as money, the United States now occupies about the same position as France.

As to the effects of the passage of the repeal bill, the silver extremists predict dire disaster to the country; the extremists on the other side predict an era of the greatest prosperity. The real effects, more probably, lie between the extremes. Undoubtedly it will strengthen the credit of the government and help restore confidence and prosperity. In a large measure, the good it can do has already been done. Its effects have been discounted. If it had not been confidently expected from the assembling of Congress that repeal would surely be accomplished, the business condition of the country would now be a great deal worse than it is. Business men all over the country commend highly the act of repeal.

To many visitors one of the most interesting buildings at the Columbian exposition was the transportation building. After inspecting the multitude of exhibits showing the wonderful progress that has been made in all lines of transportation, particularly the magnificent railway trains and high-speed engines, the average visitor was likely to be impressed with the idea that there was little room for further improvement, at least in railway transportation. Instead of nearing the end, however, we have only made a good start from the beginning of progress in railway development. The art has reached such a stage that marvelous improvements are probable within the next decade. The thing to do now is not to wait for the greater improvements that may come, but to put into general use the best that we now have. There is room for and great need of that now. To illustrate: Right across the lake, opposite the site of the great White City, is a famous fruit belt. The past season has been one of general scarcity of fruit, but this district has had a great abundance. Although high prices prevailed at accessible markets, it is reported that fruit in large quantities rotted in the Michigan orchards and vineyards. Near-by markets were oversupplied. Transportation facilities to more distant and better markets were inadequate, or high freight and commission rates left nothing for the fruit grower. Fruit growers in other districts have had the same experience. On this subject a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says: "The principal lesson suggested by the fair, as it appears to me, is the importance of improving the means and methods of transportation between the different parts of our country so that food products of all kinds and perishable goods and materials

in general may be carried to market with the greatest possible celerity and in the best possible condition. The great mass of the American people need better food. It is an indispensable basis and condition for their attainment of permanent prosperity and of the fullest civilization of which they are capable. Most of them still think of their food without seriousness, and with slight preception of its relations to the highest uses and objects of human life. Though every dish prepared by unwilling hands is poisoned, yet cooking is mostly slave's service, without honor, respect or reward. The life of American working people needs reconstruction, from its basis in the character of their food to its apex, whatever that may be, and one of the most important means for improving the food of the mass of the people is the development of the better methods for the transportation of food products between the different regions of our country. The people who work with their hands for wages, and especially those who work in shops, mills and factories, need more fruit for food; fruit in better condition and at less cost. We should as fast as possible reduce the time for railway transit between the great fruit gardens of our Pacific coast region and the homes of the vast population of our northeastern states. We shall soon have a home market for all our food products, and our system of railway management should be such as to secure the best possible markets for producers and the best products for consumers at reasonable prices.

"The second lesson of the fair is the imperative need of the economical development and intelligent use of all our natural resources and possessions. We are the most wasteful of all the great nations. Of some of our most valuable natural resources we have always wasted far more than we have used. The national prosperity of which we boast as evidence of our superior energy and wisdom, has been produced in a considerable degree by the extravagant expenditure of our natural capital."

IN accordance with the time-honored custom the president has issued a Thanksgiving proclamation. It reads as follows: "By the President of the United States of America.

"A PROCLAMATION.

"While the American people should every day remember with praise and thanksgiving the divine goodness and mercy which have followed them since their beginning as a nation, it is fitting that one day in each year should be especially devoted to the contemplation of the blessing we have received from the hand of God, and to the grateful acknowledgment of his loving kindness.

"Therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 30th day of the present month of November, as a day of thanksgiving and praise, to be kept and observed by all the people of our land. On that day let us forego our ordinary work and employments, and assemble in our usual places of worship, where we may recall all that God has done for us, and where from grateful hearts our united tribute of praise and song may reach the throne of grace. Let the reunion of kindred and the social meeting of friends lend cheer and enjoyment to the duty, and let generous gifts of charity for the relief of the poor and needy prove the sincerity of our Thanksgiving."



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## Our Farm.

[Copyrighted by T. Greiner.]

## CAPONS FOR PROFIT.

**SUBJECTS FOR THE BEGINNER.**—A beginner writes this for the purpose of instructing beginners. Experts often forget to tell of the little points and details which seem of little moment, and yet which are just what the beginner desires to know. The novice who has just gone through his apprenticeship and become a successful operator has the little difficulties which he had to overcome fresh in his memory, and should be best able to talk about them. From this standpoint, therefore, I will give my instructions about making capons.

FIG. 1.—BRAHMA.

I was especially fortunate in the materials I had at hand. In the first place, I have for many years taken an especial fancy to the Langshan breed, and the cockerels with which I had to make my first trials were either the pure black Langshan or crosses of Langshan cock and Plymouth Rock hen. Of all breeds I have tried I find the Langshan the easiest subject to operate on, because built more loosely than many other breeds, showing the ribs quite prominently, offering no difficulty to the prompt removal of the testicles and apparently suffering the least while under the operation. Besides this, they have the advantage of large size and great hardiness. My next choice would be the Langshan and Plymouth Rock cross. The cockerels, in plumage and outward appearance, resemble Plymouth Rocks quite closely, yet offer about as little difficulty to the novice as the pure Langshan. They make large, noble-looking capons. Most of the ordinary mixed fowls of our barn-yards are easily operated on. Cochins I have never tried. Of course, they are large, and will make good capons.

FIG. 2.—LANGSHAN.

Brahmas will grow to largest size, and may prove the most profitable of all breeds for this purpose, yet the beginner will be apt to have trouble with them. The ribs do not show prominently on the outside. Although this makes little difference to a person after he has operated on a number of fowls, it may puzzle the beginner. The most serious stumbling-block, however, is the shape of the testicle, which in young Brahma cockerels is about a half inch long, extending close and worm-like along the big artery. The difference in the shape of the testicle between Brahma and Lang-

shan (and most other fowls) appears in Figs. 1 and 2. To slip a horse-hair loop around the Brahma testicle, so it will catch on and cut its way between testicle and artery, is no small job for the beginner. I would not have succeeded quite so well with Brahmas except for the use of steel wire in place of horse-hair. My emphatic advice, therefore, is to make the first trial with easy caponizers, especially the Langshan or a Langshan cross, or with ordinary smaller breeds, never with Brahmas or Games.

I also find that it is less trouble to operate on comparatively young subjects than on older and larger ones. When I want an easy job I take a two-pound Langshan, Langshan cross or Plymouth Rock. My Langshan-Plymouth Rock crosses seldom flinched even when the incisions were made or the testicles twisted off, while Brahmas, which are usually taken at more advanced age and size (four pounds or more) offer more or less resistance, and must be held more firmly.

It is also a good plan to use a dead subject for the first lesson. Shut the victim up without food or drink for thirty-six hours. This is important, as you want the intestines empty. Then chop his head off, put him on the operating-table in good light,

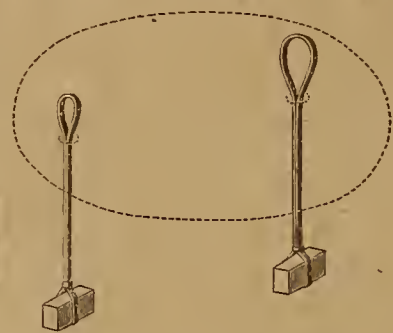
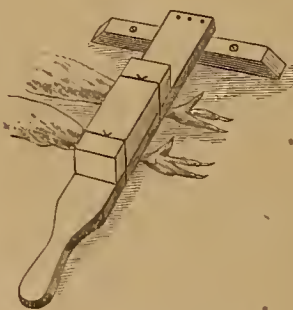


FIG. 3.—SIMPLE OPERATING-TABLE.

and otherwise in the same way as will be described for the operation on a live subject, and go ahead making your observations in cockerel anatomy.

**THE OPERATING-TABLE.**—An empty barrel, bottom side up, may be made to answer for a table, the fowl being held by means of one stout twine tied around the wings next to the body and another tied around the legs, the free ends of both hanging down on the side of the barrel and weighted with a brick or piece of iron. I would put padding of some kind, a piece of old carpet or a rag, upon the barrel-head under the chick, thus giving him as comfortable a rest as possible under the circumstances. This kind of operating-table, however, is a poor makeshift at best.

When you have a large number of cockerels to operate on, or set out to caponize your surplus roosters for profit, year after year, as you should, you will want a more convenient table. Dow and others advise you to have a table made for this special purpose, in as simple a style as you please, with cleats around the top at the right to prevent the tools from falling off, a two-inch hole in the center at the left, with a weighted lever underneath, and a mortise six or eight inches long from right to left,



WEIGHTED LEVER.

also in about the center of the table, with a sliding lever, weighted underneath. A twine loop is fastened on each one of the levers, passed up through auger-hole or mortise, and slipped one over the wings, the other over the feet, thus securely holding the subject for the operation.

You can also make a table such as is shown in Fig. 3. It consists of a round board larger than a barrel-head, resting on an empty, headless barrel. Weighted straps or bands are drawn through two holes bored at proper distances, and hold the chicks' wings and legs, as may be seen in the picture. This table has the advantage that you can turn it toward the light to suit, without moving the barrel. But it affords no good chance to place the tools.

The table I use is illustrated in Fig. 4. It is a light, cheap kitchen-table, such as we happened to have to spare, three and a half feet long and twenty-two inches wide, more than large enough to accommodate the

cockerel and leave plenty of room for the tools, and yet light enough to be easily shifted about for the sake of getting the light just right upon the work. I fastened some narrow cleats with screws all along the margin of the right-handed half of the table, thus rendering this part a safe place for the tools and accessories. At the middle of the opposite (short) side, screwed into the edge, is a screw-eye or hook, which holds the loop of twine after the latter is slipped around the wings of the victim next to its body. Its legs are held by a strip of board, which is padded with flannel on the under side, and weighted on top with a piece of iron or a brick securely fastened with wire or twine. One end of this lever is cut in convenient shape for a handle, while the other has a cleat which simply hooks over a longer cleat screwed fast upon the table. This arrangement



allows the lever to be moved sideways, according to the size of the fowl, or entirely taken off when the table is not in use. The cleats may also be removed by taking out the screws, and the table be put back where it belongs, in kitchen, buttery or cellar.

I always place a piece of old carpet, an old fertilizer-sack or something similar under the fowl, doubled or rolled up to extra thicknesses under the legs, thereby securing a close fit and a firm hold without unnecessary pressure upon the fowl's legs between hard objects. In my next I will tell of the tools I use, and (most important of all) of the operation itself.

T. GREINER.

## A PLEA FOR THE FORESTS.

It appears strange to me that more men and women are not pleading for the preservation of our natural forests. The agricultural press, too, which is usually far-sighted in matters which are likely to affect the interests of farmers, has as yet made little or no effort to call public attention to the ruinous destruction, and too often needless waste of our timber resources. Many persons entertain the idea that the timber supply of some of the southern, northern and Pacific states is inexhaus-

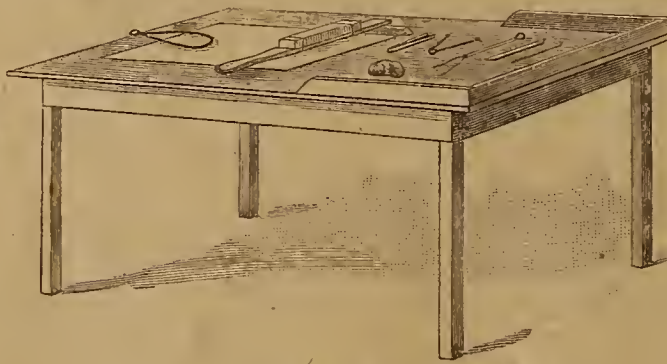


FIG. 4.—GREINER'S CAPONIZING-TABLE.

tible, that these states may continue to supply the remaining portions of our vast country with lumber for many decades to come. Such have only to study the facts in the case to find how mistaken they are.

Statistics show us that the United States to-day has a forest area of but little over four hundred million acres. Written in figures (400,000,000) the area will appear large to many eyes, but when we ascertain from the same source that about 250,000,000 feet of lumber is required for annual consumption, and that 10,000,000 acres, on an average, are burned over by forest fires every year, the future supply becomes more doubtful, and the question of needless destruction becomes vastly more serious.

Should forest fires be prevented in the future, which is scarcely probable, the present demand on forests for timber supply would require that 400,000,000 acres should be kept perpetually in well-tim-

bered forests to provide the necessary amount for annual use. So it would appear that it is already too late to begin to agitate the question of forest preservation. But Americans are naturally greedy, and everyone who owns a few acres of timber seems anxious to sell at least a portion of it, more likely all, appropriate the money to extending his business operations, never once dreaming that future generations would like to know what a forest looked like, and are likely to require some timber for mechanical purposes.

The great state of Ohio, originally one vast forest area, had as late as 1853 14,000,000 acres of forests. Since then most farmers should have maintained this forest area, though in some localities, notably in the northwestern counties, new farms were to be cleared up. But in these forty years eleven million acres of forests have disappeared, not from the new counties alone, but from many old farms that could ill afford to lose the timber. Though we still have a little over three million acres of woodland, there are few acres of real forest in anything like primeval condition. The timber in many cases has been culled over, and in most instances the woodland is devoted to pasture for sheep or cattle, which results in the destruction of all new growth.

Horace Greeley, who was traveling in Europe, wrote thus on the 6th of May, 1851: "Friends at home—I charge you to spare, preserve and cherish some portion of your primitive forests; for when those are cut away I apprehend they will not easily be replaced. A second growth of trees is better than none; but it can never equal the unconscious magnificence and stately grace of the red man's lost hunting-grounds." This far-seeing philanthropist saw in that early day what many fail to see at the present time.

Bryant, in one of his poems so true to nature, makes the Indian say:

The realms our tribes were crushed to get,  
May be a barren desert yet.

And is it not too true that our long protracted annual drouths are to a great extent due to the very facts of which the poet meditated and for which the Indian lamented?

Secretary L. N. Bonham said, in 1884: "The crops of twenty-two to twenty-seven bushels of wheat last season in fields protected by timber, and crops of two to ten bushels in fields of equal fertility, but not protected against the winds, tell the story of our need." While heavy crops of wheat are sometimes produced on exposed fields, I believe that the soil of such fields will always be found to contain from thirty to fifty per cent more vegetable mold than protected fields giving equal yields, or that difference has been supplied by the farmer in the form of fertilizers.

Drs. Warder and Peaslee, Prof. Adolph Leue, Hon. Leo Weltz and others have done much to encourage forest preservation, but to-day the interest lags and—the forests are going—all but gone.

Some years ago the government of Bavaria sent to this country an expert forester to study the various kinds of timbers of the United States, their habits of growth and the conditions of soil, climate and humidity necessary to their growths. When inquiry was made as to the nature of his mission and the benefits to be derived from it, he replied: "In fifty years you will have to import your timber, and as you will probably have a preference for American kinds, we shall now begin to grow them, in order to be ready to send them to you at the proper time."

Should forest depletion continue through the next fifty years at the rate it did through the past fifty, we shall probably be compelled to import far more articles of food than at present, if one may judge from the history of Palestine, Arabia, Sicily, Media, Persia, Spain and portions of other European countries which were first robbed of their forests and then of the fertility of their soils.

I believe the government should take steps to encourage the re-establishment of forests in many regions where the land is ill adapted to other purposes. In many hilly, rocky or mountainous sections forestry might be made profitable as an industry, while at the same time the increased forest area would be highly beneficial to the farmer and fruit grower. It would seem that while we have the founder of "arbor day" at the head of the agricultural department of our government would be an appropriate time to agitate the question:

A tear for the forest fallen;  
A sigh for the fairies' fate;  
A hope for the tender saplings,  
That arbor days elate.

For gold has a meager value,  
And jewels have ceased to please,  
Since the wealth and the charm of nature  
Are lost in the forest trees.

—John E. Douglass, Jr.

May other bards take up the strain, and from their music not refrain, till we our reason shall regain—decide the forest shall remain.

JOHN L. SHAWVER.



A SURE WAY TO KILL LICE.

Not a winter passes on any farm without a need of some effective way of killing lice on colts, calves, pigs and chickens. We who have kept house with children, cats and dogs about us have had some experiences along this line that are not to be mentioned among our friends, although we know they know all about it.

A thousand and one remedies are known for lice, all more or less simple, and some of them dangerous to the subject as well as to the parasite. Of all these various cures not one is so cheap, so well understood by the people, so certain to get in its work as tobacco. It may be tobacco stems, leaf tobacco, plug tobacco—in any shape, provided nicotine is in it.

How to prepare it for use and to treat the unhappy subject is simple, without the least mystery, unaccompanied with danger or uncertainty, provided it is done with thoroughness. It is best to reduce it to a liquid form. The amount of tobacco to use must depend upon circumstances, the number of animals to be washed; for this is the whole thing to be considered in treating animals for lice. A thorough washing with a tolerably strong decoction of tobacco will kill every louse and nit on an animal. The fences, sheds, racks, mangers, bedding and wherever they have been left by the animals should receive a thorough clearing up and washing with tobacco, or the work will have to be repeated in a short time.

It is not necessary to boil the tobacco to get the full strength. The fact is, boiling sets the nicotine free, and hence soaking in soft, tepid water for twelve hours is quite enough. Tobacco is good for the skin and hair. I have known school-children to use it. Poultry are cured by simply dipping them in the decoction, putting under head and feet at the same time.

It need not be used when cold, as it is calculated to chill more than is necessary. Choose a bright, sunny day, and do it in the morning. After years of experience I look back with wonder and regret that coal-oil, turpentine, sulphur and lard, mercurial ointment, fish-oil and everything else that was suggested should have been tried on colts, calves and pigs with so little satisfaction. The cruelty in treating poor, thin colts with coal-oil and turpentine that took off the hair, blistering the skin, is to be regretted and condemned with our present light upon the subject.

R. M. BELL.

GRAPE-TRELLIS.

Mr. E. C. Crossman sends a description of a grape-trellis, which is fully explained



GRAPE-TRELLIS.

by the accompanying cut. It takes but little lumber, and cannot easily be blown over.

HOME-MADE PORCH.

Rainy days on a farm are often as full of work as other days, but occasionally in a "spell of weather" there is a little time to tinker and to play with carpenter tools—to make something useful as well as ornamental.

Every farm-house should have a porch or veranda. It serves several purposes: First, it acts as a kind of door-scraper, and catches a greater deal of dust and dirt that would otherwise go into the house, for the farmer and his men, in spite of repeated warnings and scoldings, will occasionally go into the house right out of the plowed field, and the dog—well, if there be a porch he may stop there and come no further. Second, a porch or piazza shades the house in summer and serves as a wind-break in winter. Third, it is a great help to the housekeeper. In the preparation of dinner, it is a great relief to go onto a cool veranda to shell peas or beans and do a dozen things that must be done—anywhere out of the hot kitchen. Fourth, the veranda may be used as a drying place for milk cans and pails, strainers and dish-cloths. Fifth, it

adds to the value of the house in the opinion of the buyer; it makes a small house larger in appearance, and it is larger, for it is equal to another room in the summer.

The home-made porch, made with a little care, may be good enough for the front side of the house, and certainly most any porch may serve the purpose in the rear of the house. First make the floor of pieces of joist or old timber for the foundation covered with boards or plank. In the side of the floor or foundation bore auger-holes equal distances apart. Then from the woods get hickory saplings and fit the butt ends into the auger-holes, and bend down and tie together the tops of the saplings. Brace each pair across with a crotched sapling. Horizontally interweave other saplings, and the porch is ready for

may be made as quickly and may cost very little. The foundation is the same. The upright pieces may be bent—steamed at home—and from the refuse of the box factory may be obtained the horizontal pieces. In either porch a seat may be made on each side of a single board supported at the ends and braced up between.

GEORGE APPLETON.

HEAVY-MILKING JERSEYS.

There is one bad lesson that I am afraid will be learned from the results of the Columbian dairy test, and that is that as the Jerseys have outmilked and outcheesed both the Shorthorns and Guernseys, Jersey breeders will aim to increase the milk yield, and in doing so will be compelled to increase the size of the cow; then the

TWO CLASSES OF FOODS.

AS ARRANGED BY T. D. CURTIS.

MEAT AND MILK PRODUCING.

ALBUMINOIDS, PROTEINS OR NITROGENOUS FOODS.

Their base is nitrogen, which comprises about four fifths of our atmosphere, and is the destructive agent in all explosive compounds, as nitroglycerin, gun-cotton, dynamite, gunpowder, etc. It is nearly pure in the white of egg and in the virus of the rattlesnake, and predominates in albumen, gluten, gelatin, fibrin, casein, and all the proteins, both vegetable and animal.

The proper balance of these two foods is as one part of the nitrogenous to five or six parts of the carbonaceous. The German expression of it is 1 to 5.4. It is called the nutritive ratio, and represents the proportion of the nitrogenous elements to the carbonaceous. In the tables below the ratio is given for the several foods named. The ration for each 1,000 pounds of live weight is 24 pounds of dry food, of which 15 pounds must be digestible, and 2.5 pounds of this must be nitrogenous, or the equivalent of this. Dr. Wolff says 30 pounds of young clover hay is about such an equivalent.

HEAT AND FAT PRODUCING.

CARBOHYDRATES OR CARBONACEOUS FOODS.

Their base is carbon, which comprises about four ten thousandths parts of our atmosphere, in the form of carbonic acid gas, a combination of carbon and oxygen, which is the deadly damp of wells, but the life of soda-water. It is harmless to drink, but deadly to breathe. It predominates in the diamond, coal, wood, fiber, starch, sugar, oil, resin, etc. These are called "foods of respiration."

NITROGENOUS FOODS.	BALANCED FOODS.	CARBONACEOUS FOODS.
Skimmed milk.....1 to 1.9	Cow's milk.....1 to 4.4	Cream.....1 to 30.5
Buttermilk.....1 to 2.6	Barley middlings.....1 to 6.0	Oat bran.....1 to 9.7
Cotton-seed cake.....1 to 1.8	Wheat-meal.....1 to 5.7	Corn bran.....1 to 10.3
Linseed cake.....1 to 2.0	Buckwheat bran.....1 to 4.1	Wheat middlings.....1 to 6.9
Rape cake.....1 to 1.7	Barley bran.....1 to 4.5	Pumpkins.....1 to 18.4
Malt sprouts.....1 to 2.2	Rye bran.....1 to 5.3	Buckwheat grain.....1 to 7.4
Brewers' grains.....1 to 3.0	Coarse wheat bran.....1 to 5.6	Corn.....1 to 8.6
Sunflower seeds.....1 to 1.3	Cotton-seed.....1 to 4.6	Oats.....1 to 6.1
Hempseed cake.....1 to 1.5	Millet.....1 to 5.4	Barley.....1 to 7.9
Peas.....1 to 2.9	Wheat.....1 to 5.8	Rye.....1 to 7.0
Red clover before bloom.....1 to 3.8	Turnips.....1 to 5.8	Carrots.....1 to 9.3
Pasture clover (young).....1 to 2.5	Fermented red clover.....1 to 4.1	Sugar-beets.....1 to 17.0
Rich pasture grass.....1 to 3.6	Fermented beet leaves.....1 to 4.0	Rutabagas.....1 to 8.3
Lucerne before bloom.....1 to 2.3	Rutabaga leaves.....1 to 3.9	Artichokes.....1 to 8.3
Field beans in bloom.....1 to 2.3	Fodder cabbage.....1 to 5.2	Potatoes.....1 to 10.6
Flaxseed.....1 to 3.1	Buckwheat in blossom.....1 to 5.1	Barley chaff.....1 to 30.4
Pea-meal.....1 to 3.0	White clover.....1 to 4.2	Oat chaff.....1 to 33.8
	Red clover.....1 to 5.7	Rye chaff.....1 to 32.6
	Red top.....1 to 5.4	Wheat chaff.....1 to 24.1
	White clover, medium.....1 to 5.0	Seed clover.....1 to 7.4
	Alsike (Swedish clover).....1 to 4.9	Corn stalks.....1 to 34.4
	Red clover, medium.....1 to 5.9	Oat straw.....1 to 29.9
	Quack grass.....1 to 5.2	Winter barley straw.....1 to 40.5
	Red clover in bloom.....1 to 5.7	Winter rye straw.....1 to 52.0
		Winter wheat straw.....1 to 45.8
		Ensilage.....1 to 12.0
		Sorghum.....1 to 7.4
		Fodder oats.....1 to 7.2
		Green corn (German).....1 to 8.9
		Hungarian grass.....1 to 7.1
		Italian rye grass.....1 to 6.3
		Fodder rye.....1 to 7.2
		Blue-grass in bloom.....1 to 7.5
		Timothy.....1 to 8.1
		Orchard-grass in bloom.....1 to 6.5
		Meadow hay, medium.....1 to 8.0
		Corn-cobs.....1 to 71.2
		Apples and pears.....1 to 43.0

These foods should be balanced with more carbonaceous ones, or else they will injure the animal or go to waste. The nitrogenous element makes muscle, or lean meat and casein, or cheese. These foods are the more expensive and difficult to obtain. Hence they are seldom overfed. It has been clearly shown that the fats in milk do not come from the carbonaceous foods, but from a proper combination of these with the nitrogenous foods. These concentrated foods should be fed with care and caution. The aim should be to give both classes of foods. The wise farmer will grow a variety of the two classes of foods to supply the needs of his stock. It will pay, not only as a gratification to his animals, but as true economy. The science of feeding both animals and plants is one of the most important that can engage the attention of the farmer or stock raiser.

The condensed foods must have coarse foods fed with them to extend the stomach and keep its contents loose, so the gastric-juice may act on and digest them. When the nitrogenous and carbonaceous elements are not properly balanced there is waste. True economy consists in balancing the ration and feeding what the animal will eat up clean. These foods may be balanced by feeding them alternately as well as in combination. It is foolish waste to feed all corn stalks, straw and other carbonaceous foods in the fall and early winter. They should be fed throughout the cold season with more concentrated and nitrogenous foods, most needed in mild weather.

If not fed other and more nitrogenous foods than these, animals will gorge themselves to discomfort, and still crave the nitrogenous elements which these foods lack. They are only heat and fat producing. Animals exposed to cold need more of these than if kept warm.

—Hoard's Dairyman.

the dressing that nature will give it with a little human aid.

Around the porch thus made plant running vines and plants. The old-time creeper is a despised plant, but it is a beautiful climber. The ordinary wood-vine, morning-glories, the white and scarlet runners are all ornamental, and perhaps better than all, choice grape-vines. These plants will run over and shut in and make a delightful retreat, a useful receptacle and an ornament, a place where the housekeeper may retire to sew or read (if she ever gets the time), listening to nature's orchestra—the lisping of the foliage and the hum of the bees and the beautiful long-bill.

The more pretentious porch or veranda

special-purpose characteristic of the breed will be gone—and it is now on the way. We imported a Jersey that was an animal of rather small size (was contemptuously called a "runt"), gave only a moderate quantity of milk, no beef worth speaking of, but made more butter than any other cow on earth. What has been the result of the way the breed has been handled in this country? The Chicago lot of Jerseys show one phase of it. The Jersey is no longer a "runt," she gives more milk than the Shorthorn or Guernsey, and it costs more to make a pound of Jersey butter than it would if the breed had only been improved in its own special line of work—butter, and butter alone.—A. L. Crosby, in Breeder's Gazette.

STANDING BY THEIR SHEEP.

The autumn ram sales just concluded in Great Britain afford ample evidence that the tenant farmers of England and Scotland propose to meet "the deluge of foreign produce" in the proper way. They realize that Australia and South America can inundate British markets with frozen mutton; but as this is necessarily of a quality inferior to the prime article which can be produced by a persistent recourse to good blood and a free use of cake and turnips, they have bid up prices for good Shropshire, Lincoln and other well-bred rams at the late auction sales to about the highest points ever attained in the history of the trade.

We have already referred to the fact that one Shropshire ram fetched nearly \$1,500, and it may be worth recording that the eight "top" rams of the breed offered at these big sales brought an average of about \$880 each. That these are not exceptional sales is well shown by the fact that the Graham shearling rams—forty-five in number—sold at Birmingham for an average of \$170 each. While English breeders have made the best prices, it is worthy of note that in Scotland, where the picturesque black-faced Highland sheep are in such an overwhelming majority, David Butlers, of Corston, made \$50 per head on fifty rams. The Lincoln long-wools have made some big averages, and Border Leicesters have brought as much as \$550 per head—Lord Polwarth's lot averaging \$160. Throughout our advices all agree that there has been even a sharper discrimination than usual as between sheep of the finest quality and ordinary "draft" stock, or "shots," as the Scotch shepherd call the inferior culls; showing that those who have had most experience in the trade appreciate most thoroughly the difference between a strictly good and an indifferent sire.

American flock-masters may well take heart from these old country doings. When their British contemporaries stand by their sheep so firmly in the face of free wool and free trade in mutton, it must be apparent that on our cheaper lands and with our abundance of low-cost feed, we can, by judicious management, not only retain what sheep we have at a profit, but by altering the type, if need be, to conform to changed conditions of trade, etc., we may still further increase our holdings. The arid regions may in a measure drive the fine-wools from out their old accustomed haunts, but throughout all the great agricultural states, where the dog nuisance is not insufferable, small flocks of good registered or cross-bred mutton sheep will certainly add materially to the revenues of the farm. Quality, not quantity, must be the watchword hereafter in American flock management.—Breeder's Gazette.

FEEDING GROUND MEAT TO HENS.

The usual way of feeding ground meat is to mix it with ground grain of some kind. This is unnecessary. It should be fed as a variety, and in a way to afford a change. There should be certain meals, on special days, for giving it to the hens. For instance, give it at night, on every other day, in a trough, unmixed with other food, so that the hens will have nothing but the ground meat for that meal. The next morning give some other food, as corn, and the following meal may be of wheat or cut clover.

The ground meat may be given plentifully, if fed in this manner. Simply allow the hens to have all of it that they will eat, and they will relish it and find it beneficial. If fed on meat every meal, it may cause bowel difficulty; but given once every two days, it will not be in any manner injurious, and will prove of great assistance in inducing the hens to lay at this season of the year.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures



Three Bottles

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured me of scrofulous eruptions on my left arm and leg. Physicians had treated me without success and I had spent much money trying to get relief. Anyone suffering from skin trouble will surely find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla." N. J. McCoun, Kingsley, Iowa. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.



## Our Farm.

### GARDEN AND FIELD NOTES.

**POTATO-DIGGING.**—One of the fall jobs that is usually looked upon with fear and trembling on many farms where the crop is largely grown is digging potatoes. Yet I hardly know why this is so, except on soils where stones, by their numbers and size, offer much obstruction to the insertion of strong-tined but blunt tools, which here alone can be used for this work. In mellow loams, potato-digging is easily accomplished by horse-power. It is not even necessary to make use of regular potato-diggers. We have before this used an ordinary one-horse plow with good satisfaction. A winged shovel-plow, however, drawn by two horses does about as good work as any tool specially designed for potato-digging. One of the diggers on the market, indeed, is little else but a shovel-plow of the ordinary pattern (winged), with a few bars and pieces of chain in the rear to screen out the soil and leave the potatoes as much as possible on top of the ground. My experience is that these screening and dragging attachments can easily be dispensed with, and that the shovel-plow, plain and simple, will dig the potatoes quite satisfactorily, and in a tenth the time that they can be dug by hand. The person who holds the plow handles and drives the horses should of course know his business. The horses must walk slow, straddling the row to be dug, and the plow-point must be held firmly right under the line of hills, and deep enough to go under the lowest tuber in the hill. It is astonishing to see how few potatoes are covered up. Almost all appear in plain sight, and are easily picked up. The harrow, which should be used after the whole crop is dug and picked up, brings not many more potatoes to the surface afterward than will barely pay for the labor. The shovel-plow, in short, I believe may be used for digging potatoes even in somewhat stony ground, and it is worth the trial by all farmers who are yet afraid to invest in a regular potato-digger. We dig every other row, then pick up, and next dig the remaining rows. It is true, however, that on clean soil, where potato-diggers do the best work, hand-digging is also comparatively easy. I can get out my potatoes with spade, hoe, digging-fork, potato-hook, or almost any kind of tool made to enter the soil, with nearly equal facility.

**STORING POTATOES.**—Any person who has a dark, frost-proof cellar can easily and successfully store the few potatoes which his family may want until new potatoes are ready, and possibly a little surplus for sale. The problem becomes more serious when the potatoes to be kept are intended for seed, and it is a very serious one for the large planter. Seed-potatoes may be exposed to the light, while potatoes for the table should not; but they require a low temperature and moderate moisture (of the surrounding atmosphere) to keep them from emitting sprouts prematurely, and also from wilting. Cold storage seems to solve the problem to perfection. The potatoes of the 1892 crop which I saw at the Canada vegetable exhibit at the world's fair in June, had been thus kept in cold storage, and were plump and apparently in sound and excellent condition for planting or table. Mr. Woolverton, of Grimsby, Ontario, the secretary of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, told me that these potatoes had been kept continuously in a temperature of a few degrees above freezing, probably at or near thirty-five degrees. Ordinary cellars under dwelling-houses, when the time of planting approaches, usually warm up too much for the good of seed-potatoes. In some localities people have a chance to hire cold-storage room, proprietors of cold-storage plants usually charging ten cents per bushel for keeping onions sets, potatoes, etc. Such opportunities are too good to be neglected. If this storage will insure you perfect condition of your seed-potatoes, or of onion sets, etc., at planting-time, the ten cents a bushel is but a trifle compared with the advantages and results that may be derived from the transaction.

**POTATO-HOUSE.**—H. M. Parker, of Tennessee, thinks he has a good location for a hillside potato-cellar, and asks about the advantage of such a cellar over one built entirely above ground. In the first place, I would say that any person who grows and handles potatoes extensively

may be said to be in good luck if he has a hillside suitably located for a potato-cellar. I prefer a hillside to an over-ground storage-house every time, and whether ice is used (as not likely in the inquirer's case) or not, two things are of chief consideration in the construction of a potato-cellar; namely, (1) convenience of filling and emptying, and (2) safety from frost. Both advantages are easily secured in a hillside cellar. It can be filled from the upper side by means of spouts, while the loading upon wagons from the cellar can be done through doors on the lower side.

One of the mistakes commonly made is to dig a hillside into the bank. It should be alongside the bank, with one of the long sides against the front of the hill, walled up. The short sides should also be solid wall, while for the front, or lower side, I should prefer dead-air spaces, or sawdust filling between double or treble board walls. Doors and windows should also be double, and made to fit well; all with an eye to make the cellar frost-proof.

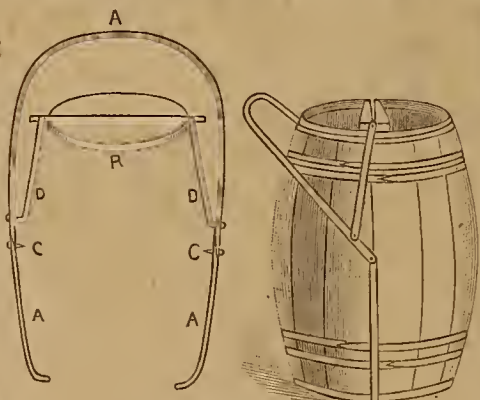
**THE FREEMAN POTATO.**—Gradually this comparatively new sort brings out its good points as well as its weaknesses. It has done exceedingly well with us this year. My brother raised between 500 and 600 bushels on about three acres of ordinary farm soil, only part of which had received a fair manure application and under the same conditions which made a partial failure of White Star and other late sorts. The yield, nearly 200 bushels to the acre, under these conditions, is quite satisfactory; but the tubers are not of best size for market. The majority are of fair medium size—none monstrously large as the leading late potatoes often grow in that locality—and some of them small, really too small for market. But the quality is above reproach. I believe the Freeman is the best potato for the table I have yet seen. Why is it that quality is so little appreciated in this country? Fair, "even size and fine appearance is what the general market demands. Burbank, White Star, etc., are ideal market sorts for this reason. But when you have a class of customers who appreciate good quality, and are willing to pay an extra price for a handsome, smooth potato of medium size and superior quality, it will pay you to grow the Freeman for them. This is Mr. Terry's opinion. It is mine. It is nearly everybody's who has experimented more largely with the Freeman. Possibly this would prove to be a sort for the people in Germany, who like quite moderate size with high quality, and object to the monstrous size of many potatoes found in our markets. The Germans in the fatherland grow the large, coarse sorts only for stock and for the manufacture of starch. JOSEPH.

### Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

#### A BARREL-HEADER.

This barrel-header works to perfection, and any blacksmith will make it for seventy-five cents. The parts marked A



A BARREL-HEADER.

AA are made of a small wagon tire with hinges at CC. DD are rods of half-inch round iron riveted to the frame three inches above the hinges on each side, but left to turn freely as a hinge. R is a piece of two-inch plank nearly the size of the barrel-head. Place the head on the barrel, then the header in position. Loosen the top hoops, bear down A to press the head in. Drive down the hoops and the head is in.—*The Canadian Horticulturist*.

### ONE OF OUR HUSTLERS, IN UTAH.

October 17, 1893.

MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK:

Gentlemen—I inclose bank check to pay for 100 subscriptions and premiums, according to your New Plan. Send me 50 copies of the Atlas, 25 sets of the Silver-plated Teaspoons, and 25 copies of the Portfolio of Photographs.

Yours truly,

JOHN ENGLAND, SR.

Utah.

### EXHIBITS OF SPRAYED FRUITS.

One of the most interesting features of the New York exhibit in the horticultural building at the world's fair was the show of fruit that had been sprayed. Mr. Geo. T. Powell, of Columbia county, east of the Hudson, showed very clean, perfect specimens of Cranberry Pippin, Jonathan and Fameuse, and near them was a placard bearing these words: "These varieties are peculiarly liable to attacks of apple-scab and are often entirely unsalable. These have been thoroughly sprayed with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green."

The state experiment station at Geneva shows average specimens of the old White Doyenne and Seckel pears, both sprayed and unsprayed, and the difference is remarkable. The unsprayed fruit of either kind is almost unsalable from the effects of scab, and is also much smaller than that sprayed. It would seem from this as though scabby or wormy pears were simply mementoes either of ignorance or neglect of the producers of them, and that the spraying-machine was a necessity in every profitable orchard, at least of those made up of the old varieties of fruits.

S. B. G.

### INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

**Fruit-tree Borers.**—M. H. Stahlstown, Pa., writes: "For forty years past I have successfully used a simple remedy for borers on fruit-trees. Dig the ground away from the trunk of the tree and use about a half bushel of tan-bark from some old tannery. Repeat the application every three or four years."

**Quinces in Wisconsin.**—T. G. W., Beloit, Wis. Quinces have never been a success in Wisconsin, although in some protected sections near the lake they might do fairly well. They do not succeed in Illinois nor in the states west and north of it until the Pacific coast states are reached, where in some sections they do well.

**What Kind of Nuts to Grow.**—L. A., Grass Valley, Cal., writes: "What kind of nut-trees would grow on red-pine land without irrigation? The temperature here is never below zero. English walnuts grow, but bloom too soon. Almonds sometimes bear, but not every year."

**REPLY:**—We would be very glad to hear from any of our subscribers who can give definite information to the above inquiry.

**Varieties of Pears.**—J. R. B., Winchester, Va., writes: "I wish to plant a pear orchard of about two or three hundred trees. What are the most profitable varieties to plant? The Keifer is highly recommended, but I think them hardly fit to eat."

**REPLY:**—Keifer is a good market pear, though of poor quality, but as it is well to have varieties to extend the season, it would be well to plant also Bartlett, Angouleme, Anjou and Clairgeau.

**Time to Apply Fertilizers to Fruits—Trimming Dewberries.**—J. W., Elmwood, Ohio, writes: "When ought I to put ashes and bone-meal on my strawberries and peaches, in the fall or spring?—I have some dewberries. Ought I to thin them or cut them back? Which is the best manure for them?"

**REPLY:**—Better put it on early in the spring.—They should be thinned back about one half the new growth. Bone-meal and ashes is a good manure for dewberries, or in fact for any of our fruits.

**Iron Around Grape-vine Roots.**—E. J., Millville, Pa., writes: "Would it be of any advantage to bury old iron about the roots of grape-vines?"

**REPLY:**—There is enough iron in all our soils for the wants of any plants we may attempt to grow on them. This element is so little used by plants that its consideration is of no importance whatever. However, applications of iron have many times been tried on soils, but without benefiting plant growth. The best thing to bury around the roots of grape-vines is broken bones, as these furnish a much-needed plant-food.

**Budding Peaches.**—B. L. M., Elsie, Ill. Peaches are generally propagated by budding, which is performed in August. Grafting the peach is an operation which is not very successful at the North, and is seldom performed. Nurserymen bud peach seedlings when they are only four or five months old. They sow the pits in April and bud the seedlings in August, as they are then quite small and make a very strong growth the following season; they become nearly straight by the end of that season and outgrow any crook made by budding. As it would require considerable space for a description of the work, and as it would be unseasonable now, we would be pleased to have you ask the question some time in next May, when it will have a full answer.

**Peaches Rotting.**—C. E. N., Nayatt, R. I., writes: "The peaches on my tree rotted very badly this year. When about to ripen they began to rot. Then the leaves turned black and dropped off, and the twigs died. What is the cause and what the preventive?"

**REPLY:**—I do not feel sure about the disease injuring your peach-trees, but think it must be, in part at least, due to the attacks of the fungus *Monilia fructigena*, which produces rot in plums, and cherries as well. If there is any dead or dried fruit on the trees, it should be removed and burned, and the foliage and fruit should be sprayed with diluted Bordeaux mixture as soon as the flowers fall in the spring, and at least twice more thereafter at intervals of about two weeks. Dilute Bordeaux mixture is one half the strength generally used. This is absolutely necessary in many peach and cherry sections for the production of good fruit.

**What Varieties of Grapes to Plant.**—E. M., Spencer, Ind., writes: "What kind of grapes would you prefer to plant? My ground is a sandy south hillside."

**REPLY:**—This is rather a peculiar question to answer, as you do not write whether you wish the grapes for market or home use. But assuming you intend them for the latter purpose, I think you had better set out Concord, Worden, Delaware and Moore's Diamond. You should plant the vines next spring, and I would recommend that the land be ridged up this fall to aid in getting it in good order for spring. Plant ten feet apart each way, and train them so the rows will run north and south, unless the land will wash badly if they were so placed, when I would run them in any direction that would prevent this trouble.

**Pear-tree not Bearing.**—T. J., Port Chester, N. Y., writes: "I have a pear-tree six or seven years old, the branches of which have grown long and spindling, with scarcely any side branches. The tree does not bear well, although it gets good cultivation, manuring, etc. What shall I do with it to make it bear well? If cutting back is necessary, how much should it be cut?"

**REPLY:**—There is a great difference in the ages at which various varieties of pear-trees come into bearing. Some will fruit in the nursery row, while others do not bear until set long enough to wear out one's patience, but after awhile may fruit profusely. When growing rapidly, as when in rich land, trees are generally much more tardy in coming into bearing than when on somewhat poorer land. The new growth of your young pear-trees should be cut back from a third to one half of the vigorous young growth; but this will not aid them in coming into bearing. If the trees are trimmed or have a part of their foliage removed in June, or a portion of the roots on one side cut off at any season of the year, their growth will be checked and they will produce fruit buds. If the spring's growth is just pinched off at the end when a foot long the same thing will be accomplished.

**Straw Mulch for Strawberries.**—D. W. H., Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Have any of the readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE ever tried spring mulching of strawberries with wheat straw, to protect the blossoms against late spring frosts? About what quantity per acre is necessary, and cost of applying the same?"

**ANSWER:**—The writer for several seasons used oat straw for winter protection of his strawberry beds. He has had some trouble from the grain sprouting, but on the whole thinks it the best thing he can get, although he prefers good marsh hay for the purpose. His practice is to use about one and a half tons of this straw per acre. Spread it evenly over the bed. In the spring it is nearly all removed from over the plants and drawn in between the rows. In case a frost threatens when the plants are in flower, it is his custom to go over the bed late in the afternoon or early in the evening and throw the straw back over the plants, where it lies very light. It may remain thus over the plants for several days without causing serious injury, and it is surprising how very little straw is sufficient protection. I do not know the expense of this work, but it is not much, and I am sure that some seasons such protection, if even for one night only, has made the difference between a good crop and total failure. Oat straw is very cheap with us, as we generally have a large surplus at the station. I have a neighbor who has in a similar way been very successful in using the bagasse from a sorghum mill. I have never used wheat straw for the purpose, but think it would answer very well.

**Raspberry-plants—Strawberry Culture—Cultivating Quinces.**—A. S., Greenvboro, Md., writes: "Is there any other way to raise raspberry-plants beside from the root?—1. How far apart ought strawberry-plants to be in a row? 2. How late ought a strawberry-patch be worked in the fall? 3. When is the proper time to mulch strawberry-plants; also, the best thing to mulch them with?—Ought quince-trees to be worked the same as peach-trees—once a week, for instance?"

**ANSWER:**—Yes, the kinds that send up suckers will also grow from pieces of their roots cut in the fall of the year and sown in trenches about three inches deep. These pieces should be about three inches long and about the size of a lead-pencil. Of course, you know that black-cap varieties and a few others increase by the tips of the growing canes bending to the ground in August and rooting.—1. In the ordinary matted-row system the plants form a mat about eighteen inches wide. It is desirable that the plants be about six inches apart in every direction. 2. I think there should be at least six weeks of good weather before they freeze up solid. I do not believe in working them late. 3. It is customary to mulch them as soon as the ground is frozen hard enough to bear up a team, and I prefer to get it on in November or December. The best thing to mulch with is marsh hay, as it is free from noxious weeds and does not become too compact over the plants. Corn stalks and many other things are desirable for the same reasons. When straw is used, there is generally enough grain left to sprout and make extra work in weeding.—Yes, but not after the first of September, as late working of the land often encourages a late growth, which is injurious.

**Peach Queries.**—C. Y., Kent, Ohio, writes: "I have a ridge of land containing about two acres of gravelly soil, although in some places it is rather heavy and very hard to cultivate on account of its shape. I have been thinking of planting it to peaches. The hill lies about northeast and southwest. There is low land on the south of it in which runs a stream of water that is fed from springs, and it is usually foggy at night. The ridge is only moderately fertile. Would you advise me to set it out in peaches? If so, would it have to be fertilized in any way when planted, or manured about the trees after planting? What varieties would be best, and how far apart ought they be planted? Would it be well to plant any crop among the trees?"

**REPLY:**—The location you describe is not very promising for peaches on account of its not being much higher than the surrounding land, but they might do fairly well there. There would be no necessity of using fertilizers or manure for peaches, unless the land is in wretchedly poor condition; a heavy mulching around the trees ought to be sufficient to induce a good growth. But a year's experience with them will show you whether the land is rich enough to allow of a satisfactory growth. A heavy growth is not desirable. If mulched, the mulching should be removed the first of September to prevent a late fall growth and to allow of banking up the trees on approach of winter. Plant Crawford's Early, Wager, Crosby and Smock. Plant twenty feet apart each way. It would be all right to crop the land with corn or early potatoes or any other crop that does not require the late working of the land in autumn, but be sure and not crowd the trees, and keep up the fertility of the land by supplying as much of the manurial elements as is carried off in the crops removed.



## Our Farm.

### IMPRESSIONS OF AN EASTERN MAN IN THE NORTHWEST.

**E**DITOR FARM AND FIRESIDE:—Perhaps the impressions of an eastern hayseed on a western tour will interest your readers. Lest this opening sentence prove delusive, however, explanation must be made at once. The fact is that your correspondent had, up to this time, imagined himself to be a western man, and living as he does in Missouri, near the Arkansas and Indian Territory lines, he had always heard that part of the country spoken of as the Southwest.

In the middle states, the Mississippi is the dividing line between east and west. After the traveler has crossed the Rocky mountains he finds himself under a new standard. This great divide, then, becomes the boundary between the East and the West, and as a matter of course, he must consider himself an eastern man.

The tourist is apt to be disappointed, and even disgusted, with the landscape after he has passed the mountains. If he is fortunate enough to have passed through the real mountain scenery by daylight, he will of course be interested, averted or delighted, as the case may be; but when once on the sage-brush plains, monotony is the prevailing feature of the car-window panorama. Sage-brush and greasewood-bushes are visibly the only vegetation; alkali spots, buttes, or bare mountains in the background, the only objects which attract the eye. If the life of a plainsman has hitherto been for him surrounded by romance, the scales quickly drop from his eyes. He realizes that he is a gregarious animal, and that distance is an all-important factor in the affairs of men. In fact, to get a good conception of distance, a man must travel through just such a country, where the eye takes a wide sweep over the horizon—the wider the better—and as far as he can see, the land is of a uniform character.

Then, too, the prettiest objects in creation will prove tiresome if constantly repeated in monotonous succession. The eye as well as the palate craves variety, and as for these rocks, buttes and mountains, why, the general verdict will be that they look better in a handsome photograph than in reality.

Still, the fact remains, and is being recognized, that these desert lands of the arid climates can be made very fertile. Water will open their stores of fertility where it is available, and will pour their treasures in the lap of civilization in time to come. The skeptical eastern farmer is furnished actual proof of the fact when, later on, the ranches appear like very oases in the desert, with green orchards and meadows, or fields of yellow grain. Slowly but surely civilization is altering the appearance of the country as the populous East throws off its surplus on the virgin West. Cultivation and irrigation are changing the very climate of the country. For instance, in the Yakima valley, Washington, where five or six years ago no dew fell, dew falls regularly now, and light rains are becoming much more frequent. In some parts of the Snake river valley, Idaho, through the same cause, irrigation, the water has raised in the wells in the last few years, and undoubtedly the same thing could be said of other sections of the country. Bottom lands—that is, lands a few feet above the level of the rivers, which have a natural subirrigation and were formerly the only lands fit for cultivation—are becoming too wet since irrigation has been practiced on the bench lands a few feet higher, and will probably soon need drainage.

Sometime in the future, also, the timber and minerals now unavailable by reason of their distance from the great highways of commerce, will afford occupation for thousands.

While speaking of timber, it must be explained that forests, composed chiefly of hardy evergreens, do exist in these arid regions, but only on the elevations. From the Rocky mountains to the Pacific coast the country is all more or less mountainous, and not only location and latitude, but also altitude, determines the amount of rainfall or the character of vegetation. For instance, in Washington and Oregon, in the belt from the coast to the Cascades, there is a great rainfall, and the country is naturally heavily timbered. Then eastward the timber gradually disappears

except on the mountain tops, and as a rule, the further east one goes the higher is the timber line.

In such a country great differences in climate necessarily exist. The ranchman who mops his brow in some sweltering valley under a July sun, can look away on the imposing form and glistening beauty of some snow-clad peak, as Rainier, Adams or Hood. Valleys close to these mountain giants are generally apt to have some frosty nights during the late spring and early fall.

The Pacific states especially have a diversity of crops. Some sections are too far above the level of the large rivers to be susceptible of irrigation, and have yet enough rainfall to grow such crops as the cereals, potatoes, hay and a variety of vegetables. Others have a plentiful rainfall and will grow anything that the heat of their summers admit of; while others, having a low altitude and plenty of water for irrigation, will grow the greatest variety of crops. The latter can have the most profitable of crops, such as fruit, corn, alfalfa hay and hops.

This last crop is grown in the Willamette valley, Oregon, and more extensively on Puget sound, Washington, where it is very productive. North Yakima is also becoming the center of an important hop-raising industry, many new "yards" being set out in the valley every year.

As this is a plant not extensively cultivated and known, I will give, in another article, a sketch of a hop harvest as I saw it in progress there.

The people of the Northwest are a cosmopolitan community. Chinese are numerous all along the coast, which term includes generally the Pacific states. Indians have numerous reservations scattered over the country, and are therefore often met in their neighborhood. But aside from these, we find here men from every state in the Union, and a large number of Europeans as well. There are forty-niners and old frontiersmen, who have felt hardships and faced dangers more than once. There are also men of means, who have recently left their old homes in the East, surrounded by the luxuries of civilization, to invest money in more promising fields. Some western men have grown very wealthy; others have spent money as fast as they made it. Their apology is generally that they thought the good times would always last. Some have got rich through speculation, while others have lost heavily thereby, for most towns of any size have had their boom, with the usual reaction. These booms have often been "forced." All who have resided in the West a number of years have had a chance to lay by a few hundreds or even thousands. All have had a chance to secure cheap land, but its very facility of access made it seem less desirable. As a middle-aged man said, "I could have homesteaded land that is now worth thousands, but I had no use for land then. A horse, a saddle and a big pair of spurs were all I cared for."

At first sight one might be led to believe that the moral tone of the people was really better, for previous to this year of panics there were few loafers, vagabonds, or petty thieves, except in the most thickly-settled portions of the coast. But the real fact is, that lawlessness is bolder in these new countries than anywhere else. When cheating or stealing is done, it is for big stakes, and one pessimist has even said, "Everybody tries to cinch everybody else." This must be taken with a little grain of salt. It is certain that while most men are ready to cheat some one else mercilessly in a business transaction, a great many of them might be trusted if their honor was concerned in some way. This is a remains of pioneer days, for often in those times persons, total strangers to one another, were brought in contact, and by the force of circumstances made to depend on each other. To do the westerners justice it should also be said that most of the wholesale "cinching" has been introduced here of late years by an undesirable class of newcomers, who saw in that universal confidence a delightful field of action.

As might be expected, the manners of the people are a little rough, and politeness is somewhat at a discount. The observance of the Sabbath is anything but strict. At the same time the religious denominations are pretty well represented. Meetings are held in the school-houses in the country, and the worshipers come to service in their best. In the case of some this means the ordinary work-a-day clothes, while others are well dressed. Small attention is paid to this, and the vehicles along the fence outside help to carry out the contrast.

The average western man is well informed. Oftener than is supposed he is educated, but even if illiterate, in the course of his wanderings he has acquired a good stock of general knowledge. One is inclined to believe at times that if the "rolling stone has gathered no moss" of a tan-

gible character, it has gathered something which is a partial compensation.

Schools are found wherever there are scholars enough to form one, and are taught by competent teachers. Good certificates are required of them, for the public is exacting, and parents, almost without exception, realize the good of a thorough education and desire it for their children.

It is interesting to note the attitude of the people in different sections of the country on prominent political questions. In the mining states of Colorado, Idaho and Montana they are for free silver almost to a man. It is but natural; their interests, and just now their very prosperity, are at stake. On the coast opinions are more evenly divided on that absorbing issue. Here again we find the sheepmen united in attributing the fall in wool to fear of tariff reform. They are afraid of Australian competition.

Were I asked the question, "Which offers the most advantages to labor and capital, the East or the West?" my answer would be, in a general way, the West. It is true that the days of gold are past, and that prices of stock and products have fallen faster for the last few years here than in the East; it is also true that it has its disadvantages, distance from markets, comparative absence of society, and others, and immigrants, generally, judge it according to their own individual experience. One mistake that eastern travelers often make is to judge the whole Northwest by one or two or three localities in which they may happen to have been.

Another is to expect to find cheap land close to railroads or business centers. They generally find that such land is valued as high or higher than land in the East which they have left, for improved land in the West appreciates rapidly. Then it must be said that the average immigrant is homesick and is apt to view strange places through a distorted lens. Many a successful western man can say that had he been able when so minded, he would have gone back to his old home at once.

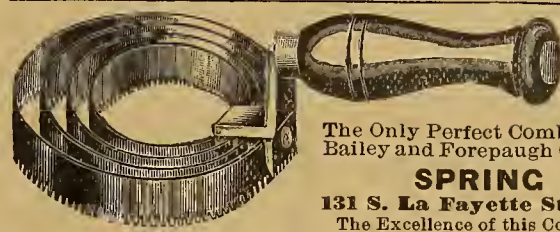
Capital up to the present has been invested chiefly in mines, land and stock, but the day will soon come when it will be directed to other channels, such as factories, mills, and so on. The water-power facilities for these are immense. The present outlook is not bright, but the superior natural resources of the West, as a whole, will certainly enable its population to hold their own as well or better than the producers of any other part of the world.

HENRY DE JERSEY.

#### EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

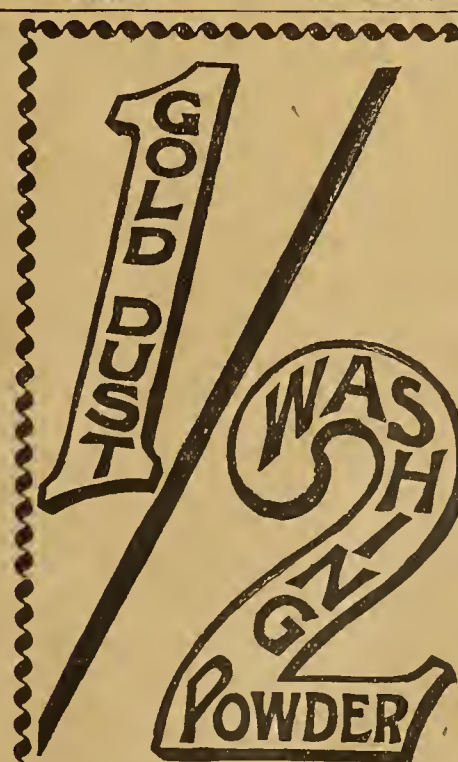
FROM ILLINOIS.—The crops in Jefferson county the past year have been almost a failure, owing to the extreme drouth. Wheat yielded from ten to fifteen bushels per acre. Our farmers are sowing a larger acreage of wheat this fall than last. The fruit crop was an entire failure for the first time in a good many years. But on a general average Jefferson county is as good a crop-producing county as there is in the state. Mt. Vernon, the county-seat, is a thriving town of over six thousand. During the past year the town has had improvements in the way of water-works and granditoid walks in the main part of the town. Woodlawn is the next town in the county in size, having about five hundred inhabitants. It is a very beautiful little town on the Louisville and Nashville railroad. The merchants of this place have a fair trade, as this is a good shipping point to either St. Louis or Evansville. For a suburban town one could not find a more genial, sociable or moral place to live in than here. Woodlawn, Ill. E. L.

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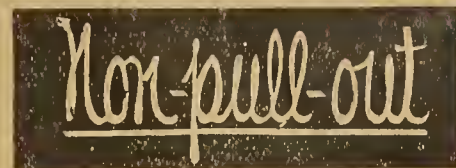
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## Our Farm.

## THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey.

## EGGS FOR HATCHING.

**W**HEN incubators are used there is often great difficulty to secure a large number of eggs, and operators are disposed to accept any kind that they can get, the result being that some eggs hatch well while others fail. Then the incubators are condemned as at fault, when really the cause is due to the eggs. When we consider that no two eggs are alike, and that the eggs in an incubator may come from as many as a hundred hens, it is plain that the matter of collecting and selecting eggs is one of the most important connected with hatching chicks for market.

When an egg-drawer is filled with eggs it requires but a glance over them to notice the great dissimilarity of sizes and shapes. While they are in the egg-drawer is the time to pick them over, for they can then be easily compared. All eggs of odd and peculiar shape, very small, very large, or which differ from the normal egg, should be removed and the drawer filled again. The object should be to secure eggs of normal size, smooth shells, regular shapes, and as near perfect as appearances will indicate. There is no way of knowing the fertile from the infertile eggs until they have been in the incubator four or five days, so as to test them with an egg-tester.

When collecting eggs from neighbors, examine the hens in the yards. If they are clumsy and fat the eggs will mostly be infertile. The male should be active and vigorous. If the hens are on a free range and are enabled to exercise on clear days, it is an advantage, and it is better to endeavor to learn if the stock is inbred or unhealthy.

One of the best plans to adopt is for you to procure pure-bred stock, and when your young males are matured, go to each neighbor and trade one of your males for his scrub and sell the scrub. It may be expensive for you at the time, but not if you expect to use eggs for hatching from those yards, as you will thus improve the stock for your benefit and add vigor by the outcross, thus securing better hatches, more rapid growth of chicks, higher prices and larger profits.

## MEAT ON QUICK TIME.

More meat can be produced in the shortest time from the duck than from any other living thing on the farm. The farmer who has a drake and six ducks will get something like 800 or 1,000 eggs from them in a year, and he can set the eggs under hens and have ducklings from the time the first lot comes out, which is often as early as February, until late in summer. It should not cost over six cents to produce a pound of duck meat, and they grow so rapidly as to leave chicks far in the rear. A duckling should weigh, if forced, four pounds in eight weeks. We have had them to gain a pound in one week.

Of course, we had the Pekins, and used only the largest and best we could procure for breeding purposes, and we have raised hundreds that never saw water except in a trough, no ponds or streams being used. No quicker way of supplying meat for the farmers' table can be suggested than for him to hatch out a large lot of ducklings, and he can get a good price for all he may sell. Roast duck is a better dish than salt pork, and can be had just as cheaply, as the duck can be raised on the same food that is required for producing pork.

## A "LITTER" OF EGGS.

It has been claimed that a hen will begin to sit as soon as she has laid her "litter" of eggs. Just how many eggs it may require to constitute a "litter" is undecided. Some place it at sixteen and others at thirty or more. Our experience is that there is no such thing as a "litter," and that hens will lay from early spring until they molt in the fall, if they are judiciously fed so as not to make them too fat. The breeds known as non-sitters lay a large number of eggs without offering to sit, but such breeds are usually very active and keep in good condition through their foraging habits, but we have made the Brahmas lay during the whole year also, without sitting, by keeping them in exercise and feeding them so as to prevent them from becoming too fat. Whenever a hen lays

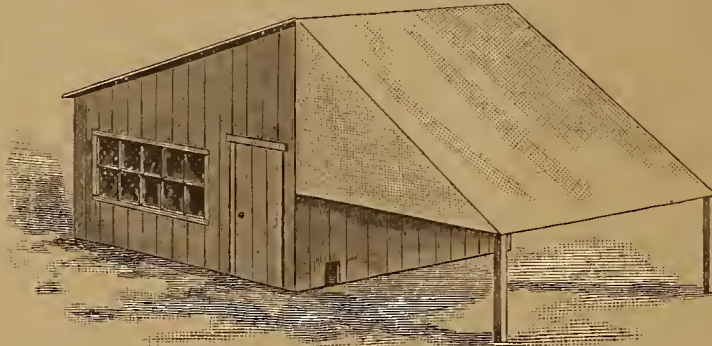
one or two dozen of eggs and begins to sit, it is not because of there being an end to her "litter," but that she is overfed. There is no "litter" of eggs. A hen can be made to lay right out, no matter to which breed she belongs, and to derive the most from hens they should be fed judiciously, so as to keep them in healthy condition without being overfat.

## INCUBATORS.

We have aimed to interest readers in artificial incubation, as it affords them an opportunity to get early broilers in market, and for that reason we offer plans of a home-made incubator, of which hundreds are in successful operation. The plans are illustrated, showing the several parts, and have directions for operating. They can be had by addressing the editor of this department, P. H. Jacobs, Hammonton, New Jersey. He has nothing for sale and only requests two stamps to pay for postage, stationery and printing.

## WINTER POULTRY-HOUSE.

An outside shelter and protection from storms is of great assistance to a flock in winter. Fowls detest close confinement and prefer to be in the open air. The illustration shows an ordinary poultry-house, ten feet square, suitable for a flock of a dozen hens. The house has a large window in front and a small one on each side, which makes it very light. An opening for egress or ingress is at the front, the door being shown at the side. The house is eight feet high in front and five feet at the rear, and faces the south. By the use



WINTER POULTRY-HOUSE.

of two short posts and some light scantling a covered shed, to be made of muslin, may be arranged in front. The muslin may be painted with linseed-oil to make it waterproof. If preferred, the lower or open space may also be inclosed by fastening a strip of muslin, one yard wide, from the side of the house, around the posts to the other side, as a wind-break. With this contrivance the hens will have plenty of light and warmth, the cost being but a trifle, and as the hens will be more comfortable, they will also produce a larger number of eggs.

## CHICKS AND WARMTH.

It is difficult to convince many that in winter the young chicks should be kept in a temperature close to 100 degrees. When a little chick is hatched it is really naked, the down being no protection, and a chilling of the body usually results in bowel disease. No "fresh air" experiments can be tried with little chicks in winter, as they will nearly always prove fatal. A young chick is as tender as a little baby, and when they begin to die off from disease of the bowels it is almost a sure indication that they have been chilled at some time.

## STRAW FOR POULTRY.

If the cow and horse should be afforded a bed in winter, so should the hens. It is a question whether the hens will not keep in better condition on straw at night than on a roost. At all events they will utilize the straw for scratching purposes, and it will protect them from cold drafts along the floor and from dampness. We advise our readers to experiment with straw (in winter only) and discard the roosts. With us it has proved beneficial, and few cases of sickness from colds have occurred.

## PULLETS SHOULD BE LAYING.

Two or three weeks of judicious management now to assist the pullets in forming their first crop of eggs, so to speak, will make a vast difference in the product of eggs during the next four or five months. Mr. E. R. Stuart, of Lancaster, N. H., says:—"I had twelve fine Plymouth Rock pullets. The early hatched ones commenced laying in the fall; when cold weather came on they stopped laying, while the rest had not begun to lay. I then commenced using Sheridan's Condition Powder, advertised to make hens lay. In ten days one pullet commenced to lay, in fourteen days three more began, and in just one month from the time I began using the Powder, all were laying."

I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send further particulars to any one free.

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## VEGETABLES FOR POULTRY.

A little green food occasionally is not so necessary for egg production as to serve for a change. Such substances contain but little nutriment compared with grain, the benefit derived being mostly from their action in preventing constipation. A head of cabbage occasionally or a mess of turnips, though adding but little to the ration, being mostly composed of water, will be highly relished by all classes of poultry, however, because they serve a purpose other than as food, and will greatly assist in keeping the fowls in condition by providing them with succulent material.

## PEAFOWLS.

Peafowls are simply ornamental and are not readily salable. They are not profitable on a farm, as the male is vindictive and destroys chicks and ducklings that may come in his way. The hen seldom begins to lay until at least two years old, and often not until three years of age, laying from five to sixteen eggs, which hatch in about thirty days. The young peafowl feathers very rapidly, and should be fed every two hours the first month; then four times a day until three months old, when it should be given three meals, requiring a large share of animal food, such as meat and bone. Otherwise they require the same care as young turkeys. Only the peafowl can raise them, as common hens wear them too soon.

## KEEP UP WITH THE MARKET.

The preferences of buyers change, and articles that were unsalable a few years ago are in demand at some seasons of the year now. A decade back and—"green ducks" were unknown in market, and until the incubators came into prominence broilers were very scarce. But as buyers became educated to these luxuries, the demand increased, and though thousands are marketed yet, prices are higher than ever before, as much as 60 cents per pound having been paid for broilers during a whole month of this year in New York City.

## WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE?

If you are keeping hens you should do so for a purpose. If only a small flock is kept it will matter but little whether they are intended for eggs or the table, as they will cost but a small sum and the receipts will not be great; but if a large flock is the object one should have eggs or poultry in view as a leading business, for unless there is a specialty there will be no excellence in either, the best egg-laying breeds being unsuitable for market and the choice market breeds not equaling the breeds adapted for producing the greatest number of eggs. If one is determined to supply eggs for market he should give the market qualities of the breed very little consideration and aim to keep his hens in good laying condition. When the stock for next year is hatched, in order to have good laying pullets, the eggs for hatching should be from the hens that have given good records. They may be but indifferent hens from a market point of view; but if eggs are a specialty, all attention should be turned in that direction alone and every effort made to succeed.

## CORN-STALK SHELTERS.

It will be an excellent method of supplying the hens with a snug and warm scratching-place by arranging the corn stalks so that they will form a wind-break on three sides. As the stalks are not considered of value by some, they can be put to good service in this manner, and quite a large space would be protected. Even the stalks that have been picked over by cattle will answer, and the shelter and warmth afforded the hens will aid in increasing the number of eggs.

## NESTS AND NEST-EGGS.

Make the nest-boxes warm at this season, using plenty of cut hay, and be sure that they have been cleaned, in order to avoid lice. A nest-egg in winter is a cruel infliction to the hen, compelling her to come in contact with a very cold substance. The nest-egg, if of glass or porcelain, should be covered with flannel, with muslin over the flannel, tightly drawn around the egg and then painted with transparent varnish.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**FEEDING.**—Well-fed fowls should be given their rations at stated periods, not once or twice, but oftener, if necessary, and never should be neglected. This is quite a point where eggs are required in winter, or when the health of the fowl is taken into consideration. An over-gorged fowl during the cold weather will most surely show symptoms of disease when warm weather sets in. Then commences a course of doctoring, which, in almost every instance, is in vain. For a steady feed whole corn is not always suitable. Neither is an old, tumbled-down building, full of cracks that admit drafts of air and drifts of snow, suitable for their confinement. Where there are no combs to freeze, a free outside run is to be preferred. It is a direct draft on the bird at night that produces the roup and frosts the comb. When fowls have fasted, for any length of time, a soft, warm feed should be given first and stinted rations given at frequent intervals. An overloading of the crop is dangerous always. J. K.

Marion, Ohio.

## INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

**Sitting Hens.**—"How often should sitting hens be fed during each day?"

**REPLY.**—Once a day is sufficient, allowing a variety of food and plenty of it.

**Alfalfa.**—G. D., Boulder, Col., writes: "Can alfalfa be used instead of clover as food for poultry? That is, will it answer the same purpose?"

**REPLY.**—It answers equally as well as clover for winter or summer use.

**Coal Ashes—Bumble-foot.**—F. G. W., Beloit, Wis., writes: "Would coal ashes serve to use on the floor for hens to scratch in?—One of my hens is lame, having a large bunch swelled on her foot where the toes are joined together."

**REPLY.**—Coal ashes may be used, but leaves or cut straw are better.—Cause of the swelling, known as bumble-foot, is probably due to jumping from the roost. The remedy is to keep the fowl on straw, using no roost.

## Poultry Do Have

These diseases. The first is what diphtheria is to human beings, and closely allied to that disease. Symptoms are, sneezing like a cold; slight watering of the eyes; running at the nostrils, severe inflammation in the throat, canker, swollen head and eruptions on head and face. A breeder of fighting game fowl which from their habits, are more liable to roup than others, gives us a **TREATMENT**, which he says is a **Positively Sure Cure** for the

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Queries.

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Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

**Storing Beets.**—W. M., Pottsville, Pa., writes: "What is the best way to keep red beets through the winter?"

REPLY:—Put in the cellar what you want for use during the winter. What you want to carry over until spring should be pitted, or buried, the same as potatoes.

**Wood Preservatives.**—B. A. L., Homestead, Pa., writes: "Will whitewash in any way preserve pine shingle roofs? Will fences whitewashed last longer than those that are not?"

REPLY:—For preserving shingles, use crude creosote. Whitewash applied to fences made of lumber thoroughly seasoned acts as a preservative.

**Renovating Old Meadows.**—H. E. B., New York. As early in the spring as the condition of the ground will permit, barrow, cross-harrow and roll your meadow. Use a weighted or heavy harrow with fine, sharp teeth slanting backward. After harrowing, sow a mixture of redtop, blue-grass and timothy—about one half redtop, as that may be best adapted to your low land. A topdressing of well-composted barn-yard manure will help improve the meadow. Possibly part of your meadow requires drainage to fit it for any of the tame grasses.

**Storing Onions.**—M. M., Tunesassa, N. Y., writes: "Will hard freezing injure onions put away in boxes, if they are not touched while frozen? Where is the best place to keep onions over winter?"

REPLY:—Store them in a thin layer on a dry floor or loft. If kept dry, in the dark, covered lightly and where ventilation is good, and not handled when frozen, freezing, if not too severe, will not injure them. But avoid having them frozen, if possible. Wintering large quantities should only be attempted with a good storage-house, arranged specially for the purpose. If you are a novice in onion culture, sell now all except what you want to keep for your own use.

**Manuring for Corn—Feeding Fodder.**—E. F. H., Greencastle, Pa., writes: "I had a field in corn this year and intended to crop it again. Which is best, to manure this fall and plow it down, or plow this fall and manure next spring on top, or wait until spring, then manure and plow down?—I am compelled to feed my corn fodder in the barn-yard off of a stack. What is the best method of hauling corn fodder in the yard? I have no harrow floor to cut it in or feed from."

REPLY:—If there is no danger of washing, manure your corn-field during the fall and winter and plow it in the spring. Coarse manure should be plowed under.—Keep your barn-yard well littered with straw. There will be much less waste if the fodder is placed in movable racks, which you can easily make from strong boards for sides and ends and 2x4 scantling for corner posts.

**Ice-house.**—F. L., Corn Creek, Ky., writes: "I have an ice-house 12x14 feet, 8 feet to eaves, built of two-inch lumber. I put in it last winter eight tons of 6 and 7 inch nice, clean ice, but it did not keep well. I had eighteen inches of sawdust on bottom and sides, and twenty-four inches on top. Can you tell me why my ice did not keep? Drainage and ventilation were good. Did I have too much sawdust, or not enough? Tell me what I must do to make my house a success."

REPLY:—It is much more difficult to keep such a small quantity of ice as six or eight tons than ten or fifteen. You used plenty of sawdust. There must be good drainage under the ice and good ventilation over it. In providing for drainage, be sure that the air does not have access to the bottom of the ice. Get thicker ice, if possible, and put it up when the weather is dry and cold. Lay it up compactly, and fill the cracks between the pieces with clean, dry sawdust or pounded ice. Try better drainage underneath and more ventilation over the ice.

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J. H. Sisson.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers, Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. Detmers, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

**Pigs Refuse to Eat Corn.**—J. R. G., Brownsville, Tenn. If your pigs refuse to eat corn, there is something the matter either with your pigs or with your corn; but what it is does not appear from the simple statement that your pigs kept in a pen fail to eat corn.

**Laminitis—Splint—Best Method of Cast-traction.**—J. E. M. Your mare, it seems, had laminitis; or in other words, was badly foundered.—A small splint on a valuable mare is best left alone, or if anything is to be done, the shoe may be made a little thinner on the inside; or what is the same, the hoof may be pared a little more on the inside, toward the median line, than on the outside.—A good knife, and clamps properly prepared and well put on.

**Sore Back.**—G. A. St., Monticello, Ark. A sore back of a horse is easier prevented than cured. Still, unless the case is too inveterate, too severe or fistulous, a cure will be effected if the horse is exempted from work, or what is the same, if the cause is removed, if the sore part is kept clean, and if, two or three times a day, some good antiseptic—for instance, iodoform, boric acid, calomel or a mixture of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, to sweet-oil, three parts—is applied. Which one of the named remedies is to be preferred depends upon the nature of the case and upon circumstances.

**Thrush.**—J. M. H., Wanship, Utah. Your horse has thrush. First, carefully clean the affected hoofs, and cut away all loose and decayed horn of frog and sole. This done, lift up the horse's foot in such a way that the sole looks upward, but keep the toe lower than the heel; then pour onto the frog, and into the clefts and crevices, some pure 95-per-cent solution of carbolic acid, but see to it that none of the acid comes in contact with the horse's skin or with your hands, and that all superfluous acid runs off at the toe. While the horse is thus attended to, have his stall thoroughly cleaned and the floor made dry, otherwise a reinfection will at once take place. It may be found necessary to repeat the same treatment after a few days.

**Too Big a Stomach.**—L. R., Brenham, Texas, writes: "I have a fine colt, two years old. Last summer she was raised on pasture feed only. She has too much belly. Will oats and bran, with good hay, bring her in shape? She also has three or four bumps under the skin, the size of birds' eggs. What are they? Ought she to be kept fat while training her, and can I reduce her belly and let her have what she wants to eat?"

ANSWER:—If you feed dry food, oats and hay, the big stomach will be reduced. It is

not advisable to feed too much bran; it weakens the digestion. I cannot tell you anything about the "bumps," because it does not appear from your communication what they are.

**Swine-plague and Lung-worm.**—R. L. C., Phillipsburg, Kan. The worms you complain of are known as *Strongylus paradoxus*. The same cannot be removed, and if present in large numbers, usually become fatal. You may prevent the disease next year, if you see to it that your pigs have no access whatever to pools of stagnant water, mud puddles and low, wet or swampy ground, because it is in them where the worm-brood is picked up. It seems, though, that in your case the disease and the dying of the pigs is not only caused by lung-worms, but also by swine-plague. I would therefore advise you to keep your hogs, in the future, after those you have now are out of the way, on high, dry and clean ground, then to water them from a well (a deep one if possible), to feed them clean food and to keep them away not only from all infected places, old straw-stacks, manure-heaps and rubbish of all kinds in particular, but also from other hogs that may possibly be infected. Furthermore, persons and even animals that have been in contact with diseased hogs, or come from infected places, also are able to introduce the disease. Medicines are of no avail.

**Perhaps Not with Calf.**—E. P., Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I have a seven-year-old cow. She comes in fresh about November 22d, and is giving fourteen quarts of milk per day. Ought I to try to dry her up at once, in order to bring a better calf? Does milking her so long or keeping her to her milk injure the calf? The milk seems perfectly good, but how long should it be used—or in other words, how long preceding the coloring-time should we discontinue the use of the milk?"

ANSWER:—Your cow perhaps is not with calf, or maybe comes in later than you think. If this is not the case, she must be an extraordinary milk producer. As a rule, a cow should have at least six weeks' rest, but where one, like yours, gives fourteen quarts of milk per day, it will be difficult to make her dry, and one must be very careful in attempting to do so. Too long-continued milking is more injurious to the cow than to the calf. In your case I would advise you to be cautious, and not to attempt to make your cow dry, or at least not too suddenly as long as the milk is normal and can stand boiling, because I think it is exceedingly doubtful whether your cow will come in at the time stated, November 22d.

**Umbilical Hernia.**—E. P., Los Angeles, California, writes: "I have a mare colt five months old, with what seems to be a small rupture at the navel. The lump, or sac, is about the size of a hen's egg, and soft. I can feel a hole inside, about the size of the end of my finger. Do not know what caused it. When I first noticed it the colt was two or three weeks old, and I supposed that its navel-string was simply slow in disappearing, and that it would soon be all right; but it seems to get larger instead of smaller. What can I do for it? Can it be cured if it is a rupture? The colt is hearty and well every other way."

ANSWER:—If the hernia is increasing in size, it will be best to operate it. There are several methods. Probably the following is

the best: After the animal has been prepared by a little fasting—this, after rough food has been withdrawn for twenty-four hours—the same is thrown, rolled on its back, kept in that position by hunches of straw placed on each side, and feet fastened upward so as to be out of the way of the operator. This done, the hernial sac is raised and an iron clamp, made for that purpose, is placed longitudinally in the exact median line of the body, over it; of course, as close to the wall of the abdomen as possible. Then, after the operator has assured himself that no intestines are in the hernial sac, the clamp is closed and the hernial sac is sewed off by a so-called shoe-maker's suture with a good waxed end and two needles. The sewing is commenced at one end; half an inch from the end both needles, first one and then the other, are passed through the same hole from opposite directions; half an inch further again, and so on until the other end is reached, where the two ends of the waxed end are knotted together. That each stitch must be drawn as tight as possible is self-evident, because the whole suture must constitute a sectional ligature, and be tight enough to cause the hernial sac to die off. The suture completed, the clamp can be removed. Good clamps suitable for that purpose may be obtained from a dealer in surgical instruments. The operation completed, no more needs to be done. In a short time the hernial sac will drop off and the opening will be closed.

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## Our Fireside.

## A NOTCH ON A STICK.

CHAPTER III.

AN APPLICANT.

OR two weeks Squire Roseborough had been busily engaged in securing hands and otherwise preparing for gathering and shipping his orange crop. Packers were scarce this season, most of the experts having been engaged by certain eastern firms, which buy the fruit on the tree and do their own shipping. The unfaithful conduct of his agent had left the squire with a large crop ungathered upon his hands, and the market already opened.

So engrossed was he with the affairs of his plantation that all minor matters were for the moment forgotten, and the squatter family had received no notice whatsoever. When the subject was mentioned, Reuben insisted that he had received no telegram regarding them, and in fact, no instructions whatever, and that they were still occupying the house in the rear of the grove, the house built for the squire's agent, and reached by a "near cut" through Squire Roseborough's premises.

"Well, they must get out," declared the old gentleman. "You must look to it, Reuben, and not allow me to be disturbed by a scene with them. People like that always make scenes. Just tell them to get out. They need make no attempt to see me about it. You are freely authorized to put them out. I will not have them on my place. The Floridasquatter is a species of the human race that I cannot, will not tolerate—trifling, lazy, sickly, filthy. Bah! Put them out at once."

Reuben bowed and went out to see to the trimming of a young lime hedge, while the squire joined the family on the front veranda. They had just had a late, southern breakfast, of which Elsie had eaten so sparingly that her mother had followed her to the veranda with a tiny, cut-glass dish of grapefruit, which she was vainly coaxing the sick girl to eat. She lay in her hammock among her silken cushions, pale and weary, the shadows around the eyelids so heavy that it seemed almost a burden to lift them.

The crutch lay on the floor under the hammock, and the little twisted foot rested upon a soft, silken pillow, a match to the one tucked underneath the delicate cheek. She pushed the bowl from her with the petulant, impatient movement of a sick child.

"Oh, mama, I wish you wouldn't ask me to eat," she complained. "I do not wish it, and I am tired. I'm tired of hammocks and pillows and weak spines and everything. I'm tired of the house; and the lake out there, with its continual complaining, makes my heart ache. It is like me, it can't get away; and because it can't run off, like the river, it just moans and cries and frets, and beats itself against the shore. I wonder if it ever thought it would run and dance and sing, and then found out it would be obliged to stay penned up alone, always and always and always. Oh, mama! mama!"

The poor little hands were extended to clasp the mother's neck, as she knelt beside the hammock and took the tear-wet face to her bosom. Her own heart had well-nigh broken when she learned that her child would be a cripple; but she had bravely put aside her own grief to comfort the little sufferer.

Softly stroking the golden hair, she waited until the paroxysm of distress had passed; then she said, so gently the boy, who had shrunk from the proud, cold face as he saw it from his covert of citron and lime, would have wondered to find it could belong to the owner of that sweet, caressing voice:

"Has my little girl grown so rebellious now, when the hardest of the battle is over?"

"No, mama, that was not the hardest. I thought it was. I thought when I saw you grow so white, while the doctor said the blow from the horse's foot would leave me lame, I thought that was the hardest. But it wasn't. It grows harder every day. I never see a little girl skip but I shut my eyes and beg God to please let me die. I have always been rebellious. I can't, oh, mama, I can't be resigned. And I want to go home. Mama, take me home."

The jeweled fingers toyed with the waves of bright hair lovingly.

"Has my darling forgotten the good God, who can help her to be patient, and to find the good which surely hides under all affliction?"

The sobs were not checked by the low reminder. The strong young heart of the frail young invalid refused to be comforted by promises which she interpreted only as a kind

of pity, which she was to receive always from those with whom her life should come in contact, and from which every fiber of her sensitive soul shrank. She lifted her head from her mother's bosom and lay back among her pillows, a defiant look on her delicate face, which no coaxing could dispel.

"It isn't any use to talk to me that way, mama," she said sadly. "I know all that by heart. I wanted to be some use in the world, to be something. I know I can only lie in hammocks and have people look at me with tears in their eyes. And I know the tears would be wanting if my clothes were not trimmed with lace. Who ever shed tears over little Louise, the blind girl who used to stand at the street corner in New Orleans and play the violin for pennies? I used to give her flowers every morning, till she came to know me. And one day she said: 'Come closer, mam'selle; let me feel how you look. I know you must look like an angel, mam'selle.' And her poor little brown hand went all over my head and face and neck, down to my crutch. When she felt the crutch, she broke out laughing and said: 'Ah, mam'selle, I told you so. I knew you were an angel.' But oh, mama, I saw the tears in the blind eyes, although she turned them away so quickly. And there was a little song Louise used to sing, as she sat on the steps of the cathedral, with her hands folded in her lap, oh, so sad, so sweet and sad. I used to slip up behind her and listen till my heart almost broke. And when she finished, I would toss my flowers at her and call out gaily, so she wouldn't know I had been crying: 'Bravo! Bravo, mam'selle! Si douce; si ties douce.' And she would chatter back something in her pretty French, so fast that I couldn't keep up with her at all. But the song, oh, it was so sweet. She called it 'The Captive Bird's Lament'; but I think she was the captive. Poor Louise! When her old grandmother waited for me that morning at the cathedral door, and carried Julia and me off to her little den in the old Rue Royale, to look at a little dead girl lying upon a cot, with her hands folded and candles burning at her head and feet, I laughed out loud, and said to the little girl: 'Oh, you captive bird, you are free!' And

difference, of the narrow escape they had made.

"My daughter," she said, "pray, why did you not tell us? Why did Julie allow you to—"

"Oh, mother, please don't," said the invalid fretfully. "Julie did just as I told her. She always does. Remember, I have nothing to do but lie here and look at the lake. Even a snake scare isn't bad; it helps me to forget my back, anyhow. And it helps me to forget how lonely and how helpless I am—oh, dear, oh, dear!"

She dropped back among her cushions with a despondent little wail. Life looked very dull to the afflicted girl this morning, even though it lay along the sun-kissed paths of beautiful Florida.

"Julie told grandpapa," Elise continued after a moment, "and I thought that sufficient. She insisted that she ought to tell somebody, so I consented for her to tell grandpapa, since she said that telling Reuben or whispering it to the alligators over in the lake would not satisfy her conscience. I didn't think it necessary to frighten you, mama, at least not until you could see that the adventure did me no harm. Now, I do want that boy to have a job. I promised it to him, and grandpapa always fulfills my promises."

There was a faint smile accompanying the words that effectually won her cause. The old squire would have made many sacrifices for the sake of calling a smile to those pale lips. He drew his chair forward, in reach of the white hand, and ere long he was quietly nodding over the newspaper Reuben had handed him.

The bees droned drowsily in the heart of the jasmine-bells; the blue waters of the lake continued to lash the shore, as Elise said, with a suggestion of unwilling imprisonment in the wordless complaint. Mrs. Featherstone's jeweled fingers were busily fashioning a bit of needlework; the hammock swung lazily to and fro, kept in motion by a runner from the jasmine-vines, which Elise touched now and then with her hand. The motion of the hammock made a kind of time to the song she was humming, so low it was scarcely to be distinguished from the drone of the bees of the yellow jasmine-bells; but Mrs.

chair for the strange caller. Elise, who had been lost in a kind of day-dream, as she lay in the hammock, half rose, leaning upon her elbow, at the first sound of the woman's voice. The squire got up and came forward.

"I am Mr. Roseborough, madam," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Squire Roseborer, I hev come ter yon-uns." She hesitated. She was breathless from her long walk, and she stood fanning herself with her splint bonnet. Mrs. Featherstone glanced at the thin, pale face of the woman, then at the frail girl in the hammock.

"You are all tired out," she said. "Sit here and rest yourself a moment." She again offered a chair, into which the visitor dropped wearily.

"Considerable fagged," she admitted, "considerable fagged. I stepped over here, Squire Roseborer, ter ax you-uns ter give some work ter my Obed."

"Obed what?" said the squire.

"Martin, squair, Obed Martin. Named fur his pappy. Dead now, Squair Roseborer. Died soon after we-uns got ter Fluridy. We-uns came too late; too late fur my man, squair."

"Where are you from?" said the squire, "from what state, I mean?"

"From Tennessee, the mount'ns. An' I misses my 'em mightily, mightily."

There was homesickness and longing in every tone. The girl in the hammock detected the feeling in the woman's words, and into her eyes crept an expression to match that in the faded eyes of the visitor. The quick tears sprang to her lids as she cried out:

"And I do, too."

One small, white hand was reached impulsively to clasp the brown hand that went at once to meet it, with that quick sympathy with which some natures are ever ready to respond.

"Never you mind," said the woman; "don't you worrit. We-uns will go huck some day, when you git right strong. You'll soon git well down here. I'm a-gittin' better right along. You'll be better terrectly. An' then Oby'll show you the sights. He's a master hand fur sight-seein', my Oby air. Don't you be worritin'; don't you fret."

She had found the road to the old squire's favor more surely than all her partial praise of Obed could have done, had she but known it. Indeed, he scarcely heard her, although he noted the gentle, caressing motion of the brown hand, stroking the small, white one, as she sounded the praises of her son.

"Some allows he's lazy, squair; but he ain't. He air frolicsome, jest frolicsome. There's good in Obed, ef it can be got out. Ef yon-uns'll only try him, squair, he'll do his best. I promise fur him. He's my son; I ought ter know him."

"Well," said the squire, "send him over to me to-morrow morning. I'll try him at fifty cents a day and the rent of the house you are in. Should he prove satisfactory, I will do better by him after awhile. Will that do?"

"Thanky, squair; that'll do. You air boun' ter like Obed when you come ter know him."

He's the very spit uv his pappy, enough like him ter hev been spit out uv his mouth. An' he's that good-natured! Lor, you-uns air boun' ter like the boy. He's got good blood in him, too, my Oby hev. His grand-dad ware kin ter one o' the preseridents. I disremember ef it ware Andy Jackson or Andy Johnson; but it ware one o' the preseridents."

"Well, you go home and send the boy to me. I will soon find out what's in him," said the squire.

Still she hesitated, although the strings of the splint bonnet had already been tied three times, and as many times untied, preparatory to leaving.

"You won't mind his frolicsomeness, will you, squair? You'll overlook him a little at first, won't you?"

"I shall give him a fair trial. I need hands. You may be sure I shall keep him if possible."

"Thanky, Squair Roseborer. You-uns air a good man. Good-day ter yer, an' ter yer, ma'm. An' don't you be worritin', now"—she had turned to the hammock, with its helpless little occupant—"fur the mount'n. You'll be runnin' away ter it, come summer-time. What mount'n might hit be?"

"Lookout," said Elise. "And it looks right over into the river, the Tennessee. And the ears go right along the base of it, winding around and around, hugging the big bluffs until you would think they were holding to them to keep themselves from tumbling over into the Tennessee. So pretty; it's all so pretty."

"Eh-heh," smiled the visitor, nodding knowingly—nobody could tell her anything new about the beauty of those old hills. "Mine ware Bon Air, my mount'n. An' it ware not mighty fur from the river, neither, the Calf Killer. An' the cedars growin' there could a most talk ter yer, when the wind blowed amongst 'em. Waal, I must be a-movin' on. Good-day ter yer; good-day ter yer all. I'm glad ter hear from the mount'n, sure."

She had been gone an hour or more when the group on the veranda were startled by hearing a strong, unformed voice out in the orange grove, singing lustily some unmusical thing which possessed no other merit than its oddity:

Oh, the snake  
She baked a cake,  
An' set the frog to mind it.  
The frog he  
Went to sleep,  
An' the lizard come an' stole it.

Mrs. Featherstone dropped her needlework in amazement, the squire frowned; but Elise broke into such a merry peal of laughter that it caused the squire's face to relax, and Mrs. Featherstone to actually nod to the singer, bearing down straight upon them, with as much assurance as if he held a cast-iron mortgage upon the place and had come over to take immediate possession.

He was a tall, awkward, overgrown boy,



STOOD LOOKING DOWN INTO THE CRIPPLE'S MERRY EYES.



HE SPENT SEVERAL HOURS IN STUDY AFTER THE OTHERS WERE ASLEEP.

mama, I always thought Louise smiled. It is very hard to be a captive. People pity you so; that is the very worst of it all."

"No, Elise," said the mother, who had risen and seated herself near the hammock, "there is something else, very sad, infinitely sadder than pity. It is the sorrow which the complainings of the afflicted bring to those who love them. There is your poor old grandfather, who suffers every pang my daughter feels. I saw him go off into his room yesterday and sit for a long time with his face buried in his arms folded upon his desk. When he lifted his head there were tears in his eyes. He is coming now."

The hint was not without effect. The tears were dashed off the pretty cheeks, and the little hand extended to meet the squire's strong clasp made a faint effort to return the loving pressure. Suddenly the little pale face brightened.

"Grandpapa," the stern old man stroked the fair head tenderly as he said:

"Well, little one?"

"Do you need more hands in the grove?" said Elise.

The squire laughed.

"Yes, yes, to be sure I do," he said. "Do you wish a job?"

She lifted one delicate hand and looked at it with a faint smile.

"Not for myself, grandfather. These hands are not destined for many jobs, I reckon. Now, mother, don't turn so white. I mean the hands will not be very useful because the feet cannot. But even they may find a work; who knows? I wanted a job for some one else, grandfather."

The old man smiled.

"Well, I reckon we must find it. Is it private secretary, confidential agent or what?"

"It is a hand to work in your orange grove," said Elise. "Last week, when Julie and I were out driving, the pony took fright at a rattlesnake lying beside the road, and a boy ran out of the woods and turned him around for us, so that Julie could manage him. He is a very brave boy, and I told him you would give him work in the grove. He is coming over to see you, and I hope you can give him something to do, grandfather."

The mother had listened to the story of the adventure with keen surprise. Her face had turned pale when Elise told, with seeming in-

Featherstone recognized it as the little French girl's "Song of the Captive Bird."

All day I dream of the cypress-trees,  
Where the shifting sunbeams cling;  
Where the winds breathe low through the silvery leaves.

The leaves where my wild mate sings,  
And deep in my longing soul their joyous notes are heard.

And my wild heart breaks  
When their glad song wakes,  
For I am a captive bird.

All day I dream of my sunny home,  
All day in my dreams I rove.  
When the winds breathe low in the silvery leaves  
In the old cypress groves:

And deep in my longing soul the old, old pain is stirred,  
I awake from my dream  
By the silvery stream,  
And I still am a captive bird.

The low, sweet complaint ended in a sigh, the hand upon the vine was withdrawn, and the little hammock soon ceased swaying. The large, sad, unchildlike eyes were fixed upon the water, as if from the sighing of the waves the rebellious heart might have been searching for some promise of peace. Mrs. Featherstone stitched on silently; the squire dozed over his journal; quiet indeed seemed the world. It scarcely seemed possible that only a few hundreds of miles away the great, groaning world of humanity shivered and struggled against the horrors of winter.

The stillness was suddenly broken by a step upon the walk. Some one was coming through the gate that opened upon the road to the village, a mile distant. The squire awoke with a start, and looked up, to see a tall, gaunt woman, pale and wan, who had dragged herself to the door. The sharp, shrill voice had a suggestive ring of friendliness about it, despite its sharpness, when she said:

"Good-mornin', good-mornin', folkses. I want ter speak ter Mister Squair Roseborer, ef you-uns please."

Mrs. Featherstone rose at once, and set a



with a mass of reddish-yellow, wavy hair that brushed his shoulders. His big slouch hat was pushed back, showing a fresh, boyish face, upon which carelessness and indifference were no less distinctly traced than ignorance and good nature. His clothes were generously patched, but clean, and he sauntered up to the doorstep with a degree of unexampled independence that might very truly have been called impudence, but for the ignorance and good humor. The squire stepped forward to meet him, and lifted a silencing finger.

"Less noise on my place, if you please, young gentleman. The young lady there is ill."

"You don't say; sorry ter hear it," was the reply. "I hev come over ter git work, ef ye air Squair Roseborer. I be Obed Martin, the squatter kid."

"You!" The squire's stern face grew sterner. "You are the young man whose mother recommended him, less than an hour since, as capable, clever and deserving? You?"

"Me-e-e!" said Obed. "Ef it were a uncommon bandsome woman, who allowed she had a uncommon handsome boy, I'm the kid, an' ready ter go ter work."

"Do you always make as much racket as you were making a moment since?" said the squire.

"Pretty gin'rally I can do as well as that; though ef be they's a fun'n'l aroun', I can be still," said Obed; "but I mus' say ez it don't set on my constitution."

The cold, gray eyes of the squire had taken in every feature and movement of the new applicant.

"You may tell your mother that you do not suit me at all, not at all. You may go, sir."

As he turned to enter the hall door, Elise called to him from the hammock:

"Grandfather." He stopped to hear what she had to say. "You promised to try him. His mother warned you that he was—" She half lifted herself to look at the applicant. The next moment she laughed merrily and held out her hand. "Why, it is the boy who turned my pony," she cried, "the very boy, grandfather, to whom I prouided work."

Over the face of the ignorant, careless boy crept a change, a glow, an expression of gentleness, not unmingled with pleasure. In an instant he had thrown the big slouch hat aside and stepped over to the hammock, where he stood looking down into the merry eyes of the cripple.

"Why, ef it ain't the kid," he said, and Mrs. Featherstone looked on in amused wonder, when Elise, laughing still, commanded the boy not to call her a kid.

"And say 'isn't,' boy. 'Ain't' is not in the dictionary."

"Is rattlesnake? Say, now, is rattlesnake?" said Obed, at which she laughed again, more at the boy's droll expression than at what it was he was saying. "Say, kid," he continued, "I've got the skin o' the varmint that ske-scared yer an' t'other little white pony in the woods that day. You can have it when it air good dry. Did yer skeer-scare make yer any more worse! That little yelp yer give didn't break no blood-vessel nor nothin', I reckon?"

She held up her hand and fairly screamed with laughter.

"Oh, you boy you, she protested, "say worse, not 'worse.' And don't say I yelped. Little dogs yelp, little puppies. I screamed. You'll bring me the skin of the snake soon, for my cabinet, will you not? You will bring it to me here?"

"I reckon not, miss. The squair sez I don't suit 'at all, at all.' Yer'll hev ter come fer the snake's hide, kid."

"Say 'skin', boy, not 'hide'," said Elise. "And when you come over to work"—she glanced at her grandfather, who had seated himself at the other end of the veranda, and was to all appearances deeply engrossed in his newspaper, as if the temporary ripple on the current of his quiet, which had been caused by the application of Obed Martin, had passed by, been dismissed forever, as something too slight even to remember. "You'll bring me the skin," Elise continued, a trifle louder, "and sing me some more of your funny songs. You know more of them, do you not?"

"Dead oodles," said Obed earnestly.

"Dead who?"

"Dead oodles, oodles," very solemnly. "Never hear of him out your way? I reckon he ain't—isn't in the dictionary."

"Oh, you boy you," said the cripple, "I think now you are making fun."

"Waal, now," replied Obed, "don't you like fun? It's a mighty healthy diet, fun air. You jest wait till I take charge o' yer grandad's farm here, an' I'll make fun fer yer every day. Jest wait till I git inter my artillery."

She lay back among her pillows and laughed until the tears came. The idea was too funny, that ignorant fellow talking about taking charge of her grandfather's place. The sound of her laughter sent a glad thrill to the mother's heart. The squire, too, was listening, and about the stern lips of the straight-forward, uncompromising master something very like a smile was playing.

"The idea of you taking charge of grandfather's place," said Elise. "Why, he doesn't let me. He is going to try you to work, though. You are to be here to-morrow morning hy seven o'clock. Have you got a time-piece, boy?"

"Yes; yonder it air." He pointed to the sun.

"Hit's tolerble safe if bit don't rain."

"You are to be here hy seven o'clock. Grandfather is going to try you. And, boy"—she leaned forward and shook her finger at him in mock solemnity—"he will not stand any foolishness, let me tell you. I know him like a book. You will have to work. And if you slight your work, he will send you about your business. Now mind what I tell you, and stop saying 'you-uns' and 'air yer' and 'tother.' And see that you mind my grandfather. Coming over here may make a man of you some day; who knows?"

Who knows, indeed? Who knows where the seed dropped will come up again? Who knows where the hand extended, in the darkness, may be clasped by the hand of one about to sink into despair? Who knows? Who knows? Who ever knows the good, the boundless, immeasurable, everlasting good that one little "word in season" has wrought? Who knows how one life, maimed by circumstance, may act upon another life, maimed, too, by birth? Just as one weary traveler, resting under the shade of the oak, may call to a fellow-traveler asleep under the chestnut-tree that the shade is refreshing after the heat and dust of the highway. Each, under the shadow of his own sorrow, may find by and by that the shade is restful, giving strength.

Obed went home through the orange grove and over the stile that had been built for the convenience of Squire Roseborough's agent. Always light-hearted, he did not dwell very much upon the fact that he had obtained employment. He would, perhaps, have been quite as content had he not been successful in his application. His mother would be pleased; the sallow face would grow radiant when he told her. That thought was pleasing, although he forgot it in an instant, to recall what it was Elise had said about the squire making a man of him. He could not quite quote the words, but he thought he understood their meaning, and it made him laugh.

"Psher! I can outmaste' him now, any day," he said. "Make a man o' me! Psher!"

And the next moment there floated back to the group upon the veranda a remnant of the song he had been singing when he made his first appearance before them:

Oh, give me back my johnny-cake,  
You long-tailed Nanny.  
Give me back my johnny-cake,  
You long-tailed Nanny.

Elise smiled half sadly. She, too, was thinking of the words spoken half in jest, "Coming over here may make a man of you, some day; who knows?"

Meanwhile, the destiny that had tapped upon the doors of two souls was timidly seeking for itself a foothold.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE YELLOW MULE AND A STEP ONWARD.

Obed was a very noisy workman. His voice could be heard from sunrise to sunset, as he moved about the grove, scattering fertilizer under the drooping boughs of the orange-trees, singing the while those foolish songs that never failed to bring a smile to the lips of Elise.

The squire found the singing very objectionable at first; but when he saw that it amused Elise, who would lie in her hammock under the palms and listen to Obed until she forgot the pain in her back, he offered no further protest than to suggest to Elise that she might hint to Obed that she was not in the adjoining county. They had become the oddest, very best of friends, did the awkward workman and the little lame lady. She scolded his idleness, corrected his English, and thoroughly enjoyed his improvement. For he did improve; so quick was he, indeed, that she seldom found it necessary to offer the same correction more than once.

But the one most effected by the friendship between these two was Obed's mother. With a mother's quick perception, however unlearned she may be, Mrs. Martin had seen that the girl's influence was good for Obed, and her interest in him inspired him to better efforts.

Sometimes he would leave his work in the grove to carry to the hammock an extra fine orange or a handful of delicious, ripe guavas. Sometimes he would find her asleep, lulled by his vigorous music. Then he would steal back to his work, and Mrs. Featherstone, reading under the jasmynes, would understand from the silence in the grove that her daughter was asleep. She grew stronger, more cheerful every day. The invalid's chair had been discarded; she could walk about the yard with only the crutch to lean upon.

But Obed was unaccustomed to steady work, and he soon began to grow restless. He wished for a change, to get back to the old, free life of the forest. One morning he presented himself at the door with the announcement that he "was there to quit."

"Quit?" said the squire. "Why, you have scarcely begun, you lazy-bones."

"Well," said he, "I ain't goin' ter sling dirt forever fur nobody. I'm tired, an' I'm tired smellin' of it; an' I 'spect it's stuntin' o' my growth, anyhow."

The squire was angry; he had scant patience with idleness, and he had a strong suspicion that there was no depth of purpose in the boy. He was about to bid him be off, when Elise, who was sitting on a low stool at her grandfather's knees, said kindly:

"What would you like to do? What kind of work, I mean, you boy you?"

"Like!" snapped the squire, "he will like just what it suits me to have done. That's what he'll like to do."

"Naw, squair," said Obed, "it ain't—isn't, I mean. Naw, it isn't. You air mightily off yer kerkiz about that."

Elise could scarcely keep back the laugh that twitched at her lips and danced in her eyes, so queer was the expression in her grandfather's face. But before the storm could break Obed accidentally rescued himself, and at the same time did really choose the work that he would like to do.

"I tell you, squair—"

"Say squair, boy, not 'squair.'" Elise interrupted him with the correction.

"There's a little runt of a yaller mule, sore back, stump tail, weak-eyed, out yonder; got her back all skunt up, an' I doctored her a hit, till she's come ter know me. The boys heat on her till they've got her all scringorous an' catawampus—want'n ter kick, an' all sech. I tell you, I'd like mightily ter set behind that yaller mule an' haul oranges down ter the packin'-house. I certain'y would, squair—"

He glanced at Elise, smiling approval, and drawing himself together, said in Elise's own voice, "Say squair, boy."

Squire Roseborough joined in the laugh with Elise, and the victory was now for Obed. A sore-backed old mule; not a poetical subject, or an inspiring one; yet was the animal destined to play no mean part in the life of the boy who had championed her cause, and asked permission of her owner to rescue her from her tormentors. Yet the squire did not at once yield his consent. He had heard much of the yellow mule's power as a kicker. With Obed's abilities in the line of prank-playing he was also somewhat familiar. He hesitated before yielding his full consent.

"The mule is tricky, Obed," he insisted. "She is always getting herself cut or crippled, or bruised up, by her pranks. You are not a whit more steady than the mule. I am not sure about putting you two together."

"I've got a trick or two of my own, squair," said Obed. "That's how come I want ter drive her. That an' ter keep the hands from beat'n on her. They beat her might nigh ter death. I'm allus—always patchin' of her up."

"Well, well," said the squire, "I don't know. I must try you first. You are not disposed to stick. You haven't encouraged me to trust you. I must try you before I give my full consent to put you regularly to hauling oranges. Now, do you put the mule to the spring-wagon in the morning, and drive her over to the railroad station at Okahumpka, and bring out those bags of fertilizer that were shipped to me there. We will see how you and 'the yaller' get along together. And if you get back without an accident, you may haul oranges; otherwise you can't. That's all of it."

The next morning Obed drove to Okahumpka. He had another commission beside the squire's. Elise had sent for a book, a reader, and when Obed started home at noon, the book was tucked away in his pocket and the sacks of fertilizer piled into the wagon behind him.

So far, the "little yaller" had behaved well, and the driver was whistling away for dear life, thinking of the good days ahead of him, when he should be learning the mysteries of the book in his coat-pocket, when, reaching the little stream known as the Ocklawaha river, the mule made a sudden break for the water, and before the boy could tighten his hold upon the lines the wagon lay bottom up at the foot of a big oak-tree, the bags of fertilizer posed at various angles along the bank of the stream, while "the little yaller" stood in a clump of cacti with an ugly cut in her side.



How clean and neat,  
How fresh and sweet  
The kitchen looks,—a charmed retreat  
Where one might sit  
And weave a bit  
Of homely rhyme, describing it.

Had I the skill  
To make, at will,  
A picture of the place, I'd fill  
The sketch with hint  
Of tone and tint  
From the deft housewife's magic mint

Of neatness, and,  
With cunning hand,  
I'd draw those "Ivory" cubes that stand  
On yonder shelf,  
Among the delf,  
Each one a treasure in itself!

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Obed had turned a somersault that landed him upon all fours, but unhurt, some distance from the wreck. He pulled himself hastily together and stood for a moment nonplussed, critically surveying the situation. He was almost angry, as near, in fact, as he had ever been in his life. That escapade on the part of the mule had, as he supposed, cost him the job he coveted, that of hauling oranges for Squire Roseborough.

The mule wore quite a subdued look; there was a bruise on the left shoulder, in addition to the wound on the side, and one eye drooped in a manner that touched Obed's sympathy.

"I'm good mind ter leave you standin' there, lookin' like a last year's cabbage-head, till Squair Roseborer comes 'long this way ter see you. I'm good mind ter."

His good mind was busily inventing some means of binding up the hurts, however, even while he was talking. He did all that it was possible for him to do under the circumstances. Then, having put the harness together as best he could, he replaced the sacks of fertilizer, and set out for home, himself walking, in order to lighten the load upon the mule.

The distance was short, and he traveled slowly, so that it was dark before he reached the squire's barn. There he gave the "yaller" protege more careful attention, after which he went home to regret the result of the experiment. Once a thought occurred to him that Squire Roseborough need know nothing of the exploit. The mule usually had a bruise or two, and besides, the squire seldom saw her. The next morning he met his employer as he went through the grove. He inquired carelessly about the trip, and was surprised not a little when the boy unhesitatingly told the whole story of the mule's ugly break.

"I hev sewed up the cut and put 'intment on it," he said. "She'll be all right in no time, if the hands don't beat her. But you said I couldn't haul if I had an accident. I had it. I'm bleeged to tell you I had it. I won't lie fur nobody."

There was something so frank about the boy's confession that the old man was persuaded to trust him with the hauling.

"I know you will be careful about the mule, Obed," he said; "but if she ever runs away again—"

"Don't you believe it, squair," said Obed. "Don't you believe it."

The next morning Obed passed through the grove behind the little "yaller" mule, with a load of oranges for the packing-house. Hands were scarce, and those who could be hired were impatient to be through and get over to the next grove before it was too late to secure a job. So Obed's wagon was kept busy; and still, in spite of his hurry, they were continually calling for oranges. The pickers could scarcely keep up with him. And once, when one of the pickers fell from his ladder in a spell of vertigo, and it was necessary to wait, Obed seized the man's shears and sack, and climbing the ladder, began clipping in his stead.

The steamer always called at the wharf at noon, and then the hands had a short rest. Most of them employed the half hour allowed them in eating their lunches, smoking and loafing about the lake shore. Not so with Obed. He first unharnessed, fed and watered his mule. Then he hurried off to the palms, where Elise always met him at noon to hear his lessons. Not that he was fond of study; truly, he was not. He told Elise at the outset that he was afraid he "wouldn't be much of a school-scholar."

"I'd rather sling fertilizer as to study book larnin'," he told her one morning when the lessons were beginning to grow just a trifle irksome. The small teacher looked at him severely and said, with a comical attempt at a frown:

"Say 'rather,' boy, not 'rather,' and learn, not 'larn,' and leave off that habit you have of saying 'as to.' I particularly dislike it, Obed."

"You don't say?"

Obed was exerting himself to turn the lessons into a joke; but the solemn little face of the teacher, occupying a large rustic chair drawn up before a small settee, upon which the pupil was seated in solitary importance, lost none of its serious, business aspect, as Elise went on to state the importance of an education.

"You must learn to read," she insisted. "Everybody reads, boy; everybody who is anybody, or wants to be anybody. And, Obed, I wish you would quit that striding walk of yours, and learn to walk like a gentleman."

"Is that in the book?" said Obed, tapping the little reader with his finger.

"It is in the book of common sense," said Elise.

"Ain't come to that yet, have I?"

"Say 'isn't,' boy. I have told you that before. You are too big a boy to need to be told twice."

"All right, Miss Elise," said Obed. "It's all right if you say so. But it certainly do seem—do—"

"No, 'does.'"

"Does seem as there's more to be learned out of the book than there is in it."

"Yes," she told him, "that is true; but the book is a good beginnin'. Go on, now, boy, and learn the lesson I went over with you. And be here to-morrow at noon, boy."

The next noon he came back, bringing the book, carefully wrapped in a piece of newspaper, and laid it in her lap.

"There's your book, Miss Elise," he said. "I don't like it; it's no sense. Mother went most through it last night; but I don't like it. I'd rather sling fertilizer; it's a heap more fun."

Then the little missionary's heart failed her. Try as she would, she could not convince the boy that the book was necessary. He only shook his head and laughed.

"Ain't got no use for it," he said. "It don't make clothes and victuals."

No use, no use. He refused to understand. She gave it up at last, and turned away, with her eyes full of tears.

"See here, now, Miss Elise," said Obed, "don't you be crying. I'll come here every day and make you laugh. And I'll row you out on the lake, and fetch you alligator eggs and tangerine oranges, and—"

"Don't you come near me," she said angrily, "never any more; do you understand? I was trying to help you to be somebody; but if you are determined not to make more than a common field-hand, you cannot come about me. For I am somebody. As for fun I don't live for fun. The funny side of life is not turned to cripples. And I don't care for it, either. I used to fret and worry about it, but I don't now. I know all that fun can do—it can't lift a boy above a field-hand, and it can't make a gentleman of him. But it can make him satisfied not to be a gentleman. I should hate to live for fun. There's your book, boy, with the lesson marked by a cross. You can learn it and meet me here at noon to-morrow, ready to go on with the studies in earnest, or else you can stay down yonder with the field-

(Continued on page 16 of this issue.)



## Our Household.

### "WHEN THE DANDYLINES CAN BLOOM."

Oh, mommy, I's so tired of a-layin' here in bed,  
Dist a lookin' at the ceilin' an' a takin' narsty med!

Don't you fink, if I prayed dist as hard as ever I know how,  
'At God would make it after while instead of dist right now?

There ain't no birds ner bumbly-bees, nereven any flics;  
Dist rain an' sleet an' wind an' snow an' ugly, dirty skies.

I's tired of a-seein' dist the things aroun' the room;  
An' I wisht 'at it was summer, so's the dandylines could bloom.

I's so tired of the bedsp'eads an' my little dressin'-gown!  
I wants to see you take the bundles in the wardrobe down,

An' sp'ead my summer close out wif 'at funny, wrapped-up smell  
All frew my waists an' stockies, like you did when I was well;

An' my st'aw hat an' my jacket, an' my thinnest undyshirt,  
An' my oldest pants, so's I can play an' rummage in the dirt,

An' chase the hopper-grasses off the mornin'-glory vines,  
An' blow the fuzzy feeders off the little dandylines.

I wants to put the winders up an' feel the b'eeze blow frew,  
Not stuffy, old an' mizzable, but dist so f'esh an' new

'At you can smell the maple-t'ees, an' hear the catbirds sing,  
An' see the martins flyin' wivvout wiggelin' a wing;

An' the sassy bluebirds hoppin' up an' down the alley fence,  
An' the carpets hangin' on the lines dist like big circus tents,

An' the apple-trees as white as snow an' sweet as real perfrom,  
An' the yellor birds an' robins, an' the dandylines in bloom!

I get so tired bein' sick, an' allays feelin' queer!  
I used to have the bestest fun when summertime was here!

Why couldn't it be warm an' sweet an' sunny all the time,  
So's I could tumble in the grass, an' go bare-foot an' climb?

Don't you fink, if I prayed an' prayed dist awful hard to-night,  
'At God would take the clouds away, an' make it nice an' b'ight,

An' make me well, so's I could play somewheres aside this room,  
An' make the wevver summer, so's the dandylines could bloom?

—Jack Bennett, of Chillicothe, in the Journalist.

### WIDOW KELLY'S TURKEYS.

**T**URKEYS are so profitable that I am going to try my luck again this year."

"Yes, but they are dreadfully disappointing, for they will stray off and get mixed with the neighbors', then there is no telling which is which, and then sometimes you can't trace even a feather of them."

The widow Kelly and her neighbor, Mrs. Sims, discussed the turkey question pro and con, the widow arguing pro, and Mrs. Sims con.

Neither convinced the other, for Mrs. Kelly set turkey eggs at every opportunity, while Mrs. Sims declared that she wouldn't be "pestered with the uncertain things."

In spite of the wet weather of the spring, the gapes, and all the other ills that turkeys are heir to, when the critical period of turkey raising was over Mrs. Kelly was the proud possessor of forty fine turkeys, and contrary to her neighbor's experience they did not stray away, but were exceedingly well-behaved turkeys, that came up every night to roost, and were fast becoming in fine trim for the Thanksgiving market.

As the nights grew cooler, the pretty birds were safely housed, apparently secure from all disaster.

Every morning the widow paid a visit to the turkeys, and while they gobbled up the wheat and corn which she threw to them with a liberal hand, she mentally speculated as to what they would bring when marketed.

Why, that turkey money did wonderful things. One morning it would buy a new bedroom-set; the next it furnished the widow with her winter wardrobe; again delightful plans for a new poultry-house spread themselves before her; then the money would travel out West to the aid of a needy sister, the minister's scanty salary was replenished, and if Dickey Martin, poor little crippled body, could have knowu

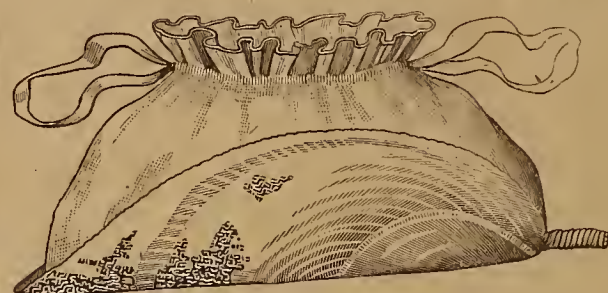
what brilliant prospects were in store for him, he would have blessed the turkeys, every feather of them.

But what a queer world this would be if no doubts beset us, if nothing happened to mar our fondest dreams. Whatever thoughts, philanthropic and otherwise, went chasing through her mind, they were always superseded by the thought that she must meet the note of fifty dollars due Squire Clingham in November.

Fate, which had smiled so propitiously upon those turkeys, now frowned upon them, and her frown must have been a blasting one, for one morning when Mrs. Kelly went to feed them, the house, like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, was bare! Not a turkey to be seen.

The amazed widow stepped inside. Why, I can't tell, for she knew they were gone, and sorrowfully gazed upon the deserted perches.

With a heavy heart, and with thoughts into which were jumbled minks and her



NINGPO FAN WORK-BAG.

last winter's cloak, thieves and Mrs. Sims' declaration, the note and weazles, she stepped toward the door, when her eye fastened itself upon a small, dark object lying upon the ground.

"A pocket-book! Goodness!" she cried as she picked it up. "Twas a thief, then, and he's left something behind him." With a liberty due the occasion she lost no time in opening the purse for further investigation. Money? Yes. She pulled her spectacles down and counted five ten-dollar bills. Fifty dollars! Just about what forty turkeys would bring—the turkeys were gone and the thief had unwittingly left the pay behind him.

More light seemed necessary, and she opened another compartment of the purse. A paper revealed itself, which she hastily and excitedly opened.

"For value received, one year after date I promise to pay—" then she gasped for breath, her eyes grew dim, and she cried out, "Good Lord!" and leaned against the door for support, as she recognized the note to be the very one she, almost a year before, had given to Clingham. What did it mean?

Why, he was counted an honest man. No one stood higher in the neighborhood than did he; but her turkeys were gone and Squire Clingham's pocket-book was in their stead. With trembling limbs she forced her way into the house and sank down into her rocking-chair to face the situation. What would she do? Wouldn't it be rather humiliating to the squire to take him his pocket-book? What would he say? She was always sure he was an honest man, but maybe—no, she wouldn't let herself think ill of him. But then how came the purse there? Every moment confusion of affairs grew worse confounded. She could bear it no longer, so without further delay she tied her bonnet on, wrapped her shawl about her, and with the pocket-book safely stowed away, wended her way to the squire's.

On her way she came face to face with Mrs. Sims. Her first thought was not to say a word about the discovery. But Mrs. Sims was her old neighbor; for many a year they had exchanged confidences, and the idea of keeping this startling intelligence to herself made Mrs. Kelly a little conscious-stricken.

The upshot of the matter was that Mrs. Sims was soon in possession of the secret, and in reply to Mrs. Kelly's repeated declaration that the squire was honest, she said:

"Yes, as honest as the day is long, but if you know him pretty well, he's dreadful grasping; that is, he's honest with other folks and he means other folks to deal square with him, and although maybe it ain't to his discredit, he does look after the corners pretty sharp."

After securing a promise from Mrs. Sims to keep quiet about the matter, Mrs. Kelly resumed her way, bent upon an errand the outcome of which she knew not.

If Mrs. Kelly had been surprised at the departure of her turkeys, she was no less so when she approached the buildings of the squire, for what should she see but her

very own turkeys quietly feeding with the squire's hogs. She was almost overcome, and when she reached the house she was almost breathless with excitement.

Becky Queers, the squire's faithful old housekeeper, answered the summons at the door and beheld Mrs. Kelly, who, bringing all the composure she could summon to herself, asked if Squire Clingham was within.

"Yes; but he's—he's—well, he's—"

"He's what?" shrieked Mrs. Kelly, losing all self-possession over Becky's hesitancy.

At this outbreak Becky was frightened into an immediate answer, and lost no time in telling the widow that the squire had lost his pocket-book containing some money and valuable papers, and that he was somewhat crusty over the loss of them, and then she thought that maybe Mrs. Kelly better not go in for a bit until he grew more composed.

Just then the squire himself appeared, and seeing Mrs. Kelly began to tell her of his loss.

As the squire went on bewailing his misfortune, Mrs. Kelly actually wished from the bottom of her heart that that pocket-book was any place else except in her possession, and yet all at once the matter took a ridiculous aspect. Here was the squire fuming and fretting; but out there in his lot were the turkeys, down deep in her pocket was the lost purse, and just now uppermost in her mind was a burning desire to tease the squire a little.

"I am so sorry to tell you, squire, now that you seem so deeply beset with troubles, that I shall have to add more to it from the fact that I can't meet your note."

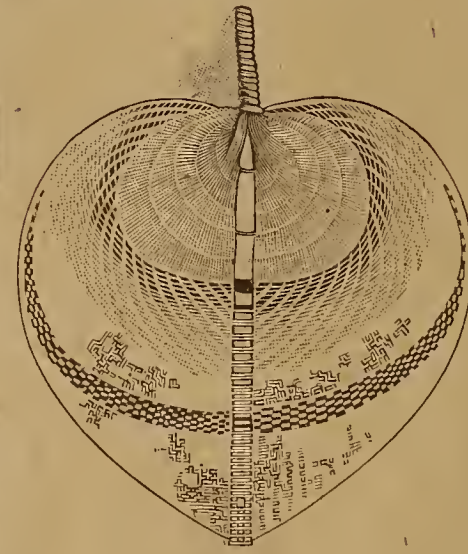
"What!" cried the squire.

"I fear I can't meet your note," she meekly replied. "I was going to take my turkey money for it," she went on, "but last night, my turkeys all disappeared. I found the house empty this—"

"Why," blustered the squire, who seemed much excited, "why only last night I counted them myself in your—"

Then he stopped, he grew red, then white, and Mrs. Kelly almost lost her balance, so weak was she becoming over this new revelation, but she grimly waited the outcome; so she said nothing, but looked at the squire and waited for him to finish what he had to say.

The poor squire was ill at ease; he actually trembled, then gasped a little, then throwing back his head and making the best of it, he said:



NINGPO FAN.

"Mrs. Kelly, I have a confession to make, and I am ashamed of myself, too. Last night as I was passing through your lot on my way home, I was thinking that that note of yours was about due, and to be honest, I wondered if you could meet it. Just then I heard the turkeys, and I stepped in to make an estimate of them; then, to make sure about the note, I struck a match and looked at it—"

"And you must have left the door ajar, and that accounts for my turkeys being in your lot this morning, and," she added a bit roguishly (and the squire thought she hadn't looked so pretty for many a day), "I wonder if you didn't drop your pocket-book, sir?" As she spoke she produced the purse from her pocket and handed it to the squire.

The squire's face presented a mixture of mortification and pleasure, and he said:

"I feel like a sneaking fool over my meanness, but my dear Mrs. Kelly, won't you take this fifty dollars and buy yourself a wedding gown and do me the honor to wear it to our wed—"

Then the rest couldn't be heard, for just

then a poultry-wagon drew up to the gate with a great din and clatter, and the huckster called out:

"Any turkeys to sell?"

MARY D. SIBLEY.

### NINGPO FAN WORK-BAG.

Do you own a Ningpo fan?

If so, even if you are the mother of a growing family and must have on hand a matter-of-fact basket, piled to the brim with uninteresting pieces of sewing, you will appreciate the frivolous little work-bag which can be fashioned from this rustic wind-woor.

Perhaps one of these spade-shaped fans has accompanied you on your summer jaunt. In this case, the pleasant memories clustered about it will give you a souvenir work-basket as well.

The fans are quite inexpensive, twenty cents being the price for the gayest designs in scarlet or orange; so that, even though you do not possess one, a Ningpo may be secured, with a view to the creation of an out-of-the-ordinary stow-away for bits of knitting or fancy work.

We give the fan in its original shape. Let us suppose that you have selected one as vivid in its coloring as the heart of a blushing Jacqueminot.

Now, all you have to do is to prepare a bag of silk, or the cheaper silkoline, leaving the bottom open so that its edges may be securely fastened to the edges of the fan. When the drawing-strings are brought into place, the pliable straw will curl upward, forming on each side of the silk bag quite a substantial guard for its contents. The handle which is left on the fan gives you a firm grip upon this dressy receptacle.

Since the advent of "tea and fancy-work" parties, maids and matrons vie with each other in their efforts to obtain esthetic confections for holding choice bits of handiwork. The fan work-bag is the latest, and whoever adopts it will be sure to outdistance her feminine friends in their attempts to be original.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

A splendid cement for fastening metal to paper, wood or leather is made by adding to a gill of glue a teaspoonful of glycerine.

A wine-glassful of strong borax-water in a pint of raw starch will make cuffs and collars not only very stiff, but glossy also.

A little common salt sprinkled on iron rust or an ink spot, then saturated with lemon-juice and exposed to the sun, will remove the stains.

Puddings and eustards are much better if you defer the flavoring until they are cold.

A paste made of flour and white of egg will mend china.

For removing grease from woolen goods, use ether.

For summer bedroom drapery there is nothing prettier than white spotted muslin laid over apple-green cambric.

Very pretty curtains and covers are made of white Swiss muslin with sprays of carnations stamped upon them, then embroidered in shades of pink, around the edges, with long and short stitch. For the leaves, shades of green are used. A ruffle of white lace completes the decorations.

A handsome centerpiece for a dinner-table is made of heavy white linen, twenty-eight inches square, with a border of sumach leaves forming the edge of the cloth. These are buttonholed with coarse, white silk, and are further worked in long and short stitch. A row of dogwood blossoms, connected by scrolls, is stamped inside of the sumac leaves, and the spaces between the scrolls are honeycombed with white silk.

ELLA B. SIMMONS.

### DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

### FROM NEBRASKA.

MAST, CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK:

Gentlemen—For the inclosed amount send 12 Atlases and 1 "Views," with Coupon Receipts. Please send samples of paper to canvass with. I have taken even 66 orders to date, and will send for more spoons and "Views" soon.

Yours,

J. H. BARTLETT.



## NOVEMBER NEEDLEWORK.

You have all read that amusing poem by Thomas Hood, which he calls "No!" He must have written it after receiving

"a thundering 'No' Point blank from the mouth of a woman." For it certainly takes a doleful view of life. This is his conclusion:

"No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,

No comfortable feel in any member— No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees, No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds, November!"

Ah, November! That was his trouble. Well, after all, there are compensations in being a woman. Had Mr. Hood known the use of the needle he might have composed something like this:

How cozy is my warmth and fireside ease!

The autumn tasks all done, I now remember The coming Christmas; all my friends to please,

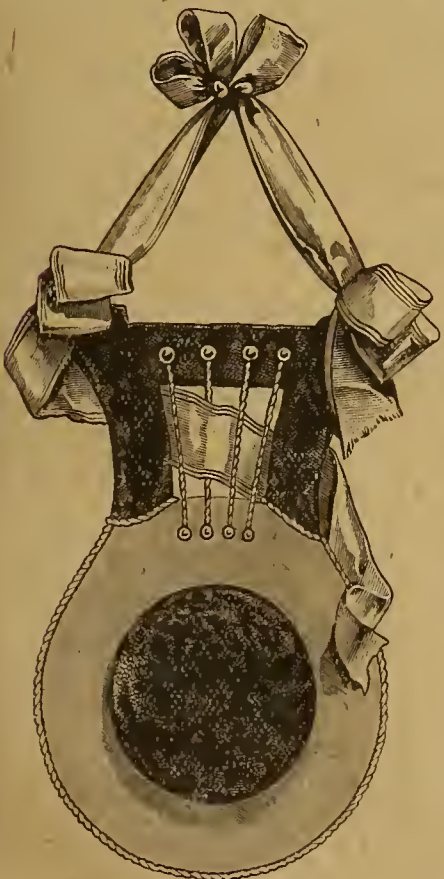
I'll sew, and knit, and fashion now their gifts

In snug November.

Yes, snug November, when you can get out your old handboxes, find forgotten hits of bright plush, satin and ribbon, pieces of gauze and lace, and with a little time and a little ingenuity convert them into a thing of beauty, which will be a joy for at least a few months. There is something so restful about fancy work, done with your foot on the fender and your thoughts only half employed, the other half musing over past pleasures and planning for the future, dreaming of love, lovers and all lovely things. Yes, snug November.

Here is a work-bag which somebody made out of pieces found among old millinery. You can make one out of your old pieces of stuff. This is just a hint. The square stand (not exactly square, each side is curved in a little) is covered with green plush (it just happened to be green), and to this foundation are fastened the four triangular pieces of cardboard (you can see two of them) covered with the same. Somebody found a piece of old-fashioned green and white silk with a brown satin stripe woven through it. This makes the bag. Around the top it is shirred, and the draw-string (which had to be bought) is brown satin ribbon. It is all the more interesting to tell that the green and white silk was once somebody's dress. There! That is a pretty bag and will make a nice gift for some friend.

This palette pincushion is made for an artistic friend, who, between you and I, will be almost sure to give somebody a pretty painting at Christmas. The palette should be cut out like a real palette. Use strong pasteboard and cover the front with velvet, if you can afford it. It can be lined on the back with linen or good paper muslin.



LYRE PINCUSHION.

Now, the sunflower must be as realistic as possible. The center is what makes the cushion. Let it be very dark green or dark brown, and stuff it round and plump. Then the petals must be brilliant yellow. Use felt or ribbon, just so it is bright orange in color. The stem and leaves in this palette are painted in a broad, effective way. Isn't this just the thing to give to an artist?

It is told of some persons, that when

they get a present they run up to the store to pick articles of the same kind, and measure their gratitude by the cash value. Well, nobody can approve of such mercenary manners. Perhaps, however, the giver is somewhat to blame in these cases. If the donor cannot show from the selection he makes that he has studied the taste and needs of his friend, the amount of money he expended is the most important point, and therefore may be inquired into. Now, this palette pincushion, although it cost not a cent, seemed such a happy idea considering the person for whom it is intended, that the maker began to ruminate on what would be nice for a musical girl, and finally, out of her head and some pieces of pasteboard, velvet, ribbon, etc., she made a beautiful object which slightly resembles—at least is meant to suggest—a musical instrument. It also is a pincushion, and as the sterner sex sometimes need this useful article, why shouldn't it be suitable to give to a musical young man?

You can see from the picture how this is made. The dark parts are velvet and the rest silk or satin, as you may happen to own. Of course, you wish the colors of the different materials to be harmonious. Around the edge is a gold cord, and the bars of the lyre, which must be realistic, are made of the gold cord stretched properly between gold-headed nails. When you present this gift, you might pin on it a paper containing the words of some favorite, appropriate song.

When making such things as these, the days fly in November.

KATE KAUFFMAN.

## PREPARING MEATS.

The enterprising housewife who is on the alert for anything that will lighten her labors or add variety to the bill of fare, will find the following recipes helpful. By their use she can also preserve the meat, which butchering-time will soon bring, for late summer or early fall use, when it is so hard for the farmer's family to have meat other than that from the poultry-yard.

**TO SUGAR-CURE PORK.**—To eighty pounds of ham and shoulder use eight ounces of saltpeter, seven ounces of brown sugar and one pint of salt. Mix well and rub on the cut side of the meat the same day of butchering. Lay the meat on an inclined surface for twenty-four hours, where it will not freeze, to drain (the cellar is perhaps the best place); then rub the eighty pounds of meat with two quarts of salt. Let it lay for fourteen days on an inclined surface, so the brine arising will not stand on the meat. Do not let it freeze. Hang it up to dry, or smoke if preferred. When thoroughly dry, put each piece in a flour-sack and stuff hay all around, so the sack cannot touch the meat, else some meddlesome fly will spoil it. Side-meat may also be cured in the same way, and is, like the sugar-cured meat we buy, far superior to ordinary smoked meat, and if kept in the dry will be nice for years.

**TO PICKLE PORK.**—Cut fresh side-meat in strips four inches wide and the length of the side. Completely cover the bottom of a large keg or jar (a six or eight gallon jar is preferable to anything else) with salt; put in a layer of meat, setting it on edge, with the skin part next the jar, fitting it first all around the outside, then an inner ring, and so on, until a layer is packed in tightly. Sprinkle in as much salt as possible between the pieces, and cover the layer with salt. Add another layer of meat as before, then one of salt, and so on until the jar is full to within three or four inches of the top. Make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg; boil it, skim well, let get cold, and pour over the meat until the jar is full. Put a weight on the meat to keep it all under the brine, cover the jar and set it in the cellar until the next summer, and when properly freshened—which is by slicing and soaking over night, or slicing and putting to cook in plenty of cold water, and when it boils carefully draining off—it will be found as appetizing as fresh meat, and can be used in any way fresh pork is, and in September and October is a most acceptable addition to the bill of fare.

**CORNERED BEEF.**—For one hundred pounds of beef take eight pounds of salt, five pounds of sugar or five pints of good molasses, two ounces of soda, one ounce of saltpeter, four gallons of soft water, or as much as will cover the meat. Mix part of the salt and sugar, rub each piece and place it in a barrel, having first covered the bottom with salt. When the meat is all in, put the remainder of the salt and

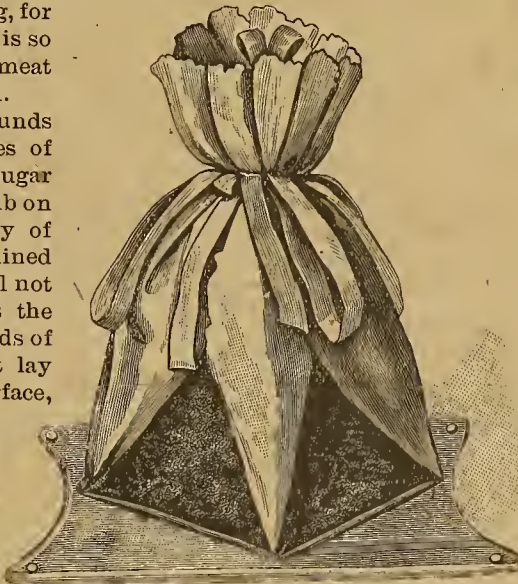
sugar in the water. Dissolve the soda and saltpeter in hot water, add to the brine and pour over the meat. Place a board over the meat, with a weight heavy enough to keep it well under the brine.

Beef tongues may be treated the same as corned beef, or may be put in the same barrel with the beef.

**TO KEEP FRESH BEEF, PORK OR SAUSAGE ALL SUMMER.**—Prepare as for the table, fry lightly, pack tightly in fruit-jars, cover with hot lard, seal and set away. When wanted for use, open the jar and set in a warm place until the lard melts, take out as much meat as wanted, heat the lard again, pour over the remainder and reseal. This is much better than the old way of covering with lard in open jars, as in that way it will not keep sweet after the hot weather comes, and when a jar is once opened it must be used at once, or it will become strong; but by sealing it up, it will keep indefinitely. In peering in the lard, care must be taken not to break the glass jar or unsolder the tin can, as lard gets hotter than water. It should not be quite boiling hot. Those who have sealed fruit with cotton batting and know how admirably it keeps, will perhaps prefer to use straight, open-mouthed, gallon stone jars for the meat, covering the top first with a heavy paper cut just to fit, then putting over this two layers of heavy cotton batting, tying each one separately and tightly, then over all a paper to prevent the cotton becoming torn, as this will really be easier than sealing, and if properly done will keep just as well.

Although in the following recipes the meats will not keep all summer, they will keep during the entire winter, and will be a great help to the busy housewife.

**HEAD-CHEESE.**—Thoroughly clean the upper part of the hogs' heads, removing eyes, ears and nostrils. Soak in salt-water over night, then boil until the meat drops



WORK-BAG.

from the bone. Add to it one half as much boiled liver, chop all fine, and with the hands press into a compact loaf, putting it on an inclined board to cool, so that all fat may run off. It is very nice to slice thinly for tea, or to use in putting up lunches.

**SMOUSE.**—Prepare the heads as for head-cheese, add about one half as much cooked, chopped liver and return it all to the liquor in which the heads were cooked. When it boils, add enough corn-meal to make it of the consistency of mush. Press it into a mold, and when cold, slice thinly and fry for breakfast or tea.

**PICKLED PIGS' FEET.**—Cut off the horny part of the feet and toes, wash, scrape and clean thoroughly. Place in a kettle of boiling water for a few minutes, then pour off the water and add fresh, boiling water. Salt and pepper and skim well as they cook. When so tender that the bones drop out, remove the bones, place the meat in a deep dish and barely cover with sharp vinegar. In twenty-four hours they will be ready for use, and may be sliced and served for tea or lunch.

**SPICED PIGS' FEET.**—Prepare and cook as for the pickled pigs' feet. Remove from the pot as soon as it is at all possible to extract the bones. Have enough good vinegar to float the meat; to each pint of vinegar add a cupful of sugar, a heaping teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and cloves and a scant half teaspoonful of cayenne. Boil vinegar and spices together for five minutes, then pour it over the pigs' feet while all is hot. Will be ready for use as soon as cold.

**PLAIN PIGS' FEET.**—Prepare and cook as for pickled pigs' feet. When very tender, remove the bones, boil the liquor until it is reduced at least one half. Place the meat loosely in a mold and pour over it enough

of the liquor to show through it, but not quite cover. When cold it should be of the consistency of good jelly, and may be eaten cold, or a sufficient quantity may be put in a stew-pan with a very little hot water. When it boils, add a little flour smoothed in a cupful of milk, season, boil up well and serve hot for breakfast.

CLARA SENSIBAUH EVERTS.

## RECIPES.

**CABBAGE IN BATTER.**—Take a cold boiled cabbage that is pretty firm. Cut it into small squares, lay them in a pie-dish,



PALETTE PINCUSHION.

sprinkling them with pepper and salt and a dash of vinegar. Make a very light baking batter and pour it over the cabbage; bake in a very quick oven. Eat while hot.

**BOILED CUSTARD.**—Beat the yolks of three eggs, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a salt-spoonful of salt, and then beat them all well together. Add gradually one pint of scalded milk. Turn into another boiler and cook until the egg sets. Take from the stove and add the beaten whites. Flavor after it is taken from the stove and is partly cool. If the flavoring is added when warm the strength is partly lost.

**SUET PUDDING.**—Two and one half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, one cupful of suet, chopped very finely and sifted through a flour-sieve, three fourths of a cupful of currants, three fourths of a cupful of chopped and seeded raisins, one cupful of milk and one cupful of molasses. This pudding is very nice indeed, and a nice substitute for English plum pudding, if one cares for less richness. When once it begins to boil, it should not be allowed to discontinue boiling for an instant. Before chopping the suet remove all the skin and membrane. Have the suet quite cold. Dredge with flour, but use as little flour as necessary to keep the knife from sticking. Do not make the pudding in the chopping-tray. The pudding should be steamed for three hours in a brown-bread mold. It is one of the best puddings ever made of this kind. Suet is inappropriate for use in hot weather. This pudding should be served with lemon sauce.

## A MEAT SOUFFLE.

A meat souffle is a simple and delicious way of using up any cold bits of veal, lamb, boiled ham or beef tongue, chicken or a combination of any of these meats. It requires a pint of meat chopped fine. Veal mixed with ham or with tongue makes an excellent souffle. A few mushrooms may be added to advantage, though they are not a necessity.

Add a teaspoonful of onion-juice and another of minced parsley to the chopped meat, with the beaten yolks of two eggs and a pint of cream sauce. Make the cream sauce by melting a tablespoonful of butter with the same of flour, and add a pint of milk. Let the meat, seasoning, eggs and cream sauce boil up for a moment, being stirred all the time. Then add the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and bake in a buttered earthen dish in a hot oven for twenty minutes.—*New York Tribune.*

## A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—CATARRH AND CONSUMPTION CURED.

There is good news for our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, in the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

Agents for this paper make money, and lots of it. Write for terms.



## Our Household.

I know that my looks are sad,  
My face is cold and stern;  
The lesson of life I've read—  
A bitter one to learn.  
My soul was once as the noontide bright,  
And my life knew naught of woe;  
They tell me 'twas but the other night,  
But it seems so long ago.  
'Tis not by flight of time  
We measure human life;  
A myriad days of peace  
Count not one hour of strife.  
The soul may grow in a moment old,  
Yet live for weary years;  
We live, and our youth or age is told  
By seasons of smiles and tears.

E. I.

### SOME EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

**SKETCH PARTY.**—A novel entertainment was given, not long ago, by a lady in our little village. She sent out invitations for a "sketch party." When the guests arrived, each of them was given a little book, about three by five inches in size, made of white drawing-paper with colored paper covers. There were twelve leaves in each book, and a tiny lead-pencil was attached to each book by a cord. The pencils can be bought with cords fastened to them. At the top of each page of the book was written a sentence or the name of something to be illustrated. Each one wrote their name on their book, and then they were passed around. Each person was expected to make one illustration in any book passed to him, and sign either his name or initials to it. In this way all the books were filled during the evening, and much amusement afforded. Among the pages of one book that I saw were the following:

"A man after my own heart." A young lady illustrated this by drawing a shelf with a large heart lying on it and a man reaching out his hand to take it.

"The wheel of fate" was illustrated by a boy taking a header from a bicycle.

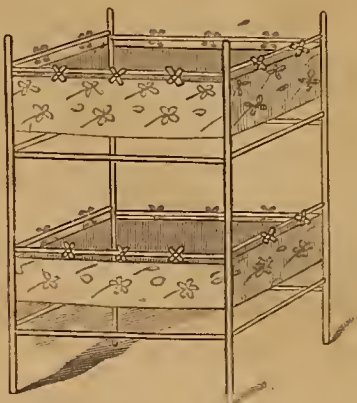
"Washington's hatchet" had the picture of a hen sitting on her nest and one chicken coming from under her wing.

"As broad as 'tis long," was a picture of a very short and very fat man.

"After the ball" was a little boy with mouth open and face distorted as if crying, and his mother coming with a switch.

These examples will give anybody an idea of the plan of the party, and they can select their own subjects. Hardly any two persons would illustrate the same subject alike. Of course, the sketches are very rough, no attempt being made to have them otherwise. To vary the entertainment, it might be called a "sketch and jingle party," and each person given the choice to draw a picture or write a rhyme.

**CONVERSATION PARTIES.**—A bright conversation party will make an interesting and amusing entertainment for an evening. Get as many blank cards as you have invited guests, and attach a little pencil to each. Then write on each card the list of topics for conversation. Partners are engaged for different topics, and from ten to fifteen minutes' time allowed for each. At the end of the evening a vote may be taken as to the best conversationalist, the gentlemen voting for the ladies and the ladies for the gentlemen. The following is a good list of topics:



CLOTHES-HORSE WORK-BASKET.

1. Are the trials of childhood as great, in proportion, as those of maturity?
2. Ought women to wear their best clothes to church? If not, why not?
3. Which do you like best, the stories of Dickens or Thackeray?
4. The piano. Do its pleasures outweigh its tortures?
5. What is the most beautiful sight you have ever seen?
6. What is the funniest story or joke you have ever heard?

7. Has everyone a talent for something?

**OBSERVATION PARTIES.**—To prepare for this entertainment, make as many little books with five pages as you have invited guests. Tie the leaves together with narrow ribbon, having them in pairs, tied with the same color. Attach a little pencil to each, and at the top of the first page write the word "Taste;" on the next, "Touch;" on the third, "Sight;" on the fourth, "Smell;" and on the fifth, "Hearing." Then on the first page number as many lines as there are things to be tasted; on the second page as many as there are objects to be touched, and in like manner the other pages.

Before the guests arrive, separate the books into two groups, putting one of each color in each group. Let the ladies choose from one group and the gentlemen from the other; then each gentleman seeks the lady having her book tied with ribbon like his own, and the two are partners for the evening, and are allowed to compare notes with each other on things observed. When all are ready for the trial, pass a plate containing as many different spices and condiments as you have numbers on the first page of the books. Each person tastes of the mixture, and then writes opposite the numbers the names of things tasted. Then everyone is blindfolded, and the objects to be touched passed rapidly from one to another. Have these objects as unlike as possible; as, a potato, a piece of cotton flannel, a head of lettuce, a piece of rubber, etc. All are then unblinded,

## FARMERS' BILL OF FARE —FOR— THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Chicken Soup.	
Boiled Chicken, Egg Sauce.	
Boiled Ham, Horse-radish Sauce.	
Roast Turkey, Giblet Sauce.	
Roast Shout, Apple Sauce.	
Currant Jelly.	Grape Jelly.
Mixed Pickles.	
Celery Salad.	Hot Slaw.
Sweet Potatoes.	Potato Puff.
Parsnips.	Carrots.
Thanksgiving Pudding.	
Pumpkin Pie.	Apple Pie.
Fruit.	
White Cake.	Jelly Cake.
Hot Coffee.	

and must write the names of the objects touched. Next, the guests are formed in line, and while a quick march is played, they pass through another room, by a table on which are objects to be seen. When this list has been written, pass a tray of small bottles filled with different odorous liquids; as, essence of peppermint, turpentine, cologne, lemon, vanilla, camphor, ammonia, etc. The tray must be passed rapidly from one to another, and then the list under "Smell" filled out. In the meantime, a number of musical instruments are collected in an adjoining room, and all are sounded simultaneously, three times in succession, and then the list under "Hearing" filled out, after which each person writes his name on his book. Each pair of books are tied together, and all are handed to a committee to be examined. The couple whose books are found to have their lists nearest correct are given the first prize, and the poorest lists draw the booby prize. A pretty silver hat-pin or stick-pin for a lady and a scarf-pin for a gentleman are appropriate for first prizes, and for the booby prize a pair of green goggles or a toy dog, with a card lettered, "Pity the blind," might be given.

MAIDA McL.

### FARMERS' THANKSGIVING DINNER.

**CHICKEN SOUP.**—Clean a full-grown, tender chicken, put in a soup-kettle with a gallon of cold water; set on the fire and bring slowly to a boil, skim, and let simmer until tender; take up the chicken and set to keep warm, add a teacupful of rice and a slice of onion to the soup, and let boil half an hour longer; season with salt and pepper and serve.

**BOILED CHICKEN.**—Take up the boiled chicken on a hot dish, garnish with celery tops and serve with egg sauce.

**EGG SAUCE.**—Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, add a tablespoonful of flour and mix smooth; thin with half a pint of rich milk, season with salt and pepper; add the mashed yolks and chopped whites of two hard-boiled eggs and serve.

**BOILED HAM.**—Wash and rub clean a medium-sized ham, put in a boiler, nearly fill with cold water, add a blade of mace, a dozen cloves and half a dozen peppercorns; set over the fire and let come gradually to a slow boil; let simmer fifteen minutes to every pound; when done, take up, skin, and serve hot with horse-radish sauce.

**HORSE-RADISH SAUCE.**—Grate a teacupful of horse-radish, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and pepper, with a pint of strong vinegar.

**ROAST TURKEY.**—Pick, draw and stupe a fat young turkey, fill with bread stuffing, set on a rack in a dripping-pan, spread with bits of butter, set in a hot oven, and baste every ten minutes; when half done, cover with a greased paper and cook slowly; when nearly ready to take up, remove the paper and let the turkey brown; take up on a heated dish and serve with giblet sauce and stewed gooseberries.

**ROAST SHOAT.**—Put a quarter of shoat in a pan with a teacupful of water, to which add a teaspoonful of salt; lay around medium-sized sweet potatoes and bake three hours; when done, take the meat up, garnish with sprigs of thyme and parsley and serve with apple sauce.

**CELERY SALAD.**—Chop ten bunches of celery, put in a salad-bowl, sprinkle with salt, pour over a teacupful of plain salad dressing and serve very cold.

**PARSNIPS.**—Scrape and parboil large parsnips, put in a pan, spread over with butter and set in the stove to brown.

**POTATO PUFF.**—Boil and mash half a dozen large potatoes, put in a frying-pan with a tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper; stir over the fire until well mixed; take up, add the beaten whites of three eggs, heap on a greased baking-dish and set in a quick oven until brown.

**PUMPKIN PIE.**—Line pie-pans with rich paste, mix a quart of stewed pumpkin with a quart of rich milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teacupful of sugar and a teaspoonful each of ground spice and cinnamon; fill the pan with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven.

**APPLE PIE.**—Pare and slice large, tart apples; line pie-pans with puff paste, fill them with the sliced apples, spread thick with sugar and bits of butter, pour over water to moisten, cover with a top crust and bake in a very hot oven.

**THANKSGIVING PUDDING.**—Chop fine a pound of suet, wash a pound of currants, mix with a pound of seedless raisins, a tablespoonful of mixed spices and a pound of sugar; grate a pound of stale bread crumbs and add with a pound of sifted flour to the mixture; beat four eggs into a pint of milk and stir in; turn into a pudding-bag, tie up and boil for five hours; serve with pudding sauce.

**WHITE CAKE.**—Cream a teacupful of butter and three of sugar together, sift in four cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; beat the whites of eight eggs and add, with half a teacupful of milk; flavor with orange extract, pour in a cake-mold and bake one hour.

**JELLY CAKE.**—Cream half a cupful of butter and two of sugar together, add three cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of milk, and three eggs beaten separately; flavor with vanilla, bake in jelly-tins, spread with tart jelly, put together and ice the top.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

### A SMALL CLOTHES-HORSE.

One of the prettiest of afternoon tea-tables is made out of a miniature clothes-horse.

These "horses" stand about thirty-four inches high and have four folds, each about twenty inches wide. Instead of having hinges, they are swung on rings, so that each fold can be turned in any direction. They cost something less than fifty cents, and are on sale at all housekeeping outfitters.

Paint the frame with common white paint, giving one or two coats; after that you can finish it with white or any pale color.

Now turn the folds to form a square, and secure the ends which touch; tied or fastened more firmly with screws.

As a triangular table will be more unique, though perhaps not so firm, many would

prefer to detach one fold of the screen before painting.

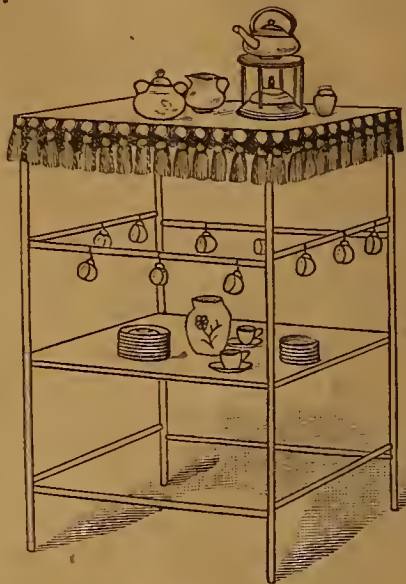
A wood top, made to fit, is then laid on, also a similar piece used for an under shelf is fastened into one of the third bars of the horse—there are four of these bars at equal distances apart.

Both top and shelf are of course enameled, and over the top is put a thick linen cover, which is cut to fit, and has fringe or lace hanging over the edge of the table.

### A PLACE FOR YOUR CHINA.

A row of brass hooks is fastened along the second bars and teacups are hung thereon.

When the saucers and other dishes are placed on the under shelf, and the kettle,



CLOTHES-HORSE TEA-TABLE.

match-holder, cracker-jar and sugar-bowl are placed on the top, this table will be dainty enough for any one to preside over, and it invariably becomes a piece of furniture which its owner would not part with, for she can carry it up stairs and down with her finger-tips, and it is airy enough for the most fanciful boudoir, and sufficiently sensible and expensive for the most prosaic sitting-room.

This same miniature clothes-horse, enameled white or any dainty color, may easily become a pretty three or four fold screen, silk, as flowery as one pleases, being shirred upon it along the top and bottom bars, frills forming the finish. Big daisy nail-heads can be driven in the ends of the bars to decorate them.

Again, simply enameled and tied with big ribbon bows, it makes a charming airing-frame for the fresh folded lingerie in a pretty girl's dressing-room; the same ribbon-trimmed bars make an acceptable gift to a young mother to be used for airing and warming baby's lawns and cambrics at bathing-time.

### JUST THE THING FOR THE LIBRARY.

Again, with one fold removed and the three remaining ones turned so that the whole closes into a triangle, it forms the foundation for a fine scrap-basket or catch-all. Stretch stout denim or canvas across the lowest bars to form the bottom; then cover that and the sides with pretty flowered goods, shirred inside the bars; let the top stand up in a deep frill. Tie all the corners with handsome bows. If the goods can be washed, it is easily removed for that purpose, and thus the catch-all will last for years, bright and fresh-looking.

Still again, this magic clothes-horse can be transformed into a beautiful standard work-basket. To do this, paint the frame as has been done in each case, only this time let it be in black. Then secure the frame in square shape. Measure very carefully the exact square, then cut out



CLOTHES-HORSE SCREEN.

two squares of very stout pasteboard, so thick that it cannot be bent without great pressure. These are to be covered on both sides with old rose cretonne. Some strips of the board about three inches wide are then cut the length of the sides of the squares, covered, and sewed on each of the squares, converting both sides into stout trays for the "basket." A row of upholsterer's rings sewed along the upper edges of these trays, three or four on a side, will do to secure the tray in place, tape or ribbon being passed through the rings and tied to the bars. One of the trays is swung to the top bars, and the other to the second from the bottom. They can easily be untied when they need to be thoroughly brushed out.

This set forms the easiest and prettiest "home-made furniture" that I have ever known.—Anna Isabel Willis, in *Chicago Record*.



## USEFUL THINGS.

This pretty design is very simple, and well adapted to cushions, doilies, etc. Any one who can construct circles and straight lines can decorate numerous pretty things in this way. Put birds, leaves, flowers or half-moons in place of the circles.

A cushion for the piazza hammock, made of blue denim stamped with half-moons and lines, embroidered in contrasting color and finished with cord and tassels, is pretty as well as useful.

A lovely set of doilies in white linen are stamped in the same way. One was pansies and buds, embroidered with yellow wash silk, and the edges fringed. Another was birds, done in brown, and the third was leaves, done in greens.

Kid-glove tops afford a scope of useful things as well as pretty ones. If you have the tops of white ones, they will make lovely covers for pen-wipers, etc. One, cut in the shape of an open apple blossom, painted to represent, and two or three cut smaller to wipe the pens on, and tied together with yellow baby ribbon. A plainer one is cut some pretty shape, and the name and date in gold paint.

A dear little note-book, five by ten, was covered with white kid and "Note-book" printed in gold, and a pencil tied to the cover with a white cord.

BESSIE ETTA COLBY.

## RICE-BAGS AND MATTING.

Rice-bags do not present a very alluring prospect when one looks at them with an eye to evolving articles of fancy work from them, but with very little trouble a variety of useful and beautiful things may be made at small expense.

Perhaps some of my readers do not know what a rice-bag is. It is the reed-bag in which rice, crude sugar and some grades of tea are brought from China; many of the large boxes of tea are lined with these bags. In the Chinese stores they may be purchased new, but the second-hand ones are quite as effective for fancy work after they are well brushed. I am going to describe a few of the articles of use and beauty that may be made from them.

They form the most convenient and unique paper-holders, and may be decorated in a variety of ways. The top should be rolled back about half way, giving the appearance of a double bag. I should have said that if the mat is flat it should be sewed together to form a bag. They usually come in that shape, however.

The bag may be painted in any design fancy dictates; it may be decorated with rosettes and tassels of rope, or it may be finished with bows of ribbon and loops of narrower ribbon, on each of which is strung a Chinese coin. A fringe of these loops should be made across the bottom of the bag. The coins may be bought at any Chinese store for a small sum.

Handsome handkerchief-boxes are made from rice mats. A piece about fourteen or sixteen inches square is lined with India or surah. The edges of the mat must be basted down and pressed before it is lined. Allow a quilling of the India to show over the edge. Puff a cover of the same on a piece of pasteboard about six inches square, putting in a layer of cotton in which plenty of satchet-powder is sprinkled. Sew this in the center of the square, catch the sides together on each side of the right angle, about three inches from the corners, thus forming a box with a square opening. Line another piece of pasteboard and fasten it to a square of the matting for a cover. Tack it to one side of the opening and decorate with bows of ribbon. The pointed corners may be filled in with pompons, or turned downward or inward, as desired.

A unique picture-holder may be made by opening the bag, cutting small openings here and there over it and then gilding the whole. Tapes to hold the pictures in place are sewed on the back.

Pretty sunbonnets are made by using the mat for the body of the bonnet, making a ruffle of pink, blue or gray chambray around the front edge, and using the same material for the back of the bonnet.

If the cane bottom of a chair has commenced to wear, remove it, tack a cover of burlap, stretched tight, on it, and then with fancy tacks fasten a new bottom made from a rice-bag over it. This may be gilded or painted if desired, but the soft tones of the mats are beautiful without

any finish, and harmonize well with any color.

Wall-pockets, comb and brush cases, fancy-work baskets are all dainty and pretty when made from rice-bags. The finer grades of floor-matting can be used in making many of these articles, particularly in covering footstools.

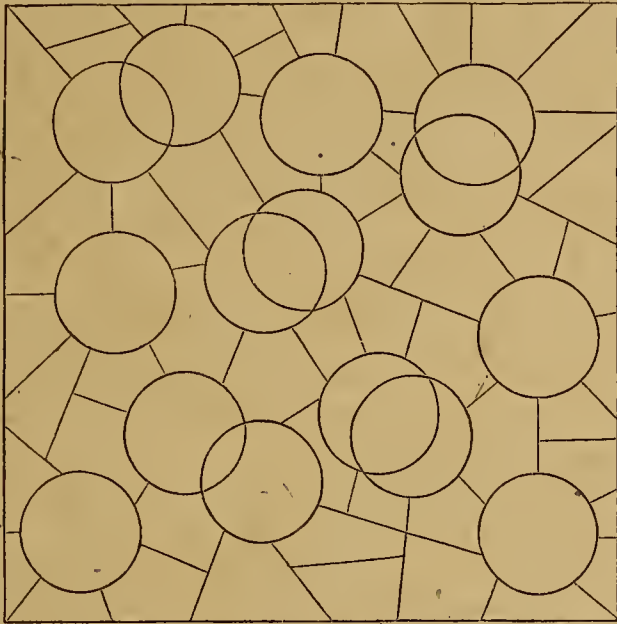
Before closing I must describe a couple of paintings I saw recently. The mats had been cut into an oval shape and fastened firmly on a thin board. On one of them the head of a Chinaman had been painted in a very realistic manner, and on the other was a very pretty bunch of chrysanthemums. They were framed in plain oak and produced a decidedly pleasing effect in the library where they were hung.

EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL.

## THREE WINTER-BLOOMING BULBS.

Among the numerous bulbs offered by florists for winter blooming there are three which should be in the collection of everyone who has a window garden. They are the Chinese sacred lily, *Oxalis lutea* and *Freesia refracta*.

The Chinese lily, or joss flower, is the popular bulb grown by the Chinese. It is



DESIGN FOR CUSHIONS, DOILIES, ETC.

a species of narcissus of the polyanthus section. The bulbs are very large, and each one produces several scapes of deliciously scented white flowers, not unlike those of the common paper-white narcissus. The bulbs are easily cared for, and sure to bloom. Simply place them in a bowl containing pebbles and water, and in from three to six weeks the buds will appear, and shortly develop into the exquisite, scented bloom.

*Oxalis lutea* is a small bulb suitable for a pot or basket. The flowers are a pleasing yellow, and borne in clusters on long stems. A clump of this oxalis in bloom is very handsome, as both foliage and flowers are abundantly produced, the former making an attractive groundwork for the flowers, which appear as a rich setting of golden bells. It is surprising how soon the dry bulbs develop into vigorous green plants. Start them now, and dry them in the spring, after they have ceased to bloom.

*Freesia refracta* is one of the most popular window bulbs recently introduced, and many thousands—hundreds of thousands, indeed—have been sold this season, the demand for them increasing each year. The bulbs are about an inch long, and often less than an inch in circumference, yet the flowers produced are numerous, each scape bearing from five to a dozen lovely trumpets. This bulb requires from three to four months to throw up its flower scape, but the patience of the cultivator is well rewarded when the flowers appear, for they are unsurpassed in delicacy, texture, form and fragrance. Do not defer planting until after Christmas, as they rarely do well if kept too long out of the ground. Set the bulbs half an inch deep, using porous soil and good drainage. Otherwise, treat just as you would any common house plant.

Allium, hyacinths, calla lilies, Spanish iris and many other bulbous flowers do well in the window in the winter, but few will flourish with so little care or afford such satisfactory results as the three bulbs described, and the dear readers who try them will thank the writer when the flowers appear for calling attention to and recommending them for winter blooming.

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## "WHEN I WAS A GIRL."

Alh, how different it is being a woman! It is difficult to coax a bird back to its cage. It is impossible to lure to the heart of a woman the birds that once made joyous tumult there.

We who stand on the top of the hill of life, look back to the merry crowd climbing so lightly, so strong and so gay, and onto the patient, footsore ones we join to-morrow, and feel that we must shout back, knowing how vain and empty to young ears are all such words:

"Oh, you radiant ones, stand still in the cool, sweet dawn; drink deep of the fountain of youth; look into each wayside pool and smile back upon the image there; turn aside and rest in the leafy shadows; loiter—loiter—loiter, for nothing so sweet can over come to you again!"

But the wind carries our words away; which is quite as well, for who would heed them?

So we pass on down the hill, toward the sunset, with a firm step, if not a dancing one, with courage and hope; not buoyant, but the reasonable, sensible cheer of middle age.

We face one storm and bend to another, but we can still help a brother on. Many pleasant flowers bloom by the wayside, and the sun touches us no longer to burn, but to warm and caress, until one day we find that it is we who lean upon another shoulder, and soon, if we have not been brawlers, crowding and pushing, peace comes, and contentment with weariness.

We are at the foot of the hill, and glad, perhaps, that the journey is made.

HARRIET M. KING.

## APPLE COMPOTES AND DESSERTS.

The most delicious way to cook apples for the table is to stew them in the oven. Cut the apples in quarters or pare and core them only. Place them in a deep earthen dish with just water enough to cover the bottom of the dish a half inch in depth. Fill the centers of the apples, if they are cooked whole, with a little sugar and grated lemon peel. Cover the apples with an earthen plate and let them cook slowly for from forty minutes to three quarters of an hour. They will then be perfectly tender, but whole. A tart apple should be used for this purpose. The juice around the apples may be boiled down to a jelly by reducing it in a saucepan over the fire, adding a cupful of sugar to every cupful of reduced juice.

One of the most delightful and easily

made puddings we have is the famous apple dowdy. It is much better and more wholesome than any other boiled dumpling. Take six apples, peel, core and slice them; add a cupful of water. As soon as the apples boil, have ready a crust made of a cupful of flour and a teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted together, and a teaspoonful of butter rubbed through all. Stir the mixture to a paste with half a cupful of milk. Flour it, roll it out on the board or flatten it with the hand until it is exactly the size of the saucepan. Cover the apples with the paste, pressing the edges of the paste around the sides of the saucepan so as to allow no steam to escape. Put a cover on the saucepan with a weight on it, and let the apples boil steadily under the paste for fifteen minutes longer. Then remove the cover and test the crust. It should be light and puffed up, and thoroughly done through. Lift it out on a dessert-plate and turn the stewed apple underneath over it. The best sauce to serve with this pudding is a hard sauce, served with butter and sugar, or a caramel sauce.

To make the caramel sauce, dissolve half a cupful of sugar in a cupful of boiling water. Add a stick of cinnamon, two cloves and three or four bits of the yellow peel of a lemon. Let this syrup boil up for ten minutes. Put two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar in a spider with a teaspoonful of water, and stir it till it turns brown. When it is a deep, rich brown, add the other syrup and continue stirring until the two are melted together and are boiled up at once. Serve this sauce with the bits of lemon peel in it, but take out the cinnamon and cloves.—*New York Tribune.*

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**1 Chinese Sacred Lily, or Joss Flower.** An immense bulb or clump of bulbs which will throw up several large scapes of exquisite white, scented flowers, as shown in engraving.

**1 Oxalis Lutea,** the lovely yellow-flowered sort so highly prized as a winter-blooming basket plant.

**1 Gladiolus Colvilli Alba,** a fine bulb for pot culture; produces large spikes of superb white flowers with delicate pink stamens.

**Allium Neapolitanum,** a small bulb which bears umbels of white flowers upon a tall stem. A fine pot-plant.

**1 Freesia Refracta Alba,** the sweetest and loveliest of winter-blooming bulbous flowers—cream white, trumpet-shaped, with golden-yellow throat, and deliciously perfumed.

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send in a club of four yearly subscribers, and 10 cents additional with each (making \$2.40 in all), we will add as an extra reward for your industry, three more fine bulbs, as follows:

**1 Superb, Large, Named Dutch Hyacinth, Double or Single,**  
**1 Extra Fine Double, Early Tulip, White, Red, Yellow or Variegated,**  
**1 Fine Bulb of the Elegant Ornithogalum Arabicum, a Grand Flowering Pot-plant.**

This makes you a collection of 31 bulbs, enough to make your home look like a greenhouse this winter. (Remember, that according to our rules in our Premium List, you are permitted to count your own name in a club after you get two other names.)

Don't fail to include the 10 cents additional with each yearly subscription if you want this premium. We pay all postage on bulbs. This offer will not appear in the paper again, and only holds good until Christmas. Now is the time to pot the bulbs to insure bloom in winter. Price of collection, when purchased, 50 cents; or with Farm and Fireside one year, 75 cents. Postage paid by us in each case.

Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Philadelphia, Pa., or Springfield, Ohio.



## Our Sunday Afternoon.

### STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life  
With much sad and grave persistence,  
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills  
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day, what a precious boon  
For earnest souls who labor,  
For the willing hands that minister  
To the needy friend or neighbor!

Strength for to-day, that the weary hearts  
In the battle of the right may quail not,  
And the eye, bedimmed by bitter tears,  
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day, on the down-hill track,  
For the travelers near the valley;  
That up, far up on the other side,  
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth  
May happily shun temptation;  
And build from the rise to the set of the sun  
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home  
To practice forbearance sweetly;  
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,  
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

### THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND.

**A**n editorial in the *Sunday-School Times* sets forth the unwisdom of being unduly anxious for the future, and illustrates the point by the following incident in a busy woman's life: She was the mother of a large family, and being in plain circumstances, was required to do her own work. Sometimes in the multitude of her tasks and cares she lost the sweetness of her peace, and, like Martha, became troubled and worried with her much serving. One morning she had been unusually hurried, and things had not gone smoothly. She had breakfast to get for her family, her husband to care for as he hastened away early to his work, and her children to make ready for school. There were other household duties which filled the poor, weak woman's hands until her strength was well nigh utterly exhausted; and she had not gone through it all that morning in a sweet, peaceful way. She had allowed herself to lose her patience, and to grow fretful, vexed and unhappy. She had spoken quick, hasty, petulant words to her husband and her children. Her heart had been in a fever of irritation and disquiet all the morning.

When the children were gone, and the pressing tasks were finished, and the house was all quiet, the tired woman crept upstairs to her own room. She was greatly discouraged. She felt that her morning had been a most unsatisfactory one; that she had sadly failed in her duty; that she had grieved her Master by her want of patience and gentleness, and had hurt her children's lives by her fretfulness and her ill-tempered words. Shutting her door, she took up her Bible and read the story of the healing of the sick woman: "He touched her hand, and the fever left her; and she arose and ministered unto them."

"Ah!" she said, "if I could have had that touch before I began my morning's work, the fever would have left me, and I should then have been prepared to minister sweetly and peacefully to my family. She had learned that she needed the touch of Christ to make her ready for beautiful and gentle service."

### COLD HEARTS.

As to serving the Lord with cold hearts and drowsy souls, there has been too much of it, and it causes religion to wither. Men ride stags when they hunt for gain, and snails when they would win everlasting life. Preachers go on see-sawing, droning and prosing, and the people fall to yawning and folding their arms, and then say God is withholding his blessing. Every sluggard, when he finds himself enlisted in the ragged regiment, blames his luck, and some churches have learned the same wicked trick. I believe that when Paul plants and Apollos water, God gives the increase; and I have no patience with those who throw the blame on God, when it belongs to themselves.—*Spurgeon.*

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### THE RESURRECTION.

In the resurrection "they neither marry nor are given in marriage," Matt. xxii. 30. That is, in the state to which the dead rise. Again, "They that have done good (shall come forth) to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of condemnation;" that is, one class come out of the grave to one resurrection-state, and the other to another resurrection-state. It is testified that Paul preached Jesus and the resurrection, Acts xvii. 18. This could not mean that Paul simply preached the act of rising from the grave. The mere act of rising from the grave is not necessarily a good thing. Lazarus and the son of the widow of Nain arose from the grave, but not to the resurrection (state) preached by Paul. They merely received a renewal of mortal life. The wicked of a certain class will rise from the grave, but the act of rising will not be to them a glad-some event, but the contrary; they would prefer to be left in the oblivion of the tomb. Everything depends upon the state to which the rising from the grave is the introduction. Paul preached the resurrection-state of incorruption and immortality. To this state the dead have to rise. The mere act of rising is not the resurrection. It is involved in it; it is a part, but as employed in the Scriptures it required the state after coming out of the grave to be added, before the idea expressed by the word resurrection is complete.

### EMINENT MEN ON THE GOSPEL MIRACLES.

A few years before his death, in reply to a question put to him by a somewhat skeptical friend, the late Prof. Ezra Abbot said, "I know of no events in history that are better substantiated than the resurrection of Christ and the other gospel miracles."

Dr. Thomas Dick declared, "Of the reality of the miracles we have as high a degree of evidence as we have of the reality of any other events recorded in the Scriptures or in the history of the world. The single fact of the resurrection of Christ rests upon a weight of evidence so great that the rejection of it would be almost equivalent to the adoption of universal skepticism."

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, observed, "I have been used, for many years, to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidences of those who have written about them; and I know of no fact in the history of mankind, which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort, to the mind of a fair inquirer, than that Christ died and rose again from the dead."

H. L. Hastings, editor of *The Christian* (Boston), and a writer and lecturer of note, says in his pamphlet on "The Inspiration of the Bible:" "The perverse logic that disputes and cavils at the miracles of Christ, can dispute every fact and deny even the very existence of the caviller and disputer."

### LEND A HAND.

Where? How? Each in his own sphere, whether that sphere may be in a permanent place or in one of temporary sojourn. There is no spot on this planet where any of God's intelligent creatures can divert himself of his responsibilities or innocently shirk the performance of his duties. Everywhere he must lend a hand in the furtherance of God's cause, the advancement of his kingdom, and in the saving of souls. In deciding how this can be best furnished, he must take into consideration his own talents, adaptability and environments. What is duty to one in certain circumstances may not be duty to another. God gives to every man his own work, the work for which God has qualified him, to which he has called him, and for the performance of which he will hold him accountable.—*The Treasury.*

### GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

Never complain of your birth, your training, your employments, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if only you had a different lot assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he understands what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. Choke, that devil-like envy which gnaws your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather, bring it up to receive God's will, and do his work in your lot, in your sphere, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but really consistent with it.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

## Strength

VS.

## Accidents.

A strong constitution is one of the most valuable possessions a man or woman can have. Yet the strongest constitutions are not proof against a multitude of the simplest accidents. A pebble in the road, a banana skin on the sidewalk, any one of the little things one is liable to meet at every step, may give the strongest person a sprained ankle or a strained limb.

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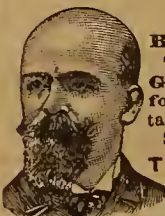
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# Our Farm.

THAYER'S BERRY BULLETIN NO. 8, FOR NOVEMBER, 1893.

The grape-vine accommodates itself to almost all methods of treatment, and with reasonable care gives abundance of fruit.

The necessity for good, rich soil, well drained and cultivated, same as for other fruits, is generally admitted by all, but proper pruning—the easiest part of grape growing—seems to be the least understood of any part of the work.

## PRUNING.

It must be remembered that the vine bears its fruit on shoots of the same year's growth, from eyes on the previous year's wood. It is necessary to understand this, because we must keep up a supply of young wood wherever we desire fruit to grow.

A one or two year old plant, when sent from the nursery, may have only one shoot, or it may have several; in any event all should be cut off but the strongest one, and that cut back to within two eyes of the base. These two eyes will produce shoots the following season, and when they have made a growth of a few inches, rub off the weak one and let the strong one grow until September, when the end should be pinched off to ripen up the wood. Late in the fall cut back to within three eyes of the base.

All side shoots and suckers should be pinched off. The second year the strongest shoots from these three eyes should be preserved as before. The third and succeeding years allow only the strong canes to grow with branches to compare with the vigor of the vine.

Trim all vines severely in the fall, leaving spurs or canes of new wood, containing two or three eyes each, for next summer's fruit.

After pruning, lay the vines down and protect for winter the same as for blackberries and raspberries.

An application of fine manure between the rows of all small fruits will protect the roots in winter, feed them in early spring, and greatly increase the size and quality of fruit.

The ground intended for spring setting of plants will be in better condition if plowed and manured at once, harrowing the same thoroughly in spring before setting.

As soon as the ground is frozen cover the strawberry bed lightly with marsh hay, clean straw, coarse manure, or some other light protection. This should remain until the plants start in the spring, then rake between the rows for a summer mulch.

The ripening of strawberries may be delayed a few days by allowing the mulch to remain over the plants until well started. This delay often saves the crop from injury by late frosts.

You may have plants of blackberries, red raspberries, currants, gooseberries and grapes for early spring setting by digging or buying at once, and keeping them buried in sand away from frost until ready to set out.

M. A. THAYER.

Wisconsin.

## THE WONDERFUL PEA.

The introduction into Florida the past season of the "Wonderful" pea, has solved the question, How shall a man earn a living on sandy pine lands while his orange grove is coming into bearing? From this pea, planted about the first of May, can be cut by the middle of July, several tons of fodder per acre, equal to alfalfa clover, and from the second growth the vines will yield a fifty to one hundred fold crop of shelled peas. For table use or as feed for horses, cattle or hogs, it is better and cheaper than ordinary grains. As a nitrogen-gatherer it has no equal in leguminous plants in the South, and the second crop of vines and the roots, after the peas are gathered, leave the ground sufficiently fertilized, or nearly so, for a crop of sweet potatoes. A single row, planted between orange-trees, will shade the ground and keep down grass and weeds, some of the vines extending forty feet.

With the general introduction of this pea (why called a pea we know not, for in vine, leaf, pod and berry it is a bean), the South would no longer be dependent upon the North for hay or grain, butter, cheese or pork; nor for nitrogenous fertilizers (she has plenty of phosphate), and ninety to ninety-five per cent sulphate of potash is obtainable at less than \$50 per ton. With cattle and hogs cheaply kept, animal manure would be abundant, greatly increas-

ing the effectiveness of chemical fertilizers, and general farming on pine lands is made practicable. With this fact established, Florida lands should be worth more than average farm lands in the North.

Florida. GEO. W. HASTINGS.

## RIGHT THERE IN WASHINGTON STATE.

Here are a few of the many remarkable things which the state of Washington has produced:

An apple weighing 2 pounds and 4 ounces.

One strawberry 10 inches in circumference.

A bunch of grapes weighing 6 pounds.

An onion weighing 4 pounds and 1 ounce.

A potato weighing 8 pounds and 4 ounces.

A radish weighing 9½ pounds.

A beet weighing 30 pounds.

A pumpkin weighing 93 pounds.

A watermelon weighing 64 pounds.

A cabbage weighing 53 pounds.

A squash weighing 120 pounds.

Timothy 7 feet 8 inches high.

Clover 5 feet high.

Alfalfa from a yield of 12 tons per acre.

Corn stalks 14 feet high.

A hill of potatoes that yielded 43 pounds.

Sixty-seven pounds of potatoes from 2 pounds planted.

Hops from a yield of 9,592 pounds per acre.

Wheat from a yield of 68 bushels per acre.

Oats from a yield of 125 bushels per acre.

A blackberry-bush showing 21 feet growth this year.

A branch from a prune-tree 33 inches long with 46 pounds of fruit on it.

A lump of coal weighing 16,860 pounds.

A plank 50 inches wide, 30 inches thick, and 32 feet long, and not a knot on it.—Seattle Press-Times.

## WATER-FOWLS.

Where there is a pond or stream on the farm it becomes a pleasure to have geese and ducks. They not only find a large share of their food from the pond, but if turned on a stubble-field consume young weeds. In selecting the aquatic birds the feathers must be considered an item. Formerly only the geese contributed them, but since the introduction of Pekin and Aylesbury ducks a new source of feathers has been secured. The white geese, such as the Embden, the gander and female being both entirely free from colored feathers, are preferred, and as the Pekin and Aylesbury ducks are also white, the feathers of both may be mixed where only the downy portions have been plucked. The Embden gander, when fully matured, should weigh twenty-five pounds, and individuals have largely exceeded that limit, which makes them very profitable for market. Geese and ducks may be fed on cooked turnips and bran in the winter, and they also relish ensilage, cut clover hay (scalded), cabbage, potatoes or any bulky food, and are remarkably free from disease if provided with dry quarters.

## COMMON FOWLS.

The advocates of common fowls are ready to claim that they are hardy, and that they are fitted to endure exposure in the tree-tops. The next point to consider, however, is the number of eggs they lay. It is not in the province of every bird to lay (which is really producing its young) if it is compelled to withstand the snows, rains and cutting winds of winter. The "survival of the fittest" may produce hardy birds, but it does not promote prolificacy. One thing connected with the keeping of common-fowls is that they are expected to help themselves. Perhaps it is better for some that they have only the dunghills, as the farmer who will not take good care of his scrubs will not properly manage better stock. Where common hens have done well it is because they have been improved by new blood, even without the intention of so doing by the farmer, as he is ever ready to "change eggs" with a neighbor, in order to secure something better, and the advocate of common fowls will always oblige the owner of pure breeds by exchanging with him.

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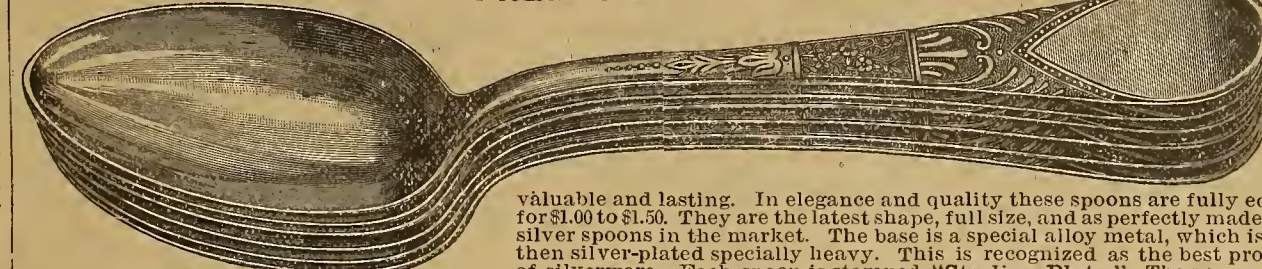
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## A NOTCH ON A STICK.

(Continued from page 9 of this issue.)

hands at the packing-house. Field-hands can't ever be company for me."

He stood still, genuine wonder in his face, and watched her cross the yard and disappear among the rose-bushes and jasmines that edged the veranda. She was disappointed. He would have nothing more to do with him, who had been so gentle, so patient, so kind, when the old squire would have dismissed him without mercy. He couldn't understand why the trifling matter of a little book like that should make such a difference between him and the common field-hands. But it did; it must, because she said so. And she had gone away angry because he would not be convinced. He would be like the others, and must stay among the others. She said she was "somebody." What was he?

Slowly it dawned upon his mind—the difference. There was a difference. What was it? What caused it? He had never known it until that moment; but he saw it now. The book—that little paper-covered, ink-dotted, twenty-five-cent book. Could that dig the gulf that intervenes 'twixt gentleman and hireling? Alas, yes! He was too ignorant to understand why it should, but he understood thoroughly that it did.

He went home at sunset, through the grove, by way of the stile. He walked slowly, his head drooped forward in an attitude of dejection. And he no longer sang; he forgot it, or else remembered that there were no gentle ears to listen to his crazy music. "Ole Molly Har" might scamper through the fields of melody at will, the "ole cow, milked in a gourd," might go dry if she chose, and the long-tailed Nanny continue her depredations upon his snakeship with impunity. It was no longer a matter of any interest to him, their former champion and admirer. He was suddenly brought face to face with the fact that he had reached a knotty place in his career; something was at stake, something valuable. He felt it, but did not recognize it by its loftier title—opportunity.

Squire Roseborough saw him crossing the grove, and wondered what ailed the boy, that he wasn't trying to raise the dead with his singing.

His mother came eagerly down the path to meet him, to ask if a letter had come for her. "Naw'm," he replied, "I ain't seen none, and I was there to get the sqa—squire's mail when the boat come in."

"I dreamt a dream last night, Oby," she said. "I didn't aim to tell you, unless the letter come. I dreamt ez how I got a letter from your Uncle Silas, an' he writ me as the mount'n ware tuk on fire an' burnt up."

"Must be a sign the judgment's comin'," said Obed. "You be such a hand for dreams. I ain't caring for such my own self; but since you air, I reckon it be bound to mean the judgment."

"Dreams go contrary, Oby," she told him. "Now, I dreamt a dream the night afore yer pap an' me ware married. I dreamt ez I ware dead an' laid out fer my fun'r'l. An' the next day I ware married. Dreams go contrary."

"Then maybe the ole mount'n is froze up," said Obed, as he trudged along by her side, forgetting the command to "learn to walk."

"The old Bon Air mount'n friz?" exclaimed his mother. "Lor, son, it couldn't be! It air rocks, mostly. The soldiers burnt the growth off endur'u of the war. The rebel soldiers done hit, war times. I allowed ez the dream might a meant ez brother Silas hed sold the Tennessee land fur we-uns."

"The Tennessee land?" sneered Obed. "I'm tired out with this talk of the Tennessee land. It ain't worth the trouble, if it ware sold."

"It air worth a hundred an' fifty dollars, yer Uncle Si sez. A hundred and fifty dollars would make the first paymint on a grove fur we-uns. I air not ready to turn my back on a hundred an' fifty dollars; least not until I hev got ten ter call my own."

She left him standing at the gate, moody and silent. She was vexed that he gave so little heed to her plans and hopes for him, discouraged because he manifested so little interest in the affairs of life. She had begun to fear, in a dull, vague way, that people were not altogether wrong when they intimated that he was not well balanced mentally.

"He grows more an' more queer ever day," she declared to the white maid she was running through the sifter. "I declare, I believe he'd be willing ter spend his days right here in the swammocks, along of the wild critters, till he gits ter be one uv they-uns. I believes it a most."

She brushed off a tear that ran down her cheek, dropped a gourdful of cold water into the meal she had sifted, turned the mixture deftly between her palms a moment, and clapped it upon the hot hoe which she had previously sprinkled with a dust of dry meal. There was neither salt nor "shortening," merely meal and cold water, for the compounder of the real corn-cake will insist that seasoning spoils the mixture. Mrs. Martin smoothed the bread across the hoe with gentle pats; then proceeded to place a number of slices of thin bacon upon the glowing coals she had raked upon the hearth.

Her work was mechanical, the result of a lifetime of practice. She was not thinking of the bread and meat, but of the boy standing at the gate, leaning upon the low palings, watching the moon rise over the great oaks that dropped their gray moss in graceful festoons, to fasten its tendrils in the tops of the wild orange-trees over in the hummock, the stretch of forest that his mother hoped to own when the Tennessee land should be sold.

But Obed was not, as she supposed, planning a jaunt to the hummock. All that was done with, that old, free life, the life he had once loved, among the woods and the wild creatures of the forest. He had had a glimpse of another, a better life; a life that would put him on a plane above the beasts; a life whose existence he had detected in that one outburst of his little teacher: "I am somebody." Somebody; what was he? A nobody, a field-hand. "No spirit," his mother had said. Suddenly he turned and went into the house.

"I'll show them," he said. "I'll show them what I be." He spent several hours in study after the others were asleep. The next morning he went back to his work, the book in his pocket, and worked in the grove until noon. The packing-house was well supplied with oranges when he took the yellow mule from the wagon and hurried down to the palms, the book in his hands.

The little hammock swung in its accustomed place; the little rustic chair where she always sat while hearing him recite was there; but it was empty. So, too, was the hammock. It was the first time she had ever failed him; but Elise was not there.

Out on the lake, distinctly outlined against the bright blue of the perfect sky, a line of light smoke was curling gracefully. Obed shaded his eyes to scan the water. It was the squire's yacht, out for a pleasure cruise. His

heart sank. Elise had deserted him for a taste of the fun she had affected to despise. He was not worth the denial of the pleasures she had only to command, instead of spending the pleasant noons with an aimless, ungrateful work-band. So he argued, in merciless self-reproach.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

[To be continued.]

## Our Miscellany.

### "DINNA CHIDE THE MITHER."

Ah! dinua chide the mither;  
Ye may na hae her lang;  
Her voice, abune your baby rest  
Sae softly cooned the sang.  
She thoct ye ne'er a burden,  
She greeted ye wi' joy,  
An' heart an' hand in carin' ye,  
Foun' still their dear employ.

Her han' has lost its cunnin',  
It's tremblin' uow and slow,  
But her heart is leal and lovin'  
As it was long ago!

An' though her strength may wither,  
An' faint her pulses beat,  
Nane will be like the mither,  
So steadfast, true and sweet!

Ye maun revere the mither,  
Feeble, an' auld, an' gray,  
The shinin' ones are helpin' her  
Adoon her evenin' way!

Her bairns wa' wait her yonder,  
Her gude mon gone before;  
She wearies—can you wonder?—  
To win to that hraw shore.

Ah! dinna chide the mither!  
O lips be slow to say

A word to vex the gentle heart  
Wha watched your childhood's days;

Ay'r'in to heep the tedder voice  
Wha crooned the cradle sang;

An' dinua chide the mither, sin'  
Ye may na hae her lang!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

In Guatemala's building at the world's fair the reception-room is furnished in blue and white, the national colors, and opens into a court filled with native ferns. Across this room is the orchid grotto, arranged as a red-washed cavern with priceless orchids dangling from rocks and logs and trees. Guatemala carried off the first prize at Paris for her collection of these rare plants.

RID YOURSELF of the discomfort and danger attending a Cold by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant, an old established curative for Coughs, Sore Throat and Pulmonary affections.

It will probably be a matter of surprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII. the dress of the English was so fantastical and absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry V. appears "a petticoat of red damask, with open sleeves." There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.

The sixtieth anniversary of the birth of the Empress Dowager, of China, was celebrated recently in the traditional manner. More than 1,200,000 pieces of red silk, forty feet long and three feet wide, were made in the imperial factories to be used, according to foreign papers, in the decoration of the streets of Peking. The empress, however, told the various mandarins that they should not send the usual presents, but should use the money in relieving the poor. Her majesty, it is said, gave about \$20,000 to the poor of each province from her own purse.

### THE STRIPPER'S WILD RIDE.

Lieut. Arnold, who is attached to the staff of Gov. Brown, of Kentucky, has just arrived here from the Cherokee strip, where he was successful in securing a splendid claim. On the memorable morning he made the run on a thoroughbred race-horse he had brought there expressly for the purpose. Starting from a point four miles east of Hunnewell he had to ride sixteen miles south to a point known as Blackwells. He covered the distance in fifty-two minutes, accompanied by a "cow-puncher" thoroughly acquainted with the country. At least fifty well-mounted men were in hot pursuit for the same claim, but the lieutenant got there first. Several other Kentuckians were similarly successful in the same vicinity. Lieut. Arnold's quarter section of 160 acres is one of the titbits of the strip. It is close to the Shekasky river, and is a splendid tract of land, worth between \$2,000 and \$5,000, according to experts.

Arnold is a sunburnt, sinewy-looking man of about forty. He said last night: "I was prepared for a tough experience, but great heavens! not for what I saw and underwent. To begin with, thousands of men and women were kept forty-eight hours in the line endeavoring to register. The dust was simply awful. At the time the rush was made everyone was black and unrecognizable. There was hardly a drop of water to drink, and washing was an impossibility. Fifteen thousand grimy human beings tore madly into the new domain, reminding me more of the maggots on a carcass than anything else. The sooners were in possession almost everywhere. Lots of them were shot, and I saw one sooner hanged in short order. In my ride I noticed nearly twenty dead horses and quite a number of dead and dying men."

"There was fighting and bloodshed enough to satisfy the very worst of the bad men from Bitter creek. Not far from my claim two men were quarreling with drawn pistols, when a third interfered and endeavored to separate them. He got a shot through the wrist, and then the two proceeded to kill each other. I saw one fellow lying dead with a handkerchief drawn tight around his neck. He had been strangled, and when searched \$450 was found on him. When I made the rush I wore mighty little and carried no arms, but I felt more comfortable when my Winchester was in my hands. The scenes after the rush were terrible. I saw the two women who were burned by the prairie fire, and the soldiers shot by the sooners. In fact, I have seen enough of that sort of thing to last me the rest of my life. Blackwell, the so-called Indian, who gave his name to the town site and owns every other lot in it, is a 'squaw man.' He put his hay up to a dollar a bale after the rush, but the boys went to him with a few double-barreled persuaders on their shoulders, and he was glad to get down to fifty cents after a brief discussion. They also made him stand by original prices for his town lots. I shouldn't be surprised if they were to hang him any morning."

"Well, I'm glad to get away from the strip for awhile, although now that the rain has come and the dust settled, there is not so much hardship."

"It was fearful at first, especially for women, and I am afraid even now an awful winter is in store for many of the settlers."

"My claim is disputed, like all the rest, but I have a clear case. My papers are all right, and I expect to return in a month or so and commence improvements."—*St. Louis Republic.*

### WHAT WE OWE.

When we talk about our national indebtedness, we are likely to think of the great war debt of the United States, but the debts of the forty-four individual states amount to quite a tidy sum. At present this sum is \$224,000,000, and the interest on this amount is \$10,000,000 a year. During the decade from 1880 to 1890, when the population of the United States increased from 50,000,000 to 62,000,000, there was no increase of the debt of the states. The states themselves have increased in number from thirty-four to forty-four, but their debts have fallen off \$10,000,000 during the decade, or at the rate of \$1,000,000 a year.

A scrutiny of the list of state debts discloses many interesting facts. Few states are blessed with a total freedom from debt. Among these are Vermont, Iowa, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Oregon and Montana. Virginia's state debt, which, soon after the war, rose to the enormous sum of \$47,000,000, has been reduced to \$31,000,000, on which she pays the heavy interest of \$1,500,000 a year. West Virginia, which separated from Virginia during the war, refuses to assume any portion of the Virginia debt, and Virginia at the same time refuses to pay West Virginia's portion.

Many of the states have largely reduced their debt of recent years. Pennsylvania, for instance, cut hers down \$9,000,000 during the decade 1880-90. Ohio reduced hers from \$5,700,000 to \$2,700,000. Missouri reduced hers from \$16,000,000 to \$8,000,000, and Tennessee cut hers down from \$27,000,000 to \$16,000,000. A few of the states, on the contrary, notably Indiana and Minnesota, have increased their debts during the same decade.—*The Golden Rule.*

### THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

The Baltimore oriole deserves a long notice. He is a prince in a house of princes. The family to which he belongs is composed of birds remarkable for plumage, note, nest, eggs and habit. Each can claim something curious and original; but the Baltimore shines in every one of these particulars, for in plumage, song and nest alike he is an especially remarkable bird.

When the earl of Baltimore became the lord of Maryland, his followers quickly noticed the correspondence between his heraldic livery of orange and black and the orange and

black of the splendid bird that so abounded in the new estates, so that, very naturally, the name "Baltimore bird" was suggested, and has been borne ever since.

His nest is one of the most wonderful examples of bird-weaving in existence. It is made of separate threads, strings, horsehair, or strips of bark, closely interwoven into a sort of sack, and so firmly knit together that it will bear a weight of twenty or thirty pounds. In the southern part of this bird's range the nest is suspended from two or three terminal twigs for protection from numerous enemies, such as snakes, opossums and the like. It is also made six or seven inches in depth to prevent the eggs from being thrown out by the high winds. But in the colder North, where tree-climbing foes are rare, it is hung, not at the extremities of the branches, but in a cluster of twigs that afford shelter. It is shallower than when exposed to the wind, but is very thickly woven, and lined with soft, warm materials. The oriole's loud, flute-like notes ringing from the tree-tops in the morning are an ample refutation of the old theory that melody and bright plumage have never been bestowed on the same bird.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

### UPHOLD THE LAW.

Public attention has been strongly directed of late to the evil result of attempting to meet crime with lawlessness, of punishing cruelty and brutality in a cruel and brutal manner. In several states there have been peculiarly atrocious cases of lynching, and the horror has been emphasized in at least two instances by the discovery that the victims of the mobs were wrongly accused.

These shameful actions have aroused a general discussion, and have produced a revulsion of feeling in those sections of the country where lynching has been most common. The respectable citizens have hastened to disavow the actions of the mob—some of which have been indescribably cruel and fiendish.

It is encouraging to read in many of the local papers eager disavowal of these acts on behalf of the communities; and even to see something like a serious attempt to punish the leaders of the mob.

If this sentiment increases, as it should, such barbarities will, in a few years, be as impossible in all of our country as they are now in most of it and in civilized foreign lands.

Lynching is never to be justified, unless it be in the rare cases where a community is so isolated that there is no legal machinery for the detection and punishment of crime.

There is now no such community in this country, and every lynching merely makes the regular operation of the law more difficult.—*Youth's Companion.*

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# Selections.

## THE VANISHING WHITE CITY.

I.

Enraptured memory and all ye powers of being,  
To new life waken! Stamp the vision clear  
On the soul's inmost substance! Oh, let seeing  
Be more than seeing; let the entranced ear  
Take deep these surging sounds, inwoven  
With light  
Of unimagined radiance; let the intense  
Illumined loveliness that thrills the night  
Strike in the human heart some deeper  
sense!  
So shall these domes that meet heaven's curved  
blue,  
And yon long, white imperial colonnade,  
And many-columned peristyle endure  
The mind with beauty that shall never fade;  
Though all too soon to dark oblivion wend-  
ing—  
Reared in one happy hour to know as swift an  
ending.

II.

Thou shalt of all the cities of the world  
Famed for their grandeur, evermore endure  
Imperishably and all alone imperaled  
In the world's living thought, the one most  
sure  
Of love undying and of endless praise  
For beauty only—chief of all thy kind;  
Immortal, even because of thy brief days,  
Thou cloud-built, fairy city of the mind!  
Here man doth pluck from the full tree of life  
The latest, lordliest flower of earthly art;  
This doth he breathe, while resting from his  
strife,  
This presses he against his weary heart,  
Then, wakening from his dream within a  
dream,  
He flings the faded flower on time's down-  
rushing stream.

III.

Oh, never as here in the eternal years  
Hath burst to bloom man's free and soaring  
spirit,  
Joyous, untrammelled, all untouched by tears  
And the dark weight of woe it doth inherit.  
Never so swift the mind's imaginings  
Caught sculptured form and color. Never  
before—  
Save where the soul beats unembodied wing  
'Gainst viewless skies—was such enchanted  
shore  
Jeweled with ivory palaces like these;  
By day a miracle, a dream by night;  
Yet real as beauty is, and as the seas  
Whose waves glance back keen lines of glit-  
tering light,  
When million lamps, and coronets of fire,  
And fountains as of flame to the bright stars  
aspire.

IV.

Glide, magic boat, from out the green lagoon;  
'Neath the dark bridge, into this smiting  
glow  
And unthought glory. Even the glistening  
moon  
Hangs in the nearer splendor. Let not go  
The scene, my soul, till ever 'tis thine own!  
This is art's citadel and crown. How still  
The innumerable multitudes from every zone  
That watch and listen! while each eye doth  
fill  
With joyous tears unwept. Now solemn  
strains  
Of brazen music give the waiting soul  
Voice and a sigh—it other speech disdains,  
Here where the visual sense faints to its  
goal!  
Ah, silent multitudes! Ye are a part  
Of the wise architect's supreme and glorious  
art.

V.

O joy almost too high for saddened mortal!  
O ecstasy envisioned! Thou shouldst be  
Lasting as thou art lovely; as immortal  
As through all time the matchless thought  
of thou!  
Yet would we miss then the sweet piercing  
pain  
Of thy inconstancy! Could we but banish  
This haunting pang, ah, then thou wouldst  
not reign  
One with the golden sunset that doth vanish  
Through myriad lingering tints down melting  
skies;  
Nor the pale mystery of the New-World  
flower  
That blooms once only, then forever dies—  
Pouring a century's wealth on one dear  
hour.  
Then vanish, City of Dream, and be no more,  
So shall this fair earth's self be lost on the  
unknown shore.

—Richard W. Gilder, in *The Century*.

## HOW TO AVOID TAKING COLD.

A recent article in the *Cosmopolitan* on  
the best methods of resisting colds will be  
of peculiar interest to women. Autumn,  
according to the writer, is the most favor-  
able season for cultivating the power of  
resistance to disease, and the cure may be  
wrought at home and without expense.  
The first important point to be consid-  
ered is the skin, for the skin supplements  
in functions almost every organ of the  
body. So intimately related to the vital  
processes is the skin that a burn of even  
slight severity extending over more than

three fifths of the body is usually fatal.  
The influence of cold upon the skin causes  
a temporary blanching of the surface. The  
minute blood-vessels contract, and the  
blood recedes and accumulates in deeper  
and more protected structures. The circu-  
lation, usually sluggish, is profoundly dis-  
turbed, the nervous system is profoundly  
impressed, and various undesirable symp-  
toms indicate an imminent illness. These  
results attend because there is failure to  
react at the point of exposure, and prompt  
reaction presupposes pure blood and  
plenty of it circulating in a healthy skin.  
Pure blood can only be made from proper  
food—not medicine—assimilated during  
exercise in pure air, not too warm.

A healthy skin is a clean skin; one from  
which all the organic debris has been re-  
moved by thorough washing, not by  
moistening the greasy impurities and then  
distributing them evenly over the surface,  
as we polish a shoe; nor, if it be permitted  
to add to the picture, by wiping off, woman-  
fashion, with the corner of the towel,  
through the week, and taking a half-  
hearted sponge bath on Sunday. Now,  
the month's treatment recommended by  
the physician who wrote the article should  
be commenced immediately, and consists  
in keeping the skin clean by frequent,  
thorough and energetic bathing, followed  
by much friction. At the beginning it is  
well to employ massage occasionally until  
the skin becomes hardened to rough  
usage.

Immediately upon rising move leisurely  
about the room for a few minutes, day  
by day increasing the exposure of the body,  
until soon you can take an air bath of five  
or ten minutes' duration without discom-  
fort. This exposure should always be fol-  
lowed by brisk rubbing before dressing.  
Soon the body may be dampened all over  
with the hand moistened in water which  
has stood exposed over night and is nearly  
the temperature of the room. Next, use a  
sponge slightly moistened; then one  
which is not so dry. Soon the cold bath  
may be taken with impunity and may be-  
come more prolonged and more beneficial  
as the skin becomes accustomed to it.  
These baths must be followed in all cases  
by brisk and prolonged rubbing of the  
skin, and they are merely the skin gym-  
nastics, not taking the place of the thor-  
ough cleansing bath, which should be  
attended to at some other hour.

As the weather becomes colder the morn-  
ing temperature of the room and the bath  
should become gradually lower, until  
when you are habituated to them you  
may venture to open the window a little  
on warmer mornings and expose the nude  
body to a slight draft. During the night  
the mucous membrane should be hardened  
by leaving the chamber windows open,  
guarding only against drafts. Keep the  
feet warm and dry, the body dry, and dur-  
ing the day remain outdoors as much as  
the weather will permit, resisting the im-  
pulse to put on heavy clothing. Avoid  
violent changes and the long-continued  
cooling of a single part of the body. Re-  
member that the draft through a two-inch  
aperture is often more dangerous than the  
wind through an entirely open window,  
and that the Thanksgiving dinner is as  
active in causing a cold as the November  
blasts.

## WONDERFUL MACHINERY.

A new London steam plant has been  
constructed of a character so largely auto-  
matic in its various mechanisms as to  
appear almost independent of human at-  
tention. This is particularly marked in  
the case of the huge boilers, in the manage-  
ment of which, so long as the steam pres-  
sure is under 100 pounds, the automatic  
stokers keep steadily at their work feeding  
the furnaces, and the steam blast keeps  
the fires roaring. As, however, the in-  
dicator on the pressure-gage creeps up  
toward the 100 pounds, a driving-belt be-  
gins to slide off one wheel onto another,  
and precisely at the maximum pressure  
the steam blast is shut off, the stokers stop  
dead, and the fires begin to die down; then  
the driving band begins to reverse its  
movement, and presently the steam blast  
is turned on and the fires begin to be fed  
again, the vast and magnificent driving  
wheel of thirty feet in diameter, in the  
center of the building, all the while re-  
volving with the utmost possible stead-  
iness and regularity. The self-regulating  
character of the different parts is pro-  
nounced one of the typical wonders of  
modern machinery.

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific  
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## MR. REED AS A PHILOSOPHER.

Before the conversation had gone beyond  
the serious point, I remember asking the  
ex-speaker how he felt at the time when  
the entire Democratic press of the country  
had pounced upon him; when he was be-  
ing held up as "The Czar"—a man whose  
iron heels were crushing out American  
popular government. "Oh," he promptly  
replied, "you mean what were my feelings  
while the uproar about the rules of the  
fifty-first Congress was going on, and  
while the question was in doubt? Well, I  
had no feeling except that of entire seren-  
ity, and the reason was simple. I knew  
just what I was going to do if the house  
did not sustain me;" and raising his eyes,  
with a typical twist of his mouth, which  
those who have seen it don't easily forget,  
he added, "When a man has decided upon  
a plan of action for either contingency,  
there is no need for him to be disturbed,  
you know."

"And may I ask what you had deter-  
mined to do if the house decided ad-  
versely?"

"I should simply have left the chair, re-  
signed the speakership, and left the house,  
resigning my seat in Congress. There  
were things that could be done, you know,  
outside of political life, and for my own  
part I had made up my mind that if polit-  
ical life consisted in sitting helplessly in  
the speaker's chair, and seeing the major-  
ity powerless to pass legislation, I had had  
enough of it, and was ready to step down  
and out."

After a moment's pause he turned, and  
looking me full in the face with a half  
smile, continued: "Did it ever occur to  
you that it is a very soothing thing to  
know exactly what you are going to do if  
things do not go your way? You have  
then made yourself equal to the worst, and  
have only to wait and find out what was  
ordained before the foundation of the  
world."—*McClure's Magazine*.

When that world's fair cheese weighing  
eleven tons begins to age it will break up  
the show.



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## AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

WIFE—"Why, I declare, that Isabel Tomboy is married. How do some girls  
get husbands?"  
HUSBAND (meekly)—"I don't know. You ought to know best."



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## Smiles.

### A SUCCESSFUL PRACTITIONER.

He touched her wrist with his finger-tips,  
This doctor debonaire;  
And the maid's heart-beats revealed to him  
The pain that lingered there.

He read the same in her clear brown eyes,  
Then under his own M. D.  
Wrote boldly this prescription out:  
"Sweet girl, please marry me."

—Detroit Free Press.

### STANDING UP FOR HIS RIGHTS.

ARE you the editor that takes in the society items?" inquired the caller, an undersized man with a timid, appealing look on his face.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk, "I can take in any kind of items. What have you?"

"Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice, "my wife gave a swell party last night, and I'm willing to pay to have this write-up of the affair put in your paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society items," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line or two that says: 'Mr. Halfstick assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs a dollar a line. I want my friends to know, by George, that I still belong to the family!"—Chicago Tribune.

### THE LAWYER ANSWERED.

One of Chicago's most prominent lawyers tells a good story on himself. He says:

"It was when I used to practice law in a little town near the center of the state. A farmer had one of his neighbors arrested for stealing ducks, and I was employed by the accused to endeavor to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive his neighbor was guilty of the offense charged against him, because he had seen the ducks in defendant's yard."

"How do you know they are your ducks?" I asked.

"Oh, I should know my own ducks anywhere," replied the farmer; and he went into a description of their different peculiarities whereby he could readily distinguish them from others.

"Why," said I, "those ducks can't be of such a rare breed. I have seen some just like them in my own yard."

"That's not at all unlikely," replied the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."

### WATER AND MILK.

Two cultured Detroit girls were at a country house for a month, kept by an honest old farmer, and just after supper they sat down to talk over their pleasant surroundings.

"Just think," said one, "what lovely milk that was. Nice and rich, and so much better than that blue stuff we get in town."

"It's too good to last, I'm afraid," responded the elder one.

Next morning they were up early, walking through the garden before breakfast.

The farmer and his hired man were in the cow-lot adjoining.

"Bill," they heard him call out, "did you water them cows before you milked 'em?"

The girls looked at each other with quick understanding.

"There," exclaimed the elder, "didn't I tell you it was too good to last?" and they went slowly and sadly into the house, expecting to find blue milk for breakfast.—Philadelphia Times.

### INCONSISTENCY.

Customer—"I thought you pretended to be a temperance man or a prohibitionist or something of that sort."

Clothier—"I am, sir."

Customer—"Why don't you sell prohibitionist goods then?"

Clothier—"How do you mean?"

Customer—"I got a \$1 umbrella here last week and it came home soaked the first time I took it out. That's one thing. Three days ago I bought a pair of \$3 trousers. I noticed they were a little full when I got them. Last night after the shower they got tighter'n any pants I ever had on, and to-day they're off again. Then there's that thin coat I bought here; had a regular tear Wednesday and hasn't been fit for business since. You're in fine company here if you're a temperance man. Lemme see a stand-up collar if you've got one that can stand up."

### SUN-SPOTS AND FRECKLES.

"Queer thing about the sun," said the summer young man.

"What do you mean?" asked the summer girl.

"I understand there are spots on it."

"Well," she answered spitefully, "I'm glad of it. Let the horrid old thing get a few freckles himself and see how he likes it."—Washington Star.

### GENTLEMEN FIRST UP-STAIRS.

A middle-aged man with imperial whiskers and a woman dressed in red leaning on his arm hailed a cable-car in front of Grace church yesterday.

"Step up, dear," he said, grasping her tenderly by the waist.

"No, love; you step up first and I'll follow," she replied timidly, drawing away.

"Step up lively, please," called the conductor, impatiently clutching the bell-strap.

"Are you going to step up, Kate?"

"Indeed I'm not, George."

"Why not?"

"Because it's against the rules of etiquette for a lady to precede a gentleman up-stairs."

As the car swept around the curve they could be seen gesticulating wildly on the up-bound track.—New York World.

### TO MAKE IT MORE BINDING.

Attorney—"Have you been sworn?"  
Witness—"Yes, sir."  
Attorney—"Your name?"  
Witness—"Spatterly."  
Attorney—"Occupation, Mr. Spatterly?"  
Witness—"Real estate agent."  
Attorney—"Your Honor, may I ask that this man be sworn again?"—Chicago Tribune.

### CLEARLY A FRAUD.

Mullins—"I was at a seance the other night when the spirit of Horace Greeley wrote a slate message."

Kilduff—"Could you read it?"

Mullins—"Yes."

Kilduff—"Then it was a fraud. It wasn't from Horace."

### JUSTLY INDIGNANT.

Josiah—"Hereafter, Mandy, I want you to tend to your own errands."

Mandy—"What's the matter now?"

Josiah—"Well, I went to every second-hand furniture store in town, and not a one of them had a weather bureau in the whole lot."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### A YEAR AFTER.

Mr. Benedict—"I met Howard to-day. He was surprised to know we are married. Says you told him once you wouldn't marry the best man living."

Mrs. Benedict—"Well, the fact is, I did."

Mr. Benedict—"Is that so? How did you come to change your mind?"

Mrs. Benedict—"Well, the fact is, I didn't."

### A GOOD OUTLOOK.

Trivet—"Is this your advertisement in the paper for a lost dog?"

Dicer—"Yes."

Trivet—"Why, you never had a dog to lose."

Dicer—"I know, but I want one now, and I think I can make a satisfactory selection from the animals the advertisement will bring in."—Harper's Bazar.

### WILL-POWER.

"How did she train her husband?"

"By mere force of her will."

"Why, she is such a frail little thing! I don't see how she could do it."

"Simply by telling him that if he didn't mend she would leave all her money to charity."

### HER REAL RIGHTS.

Mamie—"I believe in woman's rights."

Gertie—"Then you think every woman should have a vote?"

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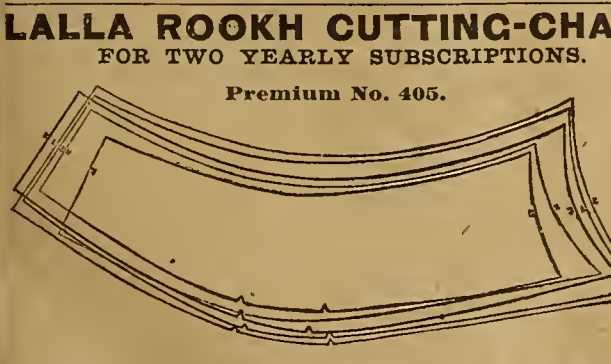
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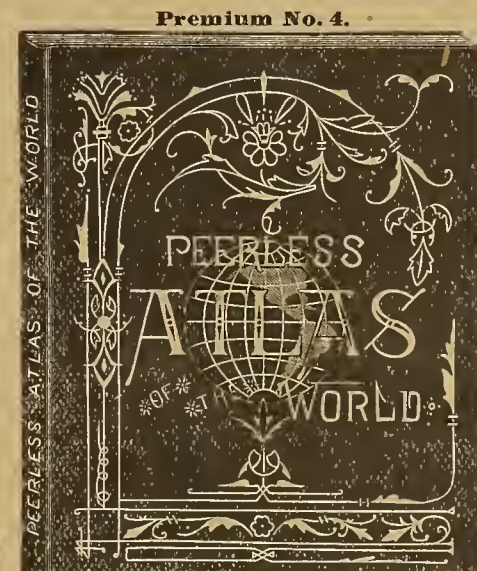
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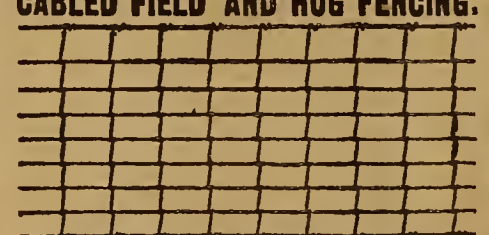
"Why, Patrick, what's the matter?"

"Yer honor, I swallied wan uf them peraty-bugs, an' notwidstandin' that I tuck a big dose a Paris green right after, ter kill the baste, I kin feel him raisin' hob inside me, sorr."


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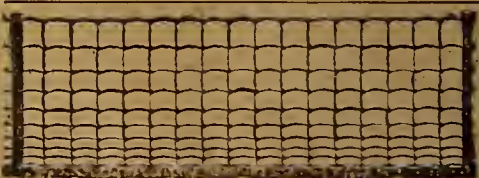
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**Mast, Crowell & Kirkpatrick:**  
Gentlemen—Out of the first 25 persons canvassed I took 18 orders. I inclose amount of 12 subscriptions to Ladies Home Companion, and 6 to Farm and Fireside, with premiums.  
Yours,  
**R. R. STRANGE.**



# FARM AND FIRESIDE

EASTERN EDITION.

Entered at the Post-Office at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class mail matter.

VOL. XVII. NO. 5.

DECEMBER 1, 1893.

TERMS { 50 CENTS A YEAR.  
24 NUMBERS.

The Circulation of FARM AND FIRESIDE  
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The Average Circulation for the 24 issues of  
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To accommodate advertisers, two editions  
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## Current Comment.

**A** MINNESOTA firm dealing in wool,  
hides, etc., in its November cir-  
cular gives its customers the fol-  
lowing timely advice:

"On account of the excessively low prices,  
a good many of our customers have been  
discussing the sheep industry. The pres-  
ent prices of wool, compared with similar  
grades of foreign, are as low, except the  
finer grades; therefore, if a free wool bill  
is passed, as seems likely, wool cannot  
decline any more, except these finer grades.  
If wool is put on the free list, there is no  
reason why you should not write your  
representatives and senators in Congress  
often after December 5th, to insist that  
woolens be put on the free list as well;  
because the present administration was  
elected to furnish lower-priced woolens to  
the toiling classes. Now is the time to go  
into the sheep industry, because sheep can  
be bought at the 'ground-floor' prices, and  
at such prices they will still pay a large per-  
cent of profit at present prices of mutton  
and wool, besides the good they do the  
land. Do not get discouraged and go out  
of the sheep business; there is a better  
time in the future for the sheep grower,  
even though he has to wait two or three  
years, and he can increase his flocks rap-  
idly in the meantime, with proper care."

Free wool will place the American wool  
grower in close competition with the Aus-  
tralian and South American, who have the  
cheapest pasturage in the world.

The American grain grower is just as  
much interested in the future of the wool  
industry in this country as the wool  
grower. An immense acreage of arable  
land is now used for sheep pasturage. As  
the wool industry declines, more and  
more of this land will be turned to the pro-  
duction of grain, with the direct effect of  
cheapening prices. The grain grower, the  
cattle raiser, the dairyman, who assists in  
destroying his neighbors' wool industry, is  
inviting a dangerous competitor into his  
own field.

**R** EPORTS on the area of winter wheat  
show that the acreage has not  
been reduced as much as was ex-  
pected. The long summer drought inter-  
fered with the preparation of the ground  
for fall sowing. The low price of wheat  
was discouraging to the grower. But his  
hope for a better future prevailed against  
these adverse conditions, and the area  
sown to winter wheat, as now estimated,  
is only eight per cent less than last year.

The condition of winter wheat is good,  
generally. In some sections the autumn  
rainfall was not quite sufficient to put it  
into the best condition for winter, but

generally, the weather has been favorable  
to fall growth.

The expected better prices for wheat  
have not come yet, but there are good rea-  
sons for believing that they will come.  
Some of these reasons are given in the  
article on another page of this issue on the  
wheat crop of 1893.

A committee of northwestern farmers  
has issued a circular advising the holding  
of wheat. It says:

"Exports this fall have been large,  
amounting to about eighty million bush-  
els since last harvest began. It is doubtful  
if on January 1, 1894, there will be enough  
wheat in the United States to meet the  
usual requirements till after another har-  
vest. The year of 1894 will bring much  
higher prices for wheat. Urge every one  
of our northwestern producers to hold  
their wheat for a few months. The condi-  
tions are such that every bushel of wheat  
now remaining in the producers' hands  
can be made to bring one dollar before  
another harvest, if all of it would be held  
for that price."

Commenting on the circular the *North-  
western Miller* says:

"Since early in the summer wheat has  
been the one available commodity com-  
manding cash in the Northwest. The  
financial stringency was so great that cash  
must be had at any sacrifice, and it must  
be had quickly. Responsive to the de-  
mand for it, the product of our wheat-fields  
has been cruelly slaughtered. No Russian  
tax-gatherer has been more ruthless and  
insistent than farmers' creditors this year.  
They themselves had to have money, and  
from the farmers' wheat was the only  
chance for it. It came, and for a mess of  
pottage the farmer sold his all; but he had  
to have the pottage, for he was hungry  
and needed it. Hold your wheat by all  
means, if you have any to hold."

**T** HERE is a feature of the Ohio cheese  
law of 1892 that is of no advantage  
to producers and a disadvantage to  
consumers. Each and every cheese man-  
ufactured in the state and offered for sale  
is required to be distinctly branded with  
its grade. The law provides for four  
grades; namely, "Ohio full cream," "Ohio  
state cheese," "Ohio standard" and "Ohio  
skimmed." With respect to the first and  
fourth grades the names give some indica-  
tion as to the quality. But to consumers  
the names of the second and third grades  
convey no idea of quality, and are more or  
less misleading.

A standard article, in the ordinary accep-  
tation of the word, is one of the highest  
order, or of great excellence. But in the  
branding of Ohio cheese, the word "stan-  
dard" is applied to the grade next the  
lowest in quality. Not one consumer out  
of five hundred is familiar with the law.  
Not one retail purchaser of cheese out of  
five hundred knows that "standard  
cheese" means cheese of the third quality  
instead of the first; the word itself tends  
to mislead him.

The name of the second grade is nearly  
as misleading. For years consumers have  
been more or less familiar with York state  
full cream cheese, and naturally suppose  
that "Ohio state cheese" is also a full  
cream cheese. If this part of the law had  
been planned purposely to enable unscrup-  
ulous retailers to sell the second and  
third grades of cheese at first-grade prices,  
it could not have been more skillfully done.

Producers get prices according to the  
quality and grade, for wholesale dealers  
understand the branding. No deception

is practised in the wholesale markets; the  
price corresponds with the quality of the  
grade. It is only when the cheese passes  
from the retailer to the consumer that  
there is an opportunity for deception,  
against which a knowledge of the grading  
and branding is ample protection.

"Ohio full cream" cheese is made from  
pure and wholesome milk, from which no  
portion of the butter fat has been re-  
moved; "Ohio state cheese," from pure  
milk from which not more than one  
fourth the butter fat has been taken;  
"Ohio standard," from milk from which  
one fourth to three fifths the butter fat has  
been taken; and "Ohio skimmed," from  
milk from which over three fifths of the  
butter fat has been taken."

**P** OLITICAL bosses may reward a polit-  
ical criminal for his dirty work by  
securing his nomination for a high  
office at a party convention, but they are  
not always able to deliver enough votes to  
elect him. The defeat of Maynard, by an  
overwhelming majority, was the rebuke  
given by the voters of New York to the  
eminent manipulators of machine politics  
in that state. It was a warning to polit-  
ical bosses, an encouragement to true  
reformers and a demonstration that the  
people are deserving of free government.

The people of New Jersey have done  
good work toward repairing a damaged  
reputation by electing to the state legisla-  
ture a majority of members opposed to  
winter race-track legislation. The new  
legislature cannot be controlled by race-  
track gamblers, and will promptly repeal  
laws that are foul blots on the statue-  
books of the state.

The re-election of Judge Gary in Chicago  
by a good, round plurality has the approv-  
al of all good citizens. It is a well-  
deserved victory over all the sympathizers  
with anarchists, from Altgeld down, who  
labored for his defeat. The revival of an-  
archy, caused by the pardoning of the  
noted anarchists, has been checked by this  
expression of popular opinion at the  
ballot-box.

These are a few of the good results of  
the fall elections that indicate that there is  
a strong undercurrent of patriotic Amer-  
icanism in the drift of public opinion.

**F** IRST in butter, first in milk and first  
in cheese, the Jersey cow comes  
home from the Columbian dairy  
tests the crowned queen of the dairy world.  
That she would be victorious in the butter  
tests was generally expected. That she  
would lead in milk, unless quality instead  
of quantity was considered, was not con-  
ceded. By surpassing her competitors in  
the cheese tests she has doubtless sur-  
prised the majority of dairymen, although  
her most intimate friends for several years  
have been claiming that the best butter  
cow is also the best cheese cow.

Dairymen cannot but admire the great  
sagacity of the breeders who selected out  
of the thousands of cows, the herd of  
Jerseys that competed successfully in all  
the Columbian tests. It is one thing to  
select a herd of Jerseys to make a high  
butter record, but it is quite another  
thing to select one to make the highest  
records all around—in cheese and milk as  
well as butter. When the first test was  
concluded and the results published, dairy-  
men saw that the records were not extraor-  
dinary at all. Indeed, it looked very

much like a horse-race where the winner  
trots just fast enough to get under the  
wire first, so as to keep his speed record  
down. But when all the Columbian tests  
were concluded, the judgment of the  
breeders who selected cows that could do  
good work in all the tests is fully appar-  
ent.

**T** HE November crop report of the de-  
partment of agriculture estimates  
the average yield of corn per acre  
at 22.6 bushels, which is the smallest yield  
reported, excepting those of 1886, 1887 and  
1890, for the past ten years. Applying this  
average to the estimated area, the total  
corn crop of 1893 is found to approximate  
1,650,000,000.

The following statement from the *Daily  
Trade Bulletin* shows the acreage, average  
yield per acre and total yield in the seven  
states of surplus production:

States.	Area har- vested.	Yield per acre, bu.	Total prod- uct, bu.
Ohio.....	2,766,593	26.8	74,144,692
Indiana.....	3,632,564	24.0	87,181,536
Illinois.....	6,625,712	26.2	173,593,654
Iowa.....	7,499,426	34.9	261,729,967
Missouri.....	5,670,169	30.5	172,940,155
Kansas.....	6,547,263	20.0	130,945,260
Nebraska.....	6,631,302	23.4	155,172,467
Total.....	39,373,029	26.8	1,055,707,731

Iowa leads the list with highest average  
yield and largest total production. But  
Iowa's average yield, nearly thirty-five  
bushels per acre, is far from being a good  
crop of corn. There cannot be much  
profit in such a yield. The labor expended  
cannot be very well remunerated. How  
American farmers can continue to raise  
enormous crops of corn at such low aver-  
age yields per acre is a mystery.

**D** R. F. B. MCNEAL, dairy and food  
commissioner of Ohio, has reason  
to feel gratified by the loyal support  
of the voters of the state. He leads the  
state ticket with a magnificent plurality of  
87,219.

Without fear, without favor, and as far  
as possible, without offense, he will con-  
tinue to discharge the duties of the office  
to which he had been triumphantly re-  
elected. There was a bitter non-partisan  
fight against his renomination and re-  
election, backed up by the manufacturers  
of and wholesale dealers in adulterated  
goods; there was a non-partisan fight for  
him in the interests of consumers of food  
products. He was on trial by ballot for  
the faithful discharge of his duties, and he  
has been sustained by a vote of full con-  
fidence. By this, the cause he represents  
has been advanced in Ohio and other  
states.

**T** O PUT wool, iron ore, etc., on the free  
list and let duties remain on their  
manufactures, is to discriminate  
against the cheaper labor employed in the  
production of the crude materials and in  
favor of the better-paid labor employed  
in the manufacture of the finished ar-  
ticles. The labor of the iron miner and  
the wool grower is to go unprotected, but  
the labor of the iron molder and woolen  
weaver is to be protected.

Possibly, it is to offset this unfair dis-  
crimination, as well as to increase the fed-  
eral revenues, that a tax on annual  
incomes above a certain amount is pro-  
posed. This is a discrimination against  
well-paid labor. The attempt to make one  
balance the other can result in nothing  
but a needless complication in federal  
taxation.



## FARM AND FIRESIDE.

ISSUED 1st AND 15th OF EACH MONTH BY  
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The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to which each subscriber has paid.

When money is received the date will be changed, which will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all of our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also, give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

## The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

## Our Farm.

## WHAT KIND OF LABOR PAYS YOU?

THE FARM AND FIRESIDE enters hundreds of thousands of homes, and this number will be read by many parents who have sons and daughters at that age that this year will decide whether they will drop their studies in the schools forever, or will make a more thorough preparation for life. Shortened incomes upon the farms have put some luxuries out of the question, and those who can afford to give their children a liberal education, as an accomplishment only, are few in number. Will it pay? is the question the majority must ask when any question of heavy expenditure comes up. That which pays we want. There is an idea that higher education often fails to pay, because those possessing it do not succeed as well as some who have gotten little from books. The critic of education forgets that these persons probably lacked the elements of success in such a degree, that without any education, they would have done far worse. Comparison is not a sure test at all.

There is, however, a fair test of the question that we may apply. What kind of labor pays you best, reader? Is it muscular or mental? Some successful men have become so accustomed to associating hard, physical labor with success on the farm that they may easily have fallen into the error of supposing that their success is solely attributable to physical labor. Will such ones stop to consider that the worth of mere physical labor can be secured by any hawny laborer? If they have more than a bare living, which by the law of wages is the recompense of mere muscular labor everywhere, then have they employed other agents than physical exertion to secure what they possess. Even if one of these he inherited capital, the indispensable one is mental effort. Their success, if their property be earned by themselves, is due to the active employment of their mental gifts, no matter whether they be farmers, professional men or what not.

The labor that pays is intellectual. It is quite true that an active, stirring, hard-working farmer may accumulate money faster than his equally intelligent neighbor, but this is due, not to the amount of muscular labor he accomplishes, but to the brains he puts into his work. Mere hard labor, requiring little judgment or skill, can be performed by anyone, and will be done at a wage that gives no margin for accumulations. What kind of labor pays you? If you have imagined that it was muscular labor only that put you ahead in the race for money, does not a moment's consideration show to you that a thought-

less mistake has been made? You have used your mind; your intellect has been your chief helper, and not your strong arms and hack. Mental labor wins, and no other can win so long as the masses develop chiefly their physical beings. You have credited to your hands what your minds have done.

"But I have succeeded without the study of books, and my children can do the same," says one. Possibly they can. You have developed yourself mentally outside of the schools, and your breadth and grasp of mind have been equal to the requirements. But your children begin life amidst different surroundings. The opportunities are lessened by increasing population, and the competition is severer. More men begin life with trained minds and a fairly good mental equipment than was the case thirty or forty years ago. The young people of to-day need to know more, whether it be in preparation for the farm, the shop or the office, than they did half a century ago. The best possible preparation is none too good when competition is keen and the wits of the majority are brightened by the best methods. The best preparation is not solely technical knowledge, but such a broadening of the mind as true educational methods secure. In the schools we find these.

Recently a gentleman of wide reputation in the agricultural world, showed that he had fallen into the common mistake of attributing the success of many of our older farmers to hard physical labor alone. He claimed that he could point out to me many men who were rich merely through the performance of much physical labor. Such farmers as he had in his mind may be found in nearly every community, but he is far in error when he supposes that their property represents only the sum of so many days' work in the field. The rule with such farmers is that they possessed the foresight to buy a large tract of fertile land, or to contract for it, when it was very cheap, on account of its distance from market and its remoteness from schools, churches, and even scattering society.

These men had a great advantage over the young men of to-day. They were ahead of the throng, and when it came, the property appreciated rapidly in value. One thousand dollars may represent the total purchase price of land now valued at ten thousand dollars. Will anyone say that the nine thousand dollars difference in price was earned by hard, physical labor? Not at all. Foresight, good judgment, combined with other mental qualities, won the day. The owner may have worked hard physically, and thus helped increase his wealth, but his opportunities and ability to embrace them were the chief factors in his success. What kind of labor pays? Intellectual. And the best broadening of the intellect is gotten in the schools, as a rule.

There is another side to the question. We have discussed this matter from the standpoint of dollars and cents. Education usually pays in cash. But the grand fact is that education gives larger returns in other ways than in mere money. The race for money is so rapid that we sometimes forget that other things are just as necessary to the welfare of the young man or woman. The intellect is capable of bringing enjoyment and worldly success in a degree that money cannot measure. Who stops to ask whether any one of our great men acquired wealth? Would a knowledge that they did so add one iota to their fame or one foot to the pinnacle upon which a world has placed them? Equally true is it that every man with rightly-educated and developed mental power finds life worth more to him than it could have been had he cared naught for anything except physical enjoyment and wealth?

The higher schools of learning place lofty ideals before the young. It is a help to any boy or girl to get into an atmosphere of learning, and to absorb the idea by association, that the best measure of men's worth and success has nothing to do with money. There is an incitement to make one's self broader; to study well and fit one's mind to cope with the world on equal footing. Home study is good, and those who are unable, for any reason to attend school, do well to engage in profitable reading in their homes; but when it is possible to study with one's fellows, more is gotten out of books, and there is better development of the qualities needed when out in the world. All this when the element of manliness is in the boy. If it be absent, he will do little good anywhere.

After the school days, what? All de-

pends upon the boy. But I desire to emphasize this thought: No place offers a wider field for the employment of one's mind than the farm. The problems yet unsolved are many. Do not for a moment imagine that the fact that physical labor offers a poor wage, is a bar to your return to the farm after a year's education. For this were you educated, it may be. Bring to the farm the equipment given by the school. With broadened mind and a knowledge of nature's laws, undertake to keep abreast of the most progressive. For this work our best agricultural colleges should prepare you well. But no matter what the school, come back to the farm, if tastes permit, with the idea that no success is sweeter and more wholesome for mind and body than that achieved by the best farmers. DAVID.

## ODDS AND ENDS OF GARDEN EXPERIENCE.

On the 18th of October I put onto my market wagon the remnants of seven different crops which I have marketed more or less of this fall. These remnants were of tomatoes, muskmelons, squashes, cucumbers, peaches, pears and quinces. The load suggested a whole chapter of experience, some of which I will give you.

## PEACHES.

The peaches were Beers' Smock, which, all things considered, is the best late peach we have. Salway and some others are as late, but none except the Salway are as productive as the Beers', and some seasons the Salway is so late that it does not ripen. Beer's Smock is larger than the Smock, and does not color so highly; but for a late peach is of fine flavor and good quality, and always sells at sight, which is not true of another peach of the same season, the Lemon Free. This is an excellent peach in some years, and in others it is brown and mothly and quite inferior.

I wish to plant some peaches next spring, but at my age cannot afford to make any mistakes, and am at a loss just where to buy my trees. There is so much huying and trading of trees among nurserymen nowadays, and so many that will send you any variety that they have the most of, that it has become a difficult matter to get a small order filled of just what you want. There are many kinds I would not take as a gift, yet quite a number of friends who have planted trees during the last few years have got many of these worthless kinds when they ordered something else. In the spring of '84 I planted seventy-five trees of the following varieties: Barnard, Jacques, Early and Late Crawford, Young's Orange, Smock and Beers' Smock, one half being of the last two kinds. Five of the trees died before bearing, and the seven Jacques never bore two bushels altogether. I have marketed from this little orchard, besides what we have used at home, a little over \$300 worth of fruit, and two thirds of the trees are yet healthy and promise to do considerable more before they die.

## MELONS.

The variety I grew this year was the Livingston's Market, or at least I bought it under this name. It proved to be one of the best green-fleshed melons I ever grew. It is a canteloup, and generally grows about six or seven inches in diameter, although a few grew to be ten. My crop was late, and I supposed I should be troubled to sell any surplus I had, as muskmelons had been on the market for three months before I sold any; but I got seventy-five cents per dozen, and the first half dozen sold the rest. A frost on September 23d killed one end of the row, but a difference of less than four feet in height spared one end, and we still have some at this writing, October 28.

I was equally fortunate with watermelons, as to variety. I have always grown Phinney's, but this year, pleased at the description, tried Stokes' Early. When the melons were about as big as a football, or six by eight inches, they seemed to stop growing, and I was considering whether working in some phosphate around the hills would accelerate their growth, when I noticed that some specimens looked ripe, and closer investigation and cutting one, proved such to be the case. This was only eighty-four days from planting, and I have no doubt that some were mature four or more days previous. This variety is most delicious and of a cloying sweetness different from any other melon I ever tried. It is red fleshed and has a very thin rind, less than one fourth of an inch thick. The seed is very small, not more than one third the size of ordinary watermelon seed, so one does not need to purchase more than this proportion for an equal number of

hills. The seeds are quite abundant, and the catalogues do not say anything about the diminutive size of these or the melons, but one can readily pardon them, considering the quality of the fruit.

Heretofore we have put unripe watermelons in the cellar at the near approach of frost, and one season when we put forty Phinney's in the cellar the 16th of October, had them in condition until just before Christmas. The Stokes is, from its thin shell and extreme earliness, unfit to be so treated, although like all watermelons, it will keep much longer in cool weather than in hot. I sold a few surplus Stokes' Early at from seven to ten cents each, but there is no profit in growing watermelons for market in northern Ohio, as there is little demand for them as long as the southern melons fill the market, which is generally until September 1st, and this season until the 25th. A friend this year, on a warm, sandy slope, by the liberal use of phosphate, succeeded in raising some very fine melons and getting them ripe in August, of three large-sized kinds; namely, Peerless, Cuban Queen, Ice-cream.

## CUCUMBERS AND TOMATOES.

I have some land that is not very frosty, and often escapes when lower ground suffers to the extent of the total killing of whatever tender thing may be growing on it, and I have often marketed tomatoes, green corn and pickling cucumbers after other gardeners are through. I find there is little profit in growing cucumbers or sweet corn as a second crop, unless it is on land high enough to be reasonably sure to escape frosts up to the middle of October. This year I only planted one hundred tomatoes, all of the Stone variety, and they rotted constantly, so we did not have a peck of good tomatoes previous to September 10. After that the cool weather stopped the fungus trouble, and we had an abundance of fine fruit for a month, and I sold several bushels of green ones at forty cents per bushel. A friend had wonderful success with the Ponderosa this year, and I would like the experience of readers as to its value for a market sort.

## PEARS.

This year was an off year, and with nearly 200 bearing trees I only had five or six bushels, and these principally of four varieties—a few Bartlett's, Bosc, Diel and the balance Buffum, there being more of the latter than all the others. This variety should be planted more than it is. It is a very healthy kind, and very ornamental, both in form and foliage. In form it is similar to the Lombardy poplar, and is fine, on this account, for planting in a small yard. It is an abundant bearer of medium-sized fruit, and has a ripening period of more than two months, beginning to drop some fruit in September but maturing the bulk in October; and it can be kept until Thanksgiving. It ripens up of a deep golden color, with some red, and is, when house-ripened slowly, almost equal to Seckel. Some growers hurry off their Buffums before full grown, selling them for pickling, and never know what an excellent fruit it is. L. B. PIERCE.

## SOME LOSSES IN DAIRYING.

There is always good reason why, when a man says that dairying does not pay. Given good cows, well fed, and kept in a comfortable stable in winter, and the right kind of care of their product, dairying should always pay: when it does not, it may be taken for granted that the cause is to be found in the lack of one or more of these essentials.

First in order is the cows. Too many dairymen are not careful enough to get the best cows their means afford. I have known men to dairy with cows that were sure to cause a loss, for they were not at all suited to the business. Some of these men were so situated that they could grow their own cows, but they preferred to buy them from the dealers, and they were everlastingly changing cows. The result was that what might have been a good business was a constant drudge and little profit was made.

There are lots of farmers who cannot spare the money to pay for high-grade cows, and of course they are forced to put up with what they can pick up among their neighbors; but they can afford to buy a dairy bull—pure bred—and in a few years they will own a first-class working herd of cows. Those who have never used a pure-bred bull on common cows have little idea of what good results follow the first cross. One of my neighbors has a cow, the dam of which had



only one good point—she gave a fair yield of milk, but it was, as her owner expressed it, "as blue as the sky." This cow, served by a Jersey bull, dropped a heifer calf, which is now the cow owned by my neighbor. She is one of the best cows I know of, giving a large yield of very rich milk, which he says will make twelve pounds of butter a week, and milking twelve months in the year.

## THE FEED.

In feeding a dairy cow, the object must be to get her to eat all the good feed she can digest and assimilate. Many make the mistake of trying to save feed; it is a waste of feed to try to save it by not giving a cow all she can eat profitably. Many cows are not considered good ones simply because they have never had a chance to show what they could do; they have been stunted in feed, and of course they turned very little of it into milk, because they required most of it for self-support. Cows need training in feeding; by careful feeding some of those cows that are not thought to be good ones, may be developed into heavy feeders and good yielders of rich milk.

## COW COMFORT.

But if we have good cows and feed them well, we have one thing more to do to make this branch of the dairy a success, and that is to make the cows as comfortable as possible at all times. In the summer they will suffer more or less from the heat and flies, in spite of all we can do; but in the winter we have all the conditions of cow comfort under our control. With a warm stable, well lighted, and the stalls liberally bedded, the cows will be perfectly comfortable while they are in it, and they should be in it every hour of the day and night when the weather is such that they will be uncomfortable out of doors. Now, these conditions of comfort are not expensive to obtain, and they can be obtained by anyone who takes sufficient interest in his stock. It is an easy matter to make a stable tight and warm by the use of straw and some strips of boards, and plenty of straw for the cows to lie on completes the business. If there are no windows in the stable, one or more should be put in, so that it will be light enough to make it cheerful.

## CARE OF THE MILK.

After we get the milk, we may lose all the profit in it if we do not care for it just right. For butter making, the milk should be set to raise the cream soon after it is drawn from the cows. Setting it in deep cans in cold water, is the best way in the small dairy; in a large dairy, the separator may be used if preferred. By the use of ice in the creamery, the cream will all be up in twelve hours; without ice it will require twenty-four hours. The cream should be ripened before it is churned, and care should be used not to let the ripening process go too far, else it will spoil the flavor of the butter. A thermometer is indispensable in the butter dairy; we should never guess at the temperature of cream before churning. It seems to me that the directions usually given as to the proper temperature of the cream for churning need revising. Sixty degrees in summer and sixty-two in winter have been heretofore considered about right, but recent experiments go to prove that these figures may be wrong in many instances. The right way to ascertain the proper temperature of the cream is for each one to experiment for himself. The right degree on one farm may be the wrong one on the next; the cows and the way they are fed may make a considerable difference, as also may the way in which the cream is kept before it is churned.

## EXPERIMENT ALWAYS.

We should always be making experiments in dairying; with the feed for the cows, the way it is fed, the number of times a day it is fed, whether to change the feed often; and in the dairy-room we should try different ways of keeping the cream and varying temperatures in churning until we find in all these things just what suits our particular cows and their product the best. Experimenting adds interest to the business; it causes us to think, and the result should be the saving ourselves much time and work, and make the dairy routine more certain of accomplishing the good results we are working for. The difference between profit and loss in dairying may be caused by a neglect of the little things; it is the little things that count up, after all.

A. L. CROSBY.

Maryland.

FLOWERING PLANTS FOR THE WINDOW.  
SELECTED FROM AMONG THE  
IMPROVED SORTS.

Said a lady, who is somewhat of an enthusiast on floriculture, to me recently, "I wish the plantsmen would offer something new that I might obtain it for my window garden, for I am heartily tired of the old geraniums, fuchsias, heliotrope, ivies, etc." The desire for something new in plants is perhaps as natural as the wish for new things in clothes, house-furnishings and so on, but if my experience counts for anything, I believe that any attempt to get far away from the old species of plants, which have proved so desirable in the window, will result in at least dissatisfaction on the part of the grower.

The same desire above expressed came to me one year, but acting on the advice of others, I sought for new varieties rather than to change very materially the class of plants I had used so long, and here is the solution which gave the change and variety, yet provided me with as much bloom as had the older sorts: Among geraniums, I selected from the new type "Brulant," and found many kinds were vastly superior to the old varieties I had grown so long. One of the best I found was Souvenir d'Mirande, a magnificent sort, and like most of the type, equally desirable for house culture or bedding. Peach blossom shade more nearly describes its color than anything else. It is a most profuse bloomer, beginning its work when very young, and continuing, oftentimes, throughout the year without rest.

Mrs. E. G. Hill is another of the new sorts; profuse in bloom, with large trusses of rosy salmon, bordered with a darker tinge of salmon.

Glory of Lyons, a superb scarlet, the single florets often measuring over an inch and a half across. Single.

Scarlet Cloth, a variety of English origin, is a splendid single scarlet of large size and beautiful color; a profuse bloomer, and especially desirable for pot culture.

Brilliant is another of the same parentage, a single scarlet, and pronounced by the best judges to be the finest single scarlet yet produced.

S. A. Nutt, a fine double, very dark crimson sort. Truss and florets both of the largest size. A profuse bloomer.

La Favorite, a splendid double white of dwarf habit, profuse in bloom, and especially valuable for the window garden.

Lowell was introduced the past spring, and though I have had experience with it only out of doors, it shows every characteristic of a first-class window sort, and I can therefore recommend it for that purpose. Its color is a soft, delicate pink; truss, very large; growth, most symmetrical in form.

The above are but a few of the desirable newer kinds, but enough to give one a variety, and I know they will be a most gratifying change from the old kinds so long used.

All flower lovers do not know the beauties of the flowering begonias, nor realize their value for house culture. As a rule, they are singularly free from disease or attacks of insects; quite profuse in bloom and most beautiful in foliage. Of the comparatively newer sorts which have given me great satisfaction, I can heartily recommend the following: Thurstoni, with foliage shaped like the well-known Metalica, but glossy; a superb pot plant, and its habit of growth makes it especially desirable.

President Carnot is a variety which has given me great pleasure; its foliage is of an indescribable mixture of brown shaded to pinkish red; compact in manner of growth; flowers a pretty shade of scarlet.

Polyantha, originally from Mexico, and one of the finest sorts for the window; of nice habit, and bearing in great profusion masses of fine, rose-colored flowers.

Of the sorts somewhat better known, Rubra, a plant of rapid and pretty growth, bearing immense clusters of crimson flowers in great profusion. Diadema, whose leaves are of a rich olive green, finely spotted with silver. Compta, bearing long, pointed slender leaves, beautifully shaded with silver on green background, and Argenta Guttata, with purplish bronze leaves with silvery markings, white flowers, are the best I have grown, and are sure to be satisfactory.

One of the most satisfactory classes of plants for the window garden with which I am familiar is the Primula sinensis, or Chinese Primrose. The foliage is pretty, and the flowers, which are often two inches across, are borne in immense clusters throughout the winter and spring. Remarkably free from all disease. The plants

should be obtained from the florist at any time from October to February. It is rather difficult to grow from seed, and the plants are low in price, and may be had in separate colors of white and crimson, earmine with yellow eye, red and white and crimson.

Oftentimes the location which can be given to plants indoors is not a very warm one, and in that case nothing can be grown with greater satisfaction than carnations. I am aware that there have been a good many failures with this plant indoors, but I think it was wholly due to their being placed in too warm quarters, which incited the attacks of insects and disease. Carnations will thrive and bloom abundantly in a room where the temperature is uniformly between 55 and 60 degrees, providing, of course, the plants have some sun. The best half dozen kinds for window culture are Grace Wilder, an exquisite shade of pink; L. L. Lawborn, of a dwarf habit, but bearing large, pure white flowers; Portia, a most attractive scarlet; Daybreak, a large, double, delicate shade of pink; Mrs. Harrison, white, with delicate markings of earmine; J. R. Freeman, a fringed sort of rich cardinal in color, and a profuse bloomer.

If experience counts for anything, I feel sure that the flower lover will find in the classes and varieties of each I have named, a "change" from the old kinds which will be most welcome, and yet not endanger success, as would be likely if one were to branch out into the culture of some of the species and varieties we have admired at the florists, but which, nine times out of ten, would be utter failures in the window garden. Better to enjoy the newer, and improved forms of old favorites than fail with the "new-fangled" things we know nothing of.

G. R. K.

NOTES FROM THE AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS  
IN CHICAGO.

Perhaps no single speaker at the opening session of the general agricultural congress, held in Chicago the past week, elicited more attention than the new Secretary of Agriculture, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton. In the course of his address the secretary presented some thoughts substantially as follows:

"During the late disturbances in the field of finance and commerce, the farmers of this country have suffered less than any other class. In their homes the sheriff has appeared but seldom, and among the farmers no processions of the unemployed have marched. All through these last six months the farmer has furnished fewer failures, less of protested paper and less of want than all other employments of humanity in this great republic.

"Still the American farmer has foes to contend with. The most insidious and destructive foe to the farmer is the professional farmer, the promoter of granges and alliances, who, for political purposes, farms the farmer. It is true that American farm life is isolated, and that in the newer sections there is too little of social pleasure and festivity, but my hope for the future of the farmer is not based on gregariousness. He will not succeed better by forming granges and alliances, which generally seek to attend to some other business than farming, and frequently propose to run railroads and banks, and even propose to establish new systems of coinage for the government, than he will by the individual investigation of economic questions. Humanity generally, and the farmer particularly, has no enemy equal in efficiency to ignorance.

"Less legislation and more learning, less gregariousness and more individuality, less dependence upon associations with alliances and the granges, and more self-relying independence, based upon acquired facts, is a fair statement of the necessities of the American farmer. His present condition and his future are assuredly enviable compared with that of all the other pursuits of the people.

"Society should let the distribution of property alone. The only proper function of government is the conservation of life, liberty and property. The home habit and the custom of conserving homes; in short, the love of home and land, is the basis of public tranquility, prosperity and safety. Permanent homes for all the people, and as many of these homes in the country as possible, are the best instrumentalities for strengthening and perpetuating popular government. Love of home is primary patriotism. No conspiracies, no anarchy is evolved from the quiet homes of the country, and to them and the sincere love of them the friends of democratic govern-

ment must look for the preservation and perpetuation of civil liberty in America."

Secretary Morton then made an elaborate argument in favor of free trade as a means of opening up the markets of the world, and as being especially advantageous to farmers. He also made a strong plea for honest money, and again urged farmers to do their own thinking and keep free from all organizations which tended to enslave them.

It was scarcely to be expected that such radical utterances as these just cited should go unchallenged. Col. J. H. Brigham, the master of the national grange, in his address referring to the statement made by Secretary Morton, that "the most dangerous and insidious foes the American farmer had to contend with are the granges and the alliances," said, substantially:

"The only excuse for such words coming from the secretary of agriculture was the excuse of profound ignorance, beside which the darkness of night is nothing. Every advance, every new invention of farm machinery, every experiment which has been helpful to the farmer has been promoted by the grange; and if it were not for the grange and the alliance, our country would have no secretary of agriculture. Agriculture is the grandest profession in the world. If agriculture dies, every industry dies. I do not want the impression to go out that the farmers of this country are antagonizing any other interest. Those who have conceived the idea that the farmers' hands are raised against any class or legitimate profession, make a great mistake. It is a great fault of the farmers of this country that they have not more representatives in the national congress. If it had a good representation of farmers, congress would do some business, and do it in quick order. As it is, there are not enough farmers in the national congress to make a committee of agriculture.

"The farmers' boys are the ones who are to save the nation's life. The time will come when political corruption will spread beyond the city and beyond the state, and when it does, the time will be at hand when there will be a mighty struggle between right and wrong, between virtue and vice, between honesty and dishonesty. In this struggle the country will turn to the boys on the farm who have been brought up breathing the pure air of heaven. These are the boys who will save our nation."

WILLIAM R. LAZENBY.

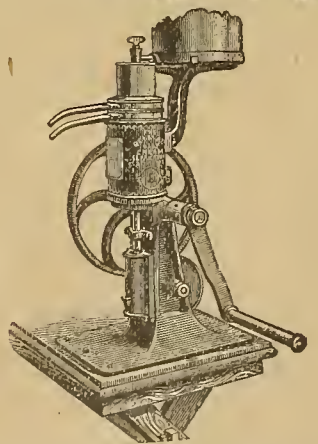
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## Our Farm.

### GARDEN AND FIELD NOTES.

**PROFITABLE PLUMS.**—A plum much mentioned lately in our agricultural papers is the "Abundance," the true and correct name of which is "Sweet Botau." It is the same plum which eastern nurserymen have sent out for a number of years as "Botan." It proved so good and so prolific that a nurseryman hit upon a plan reintroducing it as "Abundance," with a simultaneous abundant increase of price; namely, from thirty or thirty-five cents to one dollar per tree. "Sweet Botau," however, was the original name under which Luther Burbank, of California, first introduced it, and "Sweet Botau" it should and will be called, notwithstanding the fact that the name "Abundance" is a close fit and a good characterization of the variety.

I have had this Japanese plum under my observation for about eight years, and the more I see of it the more I value it. I think even for this climate (western New York) it is safe to plant, and safe to rely on for an abundance of plums. Here at Woodbank it is a good grower, and almost from the time of planting a free and abundant bloomer. The season must be exceptionally unfavorable (like that of 1893) to cause it to fail setting a good crop of fruit. Indeed, I find this Sweet Botau usually begins to bear at least a few specimens the second season from planting, and brings gradually increasing crops—often excessive ones—year after year.

To any one who likes plums, and very palatable ones besides, and who cannot succeed with the ordinary varieties, plant the Sweet Botau. And if you wish to plant a plum orchard, wherever it may be (unless at a high latitude or high altitude, where it would not be safe to plant peaches), by all means set a large proportion of this Botan. You will have plums—plums fair to look at, plums good to eat, and plums that will sell.

**ABOUT GRAPES.**—While on the subject of fruits I feel like saying another good word for the Green Mountain grape (Stephen Hoyt Sons); or Windell, as Elwanger and Barry catalogue it. I am simply enthused over it. I have had it in bearing for three years, and every year it gives me the same unbounded satisfaction. The vine is a strong grower, and has thus far defied mildews and rots, not a trace of disease having as yet been found on it in my vineyard, although other varieties were badly smitten. Its season is but slightly later than the abominable Champion, while the bunch is handsome, shouldered, just loose enough; the berry a clear translucent green, and the quality pure and good. The vine seems to possess ironclad hardness. In short, it is as reliable and good a variety as we can wish for, and it gives me fine clusters at a season when my appetite is especially keen for grapes, and when the latter bring yet a much larger price than would permit the average mortal to buy freely of them. I think so highly of the Green Mountain, in short, that I would not hesitate to select this variety had I room for a single vine only. With plenty of room I would still plant a large share of it, with Concord a close second, and after that Brighton and Niagara, perhaps a vine of Eldorado for quality's sake. I have now about a hundred varieties in my vineyard. Four fifths of these will be cut down to the root in the spring and top-grafted. The scions to be inserted will be for the most part Green Mountain, with a smaller proportion of Concord, Brighton and Niagara.

**HOTBED MAKING.**—A Pennsylvania reader asks for instructions on making a cheap hotbed "for early plants in spring," and "how to keep it in good condition over winter," etc. Probably our friend refers to cold-frames, for it would be useless to run hotbeds during the winter. The older plan of starting lettuce and cabbage plants in the fall (September) and setting them out in cold-frames to be wintered over, is now much less practiced by gardeners than formerly. Most of us prefer to start the plants in hotbeds (or better, in the greenhouse first) during January or February, according to latitude, then harden them off in cold-frames. I can grow marketable heads as early from plants thus grown as from a lot that has been wintered over in cold-frames.

The cold-frame is simply a box placed upon the ground in a sheltered position and covered with sashes. The rear (north

side) should be six inches higher, or thereabouts, in order to shed rain. You can scrape a little of the ordinary dirt out of the bottom of the bed and use it to bank up all around the frame. Then fill the frame with specially-prepared soil up to within three inches or so from the top, and set out cabbage-plants in rows three inches apart, and two inches apart in the row; lettuce-plants somewhat closer. These plants should get a good foothold in the soil before winter, and then be kept dormant until nearly time for putting in open ground in early spring.

But even if a person intends to use hotbeds next spring, it will be advisable—aye, necessary for best results—to make the preparations before winter comes in real earnest. A hotbed resembles a cold-frame, but there should be a place dug out as large as the frame and right under it to the depth of fifteen to twenty inches. This pit is to be filled with fermenting horse manure, which supplies the "bottom heat," and forces a strong plant growth. The manure is covered with four to six inches of good soil, and in this the plants are grown. By all means use glass sash. I do not think much of the cheap substitutes, such as prepared muslin, or the so-called waterproof plant-bed cloth offered by various firms and seedsmen. It does not give satisfaction in our more northern localities.

The site for the hotbed should be selected in the fall, the pit dug out and the frame put over it ready to adjust the sashes when required. Of course, there should be good drainage. It would not do to have water stand in the bottom of the pit. Better keep it tightly covered, to keep out snow, etc. In February the horse manure may be put in, the soil covered over it and the sashes adjusted. The bed is then ready for sowing seed. Sometimes it will do very well to start some lettuce or cabbage plants in a box in the house, and then prick them out in the freshly-prepared hotbed. One of the chief things, which must be looked after before winter, is the preparation and storage of the soil that will be needed for the flats or hotbeds in February or March. At that time the ground is usually frozen solid, or if not, too wet to be conveniently worked.

As I need a considerable quantity of such soil in the greenhouse during winter, and in frames in early spring, I got together a few loads each of fine old manure, muck and sand during August. This was shoveled over repeatedly, thoroughly mixing it, and is now in good condition for use. Part of it is already on the benches, and planted with lettuce, onions, etc. I always screen this soil through a coal-ash sifter before putting it on the benches or in the frames. This makes it fine enough for the purposes of vegetable growing. Of course, this bed soil must be kept where it can be gotten at whenever wanted. A corner of a frost-proof cellar is a good place; or it may be stored away in boxes or barrels. Be sure to provide enough of it. Usually it takes more soil for the frame than the novice imagines. An extra load or two of coarse river sand may also come handy. I especially like it for the purpose of growing onion-plants in flats. The gardener who neglects to look out for all these things in time, may have a chance to regret his carelessness when he wants to start his beds in February and finds everything frozen stiff.

JOSEPH.

### Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

#### LOCUST-TREE MOTH-BORER.

This insect is exceedingly destructive to a number of shade-trees. A large, reddish caterpillar nearly three inches long, greenish beneath and the head shining black, with body somewhat flattened and with scattered long, fine hairs, bores large holes and galleries in the trunk of the tree. It perforates a hole the size of a half-inch finger, or large enough to admit the little finger, and it requires years for the bark to close together over it. It is found in autumn and winter of different sizes, showing that at least there is an interval of one year between the smaller and larger; it takes two and possibly three years for the moth to attain maturity. The moth is grayish. It is nocturnal in its habits,

#### FLYING ABOUT AFTER NIGHTFALL

in its search for suitable trees upon the trunks of which to lay its eggs. By day it can be found sitting on the bark, which it closely resembles in color. The eggs are laid in the crevices of the bark, one or two in a place all over the tree. Several hundred are produced by each female. On

hatching the worm bores into the bark, where it feeds at first on the soft inner bark, then on the sap-wood, and later enters toward the heart of the tree away from the reach of birds and its other enemies. When full grown the larva eats a hole to the surface through the wood and bark by which the moth, which has no jaws, can escape when ready. It then spins a cocoon of silk, and within it transforms into the chrysalis stage. When the pupa or chrysalis is ready to disclose the perfect insect, it gradually wriggles through the opening in the bark to the outer world until nearly one half of its length extrudes, when the moth comes forth fully developed.

#### REMEDIES.

Electric lights should be placed in all parks and on all streets planted with trees, as they attract the moths, and hundreds are killed in this way every season. It might also be a good plan to build fires in the vicinity of trees before the eggs are laid, as the flames would attract the moths and many would be destroyed. When they are known to be working in trees a small quantity of bisulphide of carbon can be injected into the burrow, closing the opening afterward. The fumes will kill the borers and not injure the tree. It would also be of practical value to rub trees with soft soap and strong kerosene emulsion during the egg-laying season. The eggs are frequently destroyed by birds, for less attacks of these insects occur in forests away from the habitations of man than in cities.—Prof. H. Osborn, in Orange Judd Farmer.

#### INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

**Grass and Clover in Orchard.**—E. F. H., Greencastle, Pa., writes: "A part of my orchard has been a truck-patch for a long time. I wish to sow it in orchard grass and let it rest. What would you think of sowing it in Hungarian seed next spring, and at the same time sowing it in orchard grass? The remainder of my orchard has been in grass a long time, so long that grass does not do well on it. What would you think of plowing it and turning it in potatoes a few years, then put it in orchard grass?"

REPLY:—I should prefer to seed it very early with oats, orchard grass and clover. Hungarian grass is apt to lodge on rich land and smother out the grass, and it makes a very dense shade, so that the young seedlings do not do well, even if it does not lodge. If the land is too rich for oats, I like to seed with corn, cultivating the land flat and sowing the seed the last time it is cultivated. It would be a good plan when seeding to orchard grass, to put in some clover if you can use it, as it tends to improve the land. An occasional crop of clover plowed into the soil of an orchard will, to a great extent, take the place of manure.

**Poultry in Orchards.**—N. A. V., Smithborough, Ill., writes: "Will it be any disadvantage to turn a young orchard of peach, plum, cherry and apple trees into a poultry yard?"

REPLY:—No, but on the contrary it is a very good plan, and one that is recommended by the highest authorities. In the case of plums, it will aid very much in destroying the curculio, and the fowls will pick up many other insects that injure fruit-trees.

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## SELF-DEPENDENT STUDENTS.

Noted College Presidents Say They are the Best Students and Make the Best Men and Women. Two Splendid Letters. Free Scholarships.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.,  
November 3, 1893.

Editor Farm and Fireside:

Sir:—In reply to your letter of inquiry, I am glad to have an opportunity of saying that I think the farmers' sons are among the best students we get in the universities. Physically, they are vigorous; they have, as a rule, good intellects, and they are hard working and serious. It is a pity that more of them do not embrace the opportunities offered nowadays for higher education. Of course, farmers have very little money to spare to send their sons to college; but I am persuaded from a pretty widespread experience that a farmer's son who gets a start, who manages to graduate at a high school, can, by teaching and by availing himself of some of the scholarships now offered in so large numbers in our universities, manage to put himself through college, and even to continue his studies as a graduate student. It is really only the first steps that are hard. The road from the farm to the senior class of the college seems very long, but I repeat that it is not unduly arduous after that portion has been traveled which leads through the high school. Furthermore, the necessity of self-sacrifice and of making one's own way, is the very best discipline a youth can have. Within the last twenty-four hours I have heard a rich man regret that certain boys in whom he was interested were not driven, by necessity, to make men of themselves. Yours truly,

J. G. SCHUEMAN,  
President Cornell University.

PURDUE UNIVERSITY, LAFAYETTE, IND.

Editor Farm and Fireside:

To the many young men and women of limited means who are striving to win an education, I have only words of encouragement and promise to offer. It is the universal testimony of experienced educators that from such come the best students and the most successful graduates.

To the casual observer it almost seems as if the general tendency of educational institutions at present is toward extravagance and luxury, and away from the old-time simplicity and hard study; as if the poor student was being excluded by reason of the many financial and social demands upon him. I do not think this is true, for while the fast set of students is running to extravagant extremes, the self-supporting students are also increasing in numbers and strength. I believe that never before were the educational opportunities for poor young men and women so rich as at present, and never before were such students held in so high respect by their fellows.

It may be that my views are too optimistic by reason of the peculiar conditions obtaining here at Purdue University, where the courses are such as to offer good positions to graduates, and the expenses minimal. These conditions attract many self-supporting students. Their numbers and influence upon the tone of the institution are noticeable. They hold the best places among the student body. Our ablest graduates belong to this class. Many have saved money by working at a trade, or by teaching, and come to college with mature years. Such waste no time nor money. Others have only limited capital at the outset, which they eke out in various ways. A young lady does stenographic work; a young man deals in various kinds of students' supplies; some tutor; some are table waiters; some are stewards of clubs; some are janitors, and many do odd jobs about the laboratories. All are respected, and good students. Of course, to do this outside work and maintain standing in their classes implies capacity for hard work—a sound body and clear mind. Other attributes necessary to success are thrifty habits, a knowledge of how to live economically, and behind all a clear purpose in view and a steady faith in ultimate success.

Such students have an absolute advantage over their well-to-do fellows, in that they are getting a two-fold education—that imparted by their instructors, and that richer training in self-reliance, courage and the satisfaction of having overcome obstacles. The self-supporting student, upon graduation, has already passed through the apprenticeship period, which every successful man must serve, and which his classmate, who has had every

want supplied, must still experience. The examples of men who have wrung an education out of a youth of poverty and have become famous, are too numerous to require specification. Garfield, remembering his own career, was ever mindful of the possibilities wrapped up in the ragged jacket of a poor boy.

I would that I could encourage every poor boy and girl to strive for an education. For all such, with good habits, good mind and common sense, a good and useful education is attainable. I advise the poor to struggle for an education, because it means a broadening and elevating of their lives which the rich cannot comprehend; because of the good to come to society, country and civilization through the separation of poverty and ignorance; and finally, because of the vigor and strength which such men show by the development of their powers, which they are ever ready to use for the enlightenment of the poorer classes from which they sprung.

WINTHROP E. STONE, A. M., Ph.D.,  
Vice-president Purdue University.

[NOTE:—As will be seen from an advertisement in this paper, the publishers of FARM AND FIRESIDE are furnishing free scholarships to energetic and ambitious young men and women.]

## THE BAY VIEW READING CIRCLE.

Many farmers and young people on the farm who would enjoy some good reading, will be interested in the new Bay View Reading Circle. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Dr. P. S. Henson, Bishop Ninde and other well-known people are among the promoters. The circle is especially designed for busy people, who would yet like to turn their little leisure to good account. It has short, well-planned and low-priced course of reading in history, literature and science, and it requires but five or six pages a day to take it. The course has some of the best and most attractive books to be found, and all the work is laid out for the entire winter. System, method and unity are strong features of this course. It would be a good plan for farmers everywhere to make an effort to have a neighborhood circle for pleasant home study around the evening lamp and frequent delightful meetings. Mr. J. M. Hall, of Flint, Mich., is the person to address for circulars giving full information.

## EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM GEORGIA.—I learn that many persons in the North are anxious to hear from persons who have gone South and engaged in agricultural pursuits. I send you my experience. I am a Canadian. For many years I was engaged in the lumber business, but changed to farming a few years ago. Before doing so I prospected over this state, the greater portion of Florida and Alabama, and decided to cast my lot in the wire-grass pine lands of Georgia. This is termed one of the new counties, as it had no railroads until five years ago, and but few settlers only within reach of the Ocmulgee river, which is navigable. Those were principally engaged in raising sheep and cattle. Land can be bought from \$5 to \$10 per acre. There are good openings here for farmers. Most of the produce finds a home market at good prices. I raised this year 2,000 bushels of oats (rust-proof), worth from 50 cents to 60 cents per bushel. I cut the oats in May, put on some fertilizers, plowed, harrowed and rolled the land and cut from the same ground from one to two tons of first-class hay, worth here from \$18 to \$20 per ton. It is called crowfoot-grass, and comes up spontaneously after land has been cultivated a few years. German millet also does well. Sown in March, it is fit to cut in ninety days, and finds ready sale at \$18 to \$20 per ton. In September, from the same land I cut one ton of good hay per acre (native grasses), without disturbing the ground after the millet was taken off. Alfalfa is not grown here as yet, but no doubt would do well; some parties are growing it successfully in some of the older counties. I shall try some this winter. The cattle and sheep are small, never having been crossed with improved breeds. The rule is and has always been with stockmen to leave every tenth male for breeding purposes. By crossing Shropshire bucks with native ewes, and feeding some in winter, the lambs can be put in northern markets one month earlier than from Ohio. By crossing some of the improved breeds of cattle with the native stock, in that way obtaining good milkers, which are worth \$40 here, and keeping the steers fat until winter, they will bring in our home market fancy prices. There is plenty of good beef here in summer, and cheap. In winter our beef comes from the North (cold storage). Milk retails for 5 cents per quart; butter from 25 to 40 cents per pound. There is no better section for peaches, pears and grapes, and some varieties of apples do well here. This is

about thirty-one degrees north latitude. Lung-diseases are very rare. I have lived in this county for the past ten years, and have not had a case of fever in my family or among my hands; nor have I given a single dose of quinine. The citizens are very social and extremely anxious for farmers to settle, as they wish to change from raising cotton, but hardly know how to cultivate any other crop. Any one coming from the North to this section will be welcomed by the citizens.

Abberille, Ga.

A. K. F.

FROM FLORIDA.—Every place has its drawbacks, but those of this section of Florida are only such as time, energy and a little "horse sense" can overcome; as, for instance, an insufficient laboring population. Such help as is here is of the poorest sort. Any one with energy has so much in his favor that he gets ahead and becomes one of the employers. Our phosphate works take almost all the available help. The farmers complain they have to humor the laborers to death, or they will leave and find employment at "the works." The climate is simply perfect. One can work or write all day or all night without a particle of fire in the house, without getting chilled in the least, almost all the time from September to April; and you do not suffer from heat during the summer as much as at the North. Oranges are getting ripe. Gardens are growing or being made. In my own garden I have tomatoes, egg-plants, radishes, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, lettuce, turnips, rutabagas, cucumbers, etc., coming on finely. I have eaten strawberries here from my own vines from Christmas to July. I can pick ripe guavas every day. I have pineapples in all stages—some ripe, others ripening, others just blossoming. I raise them without shelter. They do best with shelter, though. Grass—Bermuda, Para, Guinea, Johnson, Louisiana—is green, and furnishes good forage for stock. I have a handsome saddle-horse that keeps sleek and shiny on wire-grass the year around, with two quarts of grain at a meal in addition. But he is a native. My finest team, blooded northern horses, keep in good condition on three or four quarts of grain each at a meal, with a small quantity of hay in addition to cultivated pasture. They are heavily worked a part of the time. They could not do well on wire-grass, but my cattle keep fat and sleek on it. I have oxen and high-priced cows fat on it now. This is the best place I ever saw for stock of all kinds; need no shelter.

L. C.

Cleveland, De Soto county, Fla.

FROM TEXAS.—To those who are seeking homes we offer one of the most healthful climates in the world. Our summers are kept pleasant, both day and night, by a gentle breeze from the gulf. Our winters are very mild. The weather last fall was all that could be desired for gathering crops. The cotton was gathered in fine condition. Wallis is situated at the crossing of two great railroads, and is surrounded by fertile prairie lands that offer great inducements to home-seekers. If only the half of the advantages of this country were known in the North, it would be settled up in a short time. Our lands are very rich, and produce almost every known crop and vegetable. It is now being shown that there is not a finer fruit country in the world. Land can be bought here cheap and on easy terms. Many who are renting land in the North, and not able to buy in that section, could buy land here and have comfortable homes. We have plenty of churches and schools, and law-abiding and hospitable people. I am a northern man, but was never treated better anywhere than I have been since coming to Texas. I find the people here ever willing to help those who show a disposition to try to get along.

H. I. C.

Wallis Station, Texas.

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## Our Farm.

## THE POULTRY YARD.

Conducted by P. H. Jacobs, Hammondon, New Jersey.

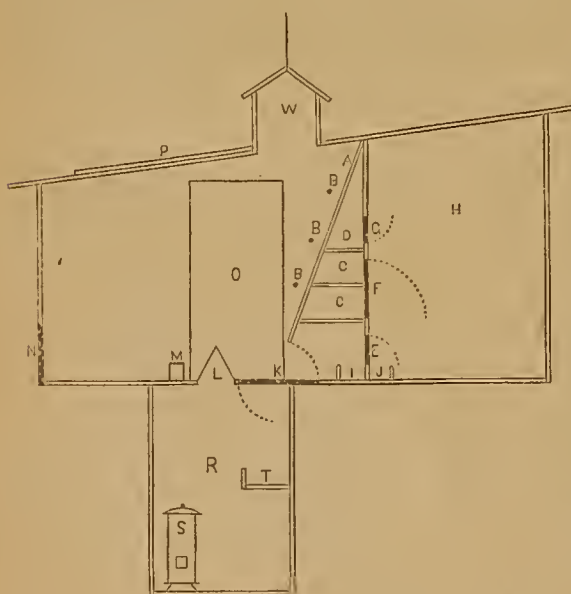
## SUCCESS WITH BROODERS.

**W**HAT can be accomplished with care and work is shown by the experience of a poultryman in New Jersey, who now has over 450 chicks hatched out and in the brooders. He was a sea-captain, knowing nothing of poultry, and with no experience. He has not been as successful in hatching as he desired, owing to the difficulty of securing eggs that were suitable, but he has only lost 20 chicks. When it is considered that 450 chicks are equivalent to 45 broods, each hen having 10 chicks, making a loss of only one chick in each of 20 broods, and none in the other 45 broods, the result is remarkable.

No doubt our readers will wish to know how he feeds his chicks. The feed is not the secret of his success, as he simply feeds four times a day on rolled oats, cracked corn, a little boiled egg, ground meat and bone, and a variety of anything that the chicks will eat. All that he relies upon is warmth. He never allows a lower warmth than 90° in the brooder-room, and keeps the heat under the brooders between 95° and 100°. He does not open the windows and let in the cold air, but keeps the house closed. They get plenty of ventilation, as the air comes in from many little unseen openings. It may be said that foul air will kill them, but the small loss shows that the chicks are not dying from any such cause.

The most simple matter in the raising of chicks is to give them warmth. When chicks have bowel diseases, it is a sure indication that they are not warm enough. The newly-hatched chick is naked, and needs as much care as a baby. He gives that care and succeeds. The brooder-house is cleaned thoroughly every day, and the food is clean and fresh. The amount of work required is not considered. The object is to raise the chicks, and if this is accomplished all of the cost will be regained. More chicks are killed by ventilation than from all other causes together, and it is almost impossible to convince the majority of persons that the most destructive agent in poultry-raising is the ventilator. In the spring season the chicks have very favorable weather, but in winter the cold is too severe. They are hatched at a temperature of 103°, and require plenty of warmth until they are well feathered. Winter-broiler raising must be done under artificial conditions, and the brooder-house must be of a summer temperature, or the chicks will have bowel disease and die.

The broiler business calls for work. Suppose it is necessary to get up at midnight and examine the fires? If it pays to do so,



POULTRY-HOUSE WITH HEATING ARRANGEMENT.

there should be no objection. When you go out in the morning and find a lot of the young chicks dead under the brooder, it indicates that your heat fell during the night and the chicks crowded each other. It is in the night when they become chilled, and if once a chick is chilled it will be of little value afterwards. It soon begins to droop, and diarrhoea takes it off. Keep the chicks warm. Do not concern about ventilation, for you cannot keep the cold air out even if you wish. It will find its way in. Warm air is not impure. If warmth raises the chicks, it is all that you desire.

## LIGHT SHIPPING-COOP.

Shipping poultry to market should be done in a humane manner. The object of the illustration is to show how food and water should be provided, rather than to present a design of a shipping-coop. It is well known that there is not only a loss from death on the journey to market, but also a great loss from "shrinkage," due to the sufferings of the birds from insufficient supply of water. A cup is placed at one end of the coop but the birds do not know that the cup is there, and only those next the cup are supplied. The food is also thrown on the floor, where it is trampled under foot in filth. The coop should be light, and may be made of slats, wire or any light material, always having a muslin top to shield against the sun, and in winter not only the top but the sides should be covered with muslin. A cup should be placed at each corner (A) and should have a small trough (B) on each side. This arrangement avoids feeding on the floor, affords more space and allows greater facility for drinking. The birds will reach the market in better condition if thus provided for and bring better prices.

## VARIETY OF FOODS IN WINTER.

When the hens have been fed on grain exclusively, they soon begin to show the effects of a sameness of diet. A few experiments may be tried. Throw an apple into the poultry-yard, and notice how quickly it will be picked to pieces. When the hens are in the orchard they will not notice apples, though apples may be plentiful, because when on the range they can secure quite a variety of food, but now that they must be fed grain without the green food an apple becomes a luxury. There is but little nutriment in the apple, but it is succulent, and serves the purpose of the hens as a change of diet. The allowance of green food, if but a small one, will have a beneficial effect. They will be more thrifty, will more easily digest their food, and keep in a condition more favorable to laying. There are many substances that hens will accept in winter. Cabbage, cooked potatoes or turnips, scalded corn-fodder (cut fine), cut hay, ensilage, and even vegetable tops that have become dry. They like a variety, and will always give a good account of themselves when they receive it in the winter season.

## POULTRY-HOUSE WITH HEATING ARRANGEMENT.

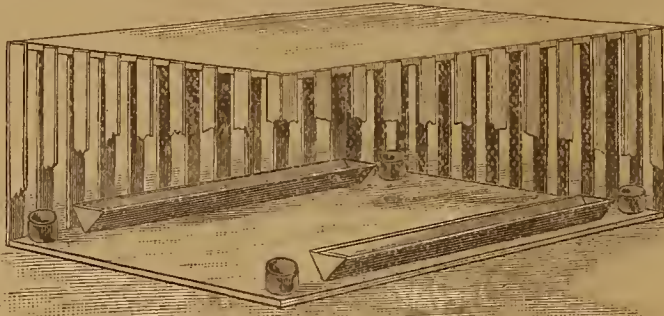
The object of the accompanying illustration is to give a design of a poultry-house for a cold climate, and to accommodate those who desire a cheap system of heating. The house is shown by the interior end view, in order to explain the arrangements. It is 14 feet wide, 5½ feet high on the south side, 7½ feet on the north side and 36 feet long, divided into six rooms, each room being 6x9 feet on the floor, and ten or twelve fowls to occupy each room. It can be boarded outside with barn boards, having strips nailed on the joints; but the interior should be ceiled, sides and roof. The roof is covered with tarred paper, or some similar roofing material. If preferred, the space between the outer boards and the ceiling boards may be filled with dry sawdust.

In the illustration A is a slanting partition, six inches from the roosts (B B B), and C C are the nest-shelves, with an opening at one end, and a door from the hall also, D being the sitting-shelf, with a door from the hall only. E, F and G are narrow doors, nearly the length of each room. The hall, H, is 5 feet wide, the partition dividing the hall and rooms being made with common lath, as also the doors; but partition A is made of matched boards. J is a water-trough, I a feed-box, and K a hatch, hinged by pivot in the center, for convenience in cleaning the floor; L being an opening in the floor covered with wire cloth, cone-shaped. M is a 2x6 board or studding, placed on the floor to divide the litter from the clean floor. N is a door opening into the yard, O being a door from one room to the other. P is a skylight on the roof, one for each room, and W is a

ventilator, one at each end of the house. R is a cellar, which may be larger if preferred, and S is a small oil-stove, no pipe being necessary. T is a dirt-trough, the full length of the house. Two feet of the bottom portion of each dividing partition is made of boards, and above the boards is lath. The hall may be only three feet wide if preferred, and the other arrangements may be altered for convenience, as circumstances demand.

## KEEPING FEED BEFORE THEM.

It is a practice with some poultrymen to keep the troughs full of feed, and bins are sometimes arranged for allowing the grain to run out in order to replace that which has been consumed. This is not



LIGHT SHIPPING-COOP.

only extravagant but is an obstacle to egg production, as the hens are induced to eat frequently and soon become very fat. It is also an indication of a desire to avoid the work of feeding, on the part of the poultryman, which is fatal to success. A trough full of corn is a temptation to the hens, and if they are confined in yards and are idle, they will go up to the trough and eat simply because they have nothing to do. With plenty before them they will not scratch and exercise, and in a short time they cease to lay because of being too fat. Some of the hens will evince their disgust for the grain by refusing to eat it, continued sameness of diet causing sickness, in which case some of the hens become poor. If nothing is given but corn, the hen will sooner or later die, because corn is deficient in mineral matter, and is lacking in the elements necessary to thrive. If a trough is used never keep it full, unless you prefer greater cost of food and smaller profits.

## POULTRY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

There were about five thousand entries at the poultry show of the world's fair in October. Unfortunately the poultry industry was not fully recognized, and the display was in the cattle-sheds, which were the most unsuitable buildings on the grounds. The American Poultry Association held its annual convention, and made several changes in the standard for breeds. Many prominent persons were surprised at the beauty of the different breeds, and were not aware that such a display could be made. Many of the fowls died from the drafts of air that came continually on them through the sheds. Fair managers have much to learn about displaying poultry.

## CONDITION POWDERS.

Condition powders are intended for fowls that are unthrifty. To give it to healthy fowls is to stimulate them unnecessarily and lead to disease in the end. Good feed of a variety, needs no condition powders if the birds are well. If they do not thrive they should be given any condition powders that has proved itself serviceable, but it should not be used too freely.

## INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

**Fertile Eggs.**—Mrs. A. H., Toulon, Ill., writes: "If one male is with twenty or thirty hens will the eggs hatch?"

**REPLY:**—If they are on a range and in good health the eggs will nearly all be fertile, but not if the hens are confined and overfed.

**Lice.**—T. F., Whittier, Iowa, writes: "Which is the best and easiest mode of driving lice out of a poultry-house?"

**REPLY:**—Thoroughly drench every portion of the house with kerosene emulsion, or with kerosene, and also thoroughly clean the premises. Then scatter air-slaked lime freely over the floor and walls.

**The Breeding Stock.**—H. C., Lonsdale, R. I., writes: "If I use one of my young roosters that I raised this year, with the old hens next year, would it be in-breeding?"

**REPLY:**—It is better to procure a male from some other source. In-breeding—that is, using a male and female from the same family—may cause degeneracy of the stock.

**Mites.**—J. F. R., Green Bay, Iowa, writes: "I send you vial with specimens of lice. They annoy the hens mostly at night. One bird that was found dead seemed literally covered with them. What shall I do?"

**REPLY:**—The lice belong to the bed-bug family, and are more active at night. Being mites,

and small, they get into cracks and hide. Kerosene, or kerosene emulsion, plentifully applied two or three times, will destroy them.

**Lack of Feathers.**—J. C., New York City, writes: "I have two pullets that have no feathers on them. The rest of the hatch are all right. Is there any remedy?"

**REPLY:**—The feathers will soon appear. If legs are clear of feathers it indicates impurity, if the breed is Cochins, Langshans or Brahmas fowls.

**Roup.**—J. M. B., Burleson, Texas, writes: "My turkeys have the roup. It seems as if they would choke to death."

**REPLY:**—Due to exposure to drafts during damp weather. Keep them warm and dry. Mix equal parts sweet-oil and spirits turpentine, and give six drops, once a day, to each bird. Add a teaspoonful of chlorate of potash to each quart of the drinking water.

**Profits.**—H. S. P., Clark's Mills, N. C., writes: "Can chickens be raised in this state, shipped to an eastern market and be sold at a profit, when the home market is only twenty-five cents per chicken?"

**REPLY:**—Your home market will not affect the leading markets of the east. Location, transportation and cost of food must be considered. You can make a profit if you raise choice market fowls.

**Results of Stimulants.**—M. F., Otay, California, writes: "Several of our hens were picked up, not able to get to the house. The next day two more. Four pullets fell off the roost, similarly affected. We use condition powders, and give meat, grain, cabbage, beets, onions, etc. Some of them have diarrhoea."

**REPLY:**—They are too highly fed, and also stimulated with the condition powder. Cease its use, and reduce the feed to one fourth the usual quantity for a while.

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CAPONS FOR PROFIT.

## II.

**T**OOLS AND REQUISITES.—I have tried a number of different sets, most of which serve their purpose quite well, although none are perfect. At present I prefer a combination of several. A perfect set should consist of (1) a knife or lance. In an emergency an ordinary pocket-knife, sharpened to a razor edge, might answer. But it has not the best shape for the work, and is a makeshift at best. A lance as shown in Fig. 1, and made of a piece of steel one sixteenth of an inch thick, seven six-



FIG. 1.—LANCE.

teenths of an inch wide and about six inches long, rounded off to a point on one side and end, is just the thing. Have an oilstone handy, and keep the lance well sharpened.

Next you need (2) a spreader. A whale-bone spreader was formerly much used. We now have wire spring spreaders that are much more simple, and more convenient to use. In fact, I think the more simple the spreader the better. The one shown in Fig. 2 gives good satisfaction.



FIG. 2.—SPRING SPREADER.

Still more simple (and cheaper) is the wire spreader shown in Fig. 3. There are various other styles of spreaders that can be safely used, but those here illustrated are as serviceable as any, and have the advantage of simplicity.

Next comes (3) a pair of nippers, or forceps, something like Fig. 4. It is used to hold a little piece of sponge with which to mop up blood inside the capon, or to pick up any stray object that may have fallen



FIG. 3.—WIRE SPRING SPREADER.

on or among the intestines. Almost any ordinary small nippers will answer the purpose.

The set should also contain (4) a small, sharp steel hook (Fig. 5) and (5) a probe (Fig. 6). The former is used to tear open the thin, film-like membrane which envelops the intestines; the latter to push the intestines back when crowding over the testicle, or in the search for any object fallen among the intestines.

The most important of all caponizing implements, however, is (6) the cannula, with which to catch and remove the testicles. Spoon nippers, or forceps, are often used in place of a cannula, but they are not

safe in the hands of the beginner, and I would not use them under any circumstances. To operate on small (two-pound) cockerels of breeds that have not the worm-like testicles of the Brahma, I prefer the cannula with horsehair (Fig. 7). This is a brass tube about four inches long, a quarter of an inch wide at the wide end, and tapering to less than one eighth of an inch. It is closed at the small end, with

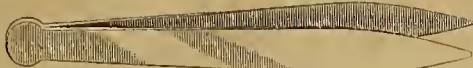


FIG. 4.—NIPPERS, OR FORCEPS.

the exception of two holes large enough to admit a horsehair or a small steel wire. Horsehair works well in ordinary cases, and when one breaks another is soon inserted, so that it forms a loop of proper size at the small end of the cannula. Occasionally the testicle is of such a shape or in such a position that all the beginner's efforts to slip the hair over the testicle and between it and the artery remain futile.



FIG. 5.—STEEL HOOK.

In that case I would try wire in place of the horsehair. Wire, being stiff and unyielding, is easily pushed over and around the organ, and the latter taken away, especially if you use the wire cannula illustrated in Fig. 8. I think it is well enough to have a cannula of this kind on hand, especially if you operate on Brahmas, etc. Still, the other cannula will do in an emergency. Of other requisites you will



FIG. 6.—PROBE.

need a sponge or piece of sponge and a few cents' worth of carbolic acid. That is about all.

One thing I wish to emphasize; namely, the absolute necessity of good tools. Don't imagine you can do the work satisfactorily without them, or with clumsy imitations and substitutes. If you wish to caponize at all—may the number of cockerels to be operated on be a half dozen or a thousand



FIG. 7.—HORSEHAIR CANNULA.

—the first thing to do is to get a complete set of tools. You can get them for \$2 or \$2.50, and they will last you a lifetime.

If you once learn the operation, easy as it is, you will have calls from neighbors and others, and possibly you may find a little work at better wages than is paid for ordinary farm work. If you once learn the operation, I am sure you will not allow a worthless lot of roosters to infest your



FIG. 8.—WIRE CANNULA.

premises, bother your laying hens, and eat three times more than they will be worth in the end.

If you do not feel able to invest the small amount for tools, don't undertake the job of caponizing. For the sake of humanity and decency, don't murder poor brutes with clumsy tools. Be merciful. When properly performed, and with the tools here described and illustrated, the

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operation involves no element of cruelty. The birds seem to suffer slightly when the incision is made, but for a moment only, and again when the testicle is twisted off, but at no other time, and they are ready to take their meal as soon as the job is done.

In my next I will give an account of the operation itself, and the management of the capons afterward. T. GREINER.

## POULTRY DISEASES.

Heavy rains often produce disease among farm animals. Almost every day cases of roup, swelled head, and a distemper very disastrous among poultry are reported. A part of this is also due to improper feeding. You cannot make a hen lay when everything you give her is being transformed into fat, and laying the foundation of disease same as with an overfed child or person.

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## Queries.

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Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

**Gas-lime.**—L. L. R., Hempstead, Texas, writes: "Please inform me if gas-lime made from oyster-shells is of any advantage as a fertilizer."

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—Gas-lime, whether made of oyster-shells or limestone, has about the same value as an application to soil as a mixture of carbonate of lime with a little sulphate of lime or laud-plaster. When fresh it also contains more or less of other lime compounds which, although occasionally recommended as insect repellents are poisonous to plant growth, and therefore make the fresh gas-lime unsafe to apply, unless this is done much ahead of planting the crop. Old gas-lime may be used in place of land-plaster, but will require larger quantities.

**Fall Plowing for Grubs, Etc.**—H. L. N., Bowling Green, Ohio, writes: "My ground is badly infested with wireworms and grubs. Will applications of salt or phosphate give relief? Or what can I do? Am going to fall plow."

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—Applications of salt or phosphate, in the quantities that are safe to use, will neither destroy nor drive away a wireworm or white grub. The best weapon we have against these pests is fall plowing. The best preventive of scab in potatoes is the use of scab-free seed, and if possible, soaking the seed for a short time in a one-per-cent solution of corrosive sublimate (a powerful poison).

**Pond Muck.**—J. C. H., Tifton, Ga., writes: "I have plenty of good pond muck on my place, and wish to compost it for fertilizing purposes. What other ingredients should I put in to get the best results?"

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—You can use the dried muck as an absorbent in stables, outhouses and under poultry-roosts. This will make a valuable manure of it. You can also compost the muck with wood ashes and bone-dust, or with kainite and superphosphates of any kind. A good formula for an artificial stable manure is the following: 2,000 pounds of muck, 200 pounds of wood ashes (unleached), 15 to 25 pounds of dissolved bone; or perhaps, 2,000 pounds of muck, 80 pounds of kainite, 25 pounds of bone.

**Muck for Onions.**—A. H., Steuben county, Ind., writes: "I have one acre of lake marsh that will be well tile-drained by winter. What will be the best crop for spring planting? Ground was broken in August. Would onions be a success? Muck is ten feet deep. There are hundreds of acres like it in this township, but the neighbors think it is worthless."

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—If this muck land is thoroughly drained, and well manured with stable manure, and perhaps ashes and kainite, I can see no reason why after awhile it should not produce good crops of onions or fine celery. At any rate, it is worth the trial. If the onions or celery fail to do well at first, don't give up too soon. Continue the manure applications and the planting. You may make a profitable piece of land of it at last. Should it not be suitable for onions or other vegetables, being too wet, or for other reasons, you can make a good meadow of it.

**Soil for Onions.**—G. W. F., Leon, Wisconsin, writes: "Please tell me if black muck soil that has been pastured for a number of years would be good for onions; and if so, when it should be broken and how treated."

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—I am often asked whether this or that soil is good for this or that crop. I cannot give a definite answer, since each individual case has its own peculiarities of conditions about which I am not informed. Each person must use his own judgment, and resort to trials if necessary. I can only tell in a general way that good, well-drained, somewhat sandy muck can be made to produce a good onion crop in time. It may take several years of tillage before this soil is in proper shape for onions, and at any rate I would break it, try to get it in the best possible order, and without fail plant a hoed crop of some kind, especially carrots or beets, to prepare it for the onion crop. Wood ashes are usually a good fertilizer for such soils.

**Curing Hams.**—C. C. B., Massapequa, Long Island. In reply to your query we publish the following: Hang up the hams a week or ten days—the longer the tender and better, if kept perfectly sweet. Mix for each good-sized ham, one teacupful of salt, one tablespoonful of molasses and one ounce of saltpeter. Lay the hams in a clean, dry tub; heat the mixture and rub well into the hams, especially around the hocks and recesses; repeat the process once or twice, or until all the mixture is used; then let the hams lie two or three days, when they must be put for three weeks in brine strong enough to bear an egg; then soak eight hours in cold water; hang up to dry in the kitchen or other more convenient place for a week or more; smoke from three to five days, being careful not to heat the hams. Corn-cobs and apple-tree wood are good for smoking. The juices are better retained if smoked with the hock down. Tie up carefully in bags for the summer. From the "Modern Cook Book," published at this office; price 25 cents.

## VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.  
Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

**NOTE.**—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

### TREATMENT OF SPAVIN AND RINGBONE.

Spavin and ringbone are kindred diseases. The only difference is in their seat. The former has its seat in the hock-joint, and the latter in one of the joints—usually the middle one—between the phalanges. Both are apt to occur if the joint in question is insufficient in its make-up, particularly if the weight and concussion it has to sustain are unequally distributed upon the articular surfaces; in other words, if the joint in question is too weak. Hence the heredity of both diseases.

The hock-joint is a very complicated one, composed really of four joints. Of these the two lower joints, it seems, are present only to make the leg more elastic, and to break the concussion, because nearly all the movement takes place in the upper one, between the astragalus and the tibia, and to a limited extent in the second one, between the lower surface of the astragalus and the upper row of the small, flat bones of the hock-joint. The upper two joints, being necessary for the movement of the joint, cannot be spared, and as the lameness of spavin, being due to a diseased condition of the articular surface of the affected bones, can only be cured if ankylosis (solid union) of the diseased bones is effected, spavin in the two upper joints of the hock, which are needed for movement, necessarily is incurable. Therefore, it is curable only if its seat is in the two lower joints, which can be spared, and may become stiff or ankylosed without any essential injury to the horse or his movements.

An ankylosis (firm union) between the diseased bones, which is necessary for a cure, can be effected only if the animal has perfect rest, and if just enough exudative inflammation is produced to cause the diseased bones to unite. How or which way this inflammation is produced is immaterial, provided it is lasting for at least eight weeks, and neither too severe nor too lenient. If too severe destruction may result, and if too lenient insufficient exudation will be produced. There are yet other conditions which will prevent success. For instance, if the distribution of weight and concussion is too badly distributed, or if, in other words, the hock-joint is too weak, or so weak as to prevent ankylosis; or if weight and concussion are to such an extent concentrated upon one point (the medial, or inside of the joint) as to crush any incipient ankylosis. Hence, animals with very weak or ill-formed hock-joints, which contracted spavin even before they performed any hard work, or while playing in the pasture, and also very bow-legged animals, if affected with spavin, must be considered incurable, or nearly so.

As to ringbone, it is precisely the same. It also—that is, the lameness—can only be cured by ankylosis. Therefore, it can only be cured if its seat is limited to a joint that can be spared, and if, at the same time, the bones are not too weak to sustain the necessary weight and concussion; or what is essentially the same, if the latter are not too unequally distributed upon the articular surfaces. That in the latter respect some correction, but to a limited extent only, can be made by judicious shoeing or paring of the hoofs, I will not deny; on the contrary, I admit it to be a valuable aid in the treatment. The only joint in the lower part of the foot that can be spared is the joint between the first and second phalanges, or between the pastern and the coronet-bone. Hence, ringbone, *Ceteris paribus*, is curable only if it has its seat exclusively in that joint.

The only question yet remaining is how to introduce and to maintain for a sufficient length of time the proper degree of inflammation. There are several ways, but only two practical ones. They are by firing and by repeated applications of sharp ointments. Each one has its advantages and disadvantages.

First, firing. Its advantages consist in being very effective, if judiciously executed, and in requiring but one application. Its disadvantages consist in the difficulty to determine the exact degree needed, and in having more or less conspicuous scars (permanent blemishes) behind. Therefore, it should only be applied by an expert. In my experience the best method is to fire in dots or points, about one inch or three quarters of an inch apart, with a red-hot, pointed iron, with which the skin is touched three to five times in the same place. That these points should be fired only where the disease has its seat, and nowhere else, is self-evident.

Second, applications of sharp ointments. All things considered, the best one to be used probably is an ointment composed of one part biniodide of mercury and sixteen parts of pure hog's lard, thoroughly mixed by trituration. In our hospital we apply it in the following way: The first time we rub in a quantity as large as a good-sized hazelnut at the seat of the spavin; or if it is ringbone a little more at the seat of that disease. Then we wait three days before we make the second ap-

plication. Three or four days later, the place where the ointment has been applied will be covered with a rather thick scab. It is of no use to make another application on top of that scab. It first has to be removed. To do this we apply some pure hog's lard. The next day the scab can be removed—be scratched off. This done, another application of the biniodide ointment is made. After that the lard is used whenever the scab is too thick, and has to be removed. This treatment is continued for eight weeks. Meanwhile the horse must have absolute rest. No exercise whatever is allowed. Even the water for drinking is carried to the animal. When the treatment is discontinued, sufficient time is granted for all traces of inflammation to disappear. After they have disappeared the horse is taken out and tried, but only a short distance, at a walk. If no lameness is shown the animal is taken back to its stall. Next day another, a little more extended, exercise, also at a walk, is given. If no lameness is shown, the next day the horse is exercised a short distance—only a few rods—at a trot. The fourth day another exercise—trotting—but not exceeding a quarter of a mile, is given. The fifth day a little more, and so on, and if no lameness is shown, in about two weeks the horse may be put to regular work, and is considered cured.

If firing is preferred, the time of rest should be the same. Without strict rest no ankylosis can be expected. Hence, it is next to useless to treat spavined and ringboned horses during the fly season. The flies make strict rest an impossibility.

**An Ingrown Toe-nail.**—N. A. N., Laramie, Wyo. Consult a chiropodist, and let him perform the necessary operation on your toe.

**Difficulty in Making Water.**—So-called Pinworms.—S. C., Doylestown, Ohio. Difficulty in making water may have many various causes, but you only state the bare fact that your horse "seems to have such a difficulty," and if you will stop to think, you will see that it is impossible for me to tell you what may be the cause. You certainly cannot expect me to write a long treatise on all possible causes.—So-called pinworms, if you mean *Oxyuris curvula*, are best removed by a few injections of raw linseed-oil into the rectum.

**Several Questions.**—C. B. G., South Westport, Mass., writes: "I have a horse nine years old which likes to eat fresh dirt. He has been out on pasture since the first of August. He also froths at the mouth when he is roading, and throws it over his body as he throws his head up and down, which is customary for him to do while trotting. He also loves the leaves of trees—will eat them whenever he can get a chance. And again, he coughs a little soon after he is started on a drive. His hair stands up on his body—does not lie down slick and smooth. Please explain and tell what should be done, etc."

**ANSWER:**—The trouble with your horse—vitiated appetite, frothing or slaverling from the mouth, coughing, and bad coat of hair—is probably due to one and the same cause; namely, an unsuitable diet. Feed good, sound oats, good, sound and clean hay, free from dust and fungous growth, give pure water, and twice a week a bran mash; then if the horse at the same time is judiciously exercised, well groomed, and kept in a clean and well-ventilated stable, and under good hygienic conditions in general, all the disorders complained of will disappear. Medicines are of no avail. Removing the causes is what is needed.

**Hemiplegia.**—D. M. S., Wampum, Pa., writes: "I have a finely-bred Scotch collie puppy, six months old, that acts as though he were partially paralyzed on his right side. He goes sideways when he walks, and moves his legs on the right side in an outward swing. He also keeps his head turned in that direction. He has been in this condition for about three weeks, and seems to be getting worse. We do not know of his being injured in any way, and we always gave him the best of care. He has been fed principally on bread and milk, sometimes potatoes and oatmeal mush, but rarely given any meat. Some people think it is rheumatism, but I don't, as he is not sore and seems well in every other way, only in his walking, he falls over very often. He is free from vermin. Now, doctor, you gave me good advice once before, so I take the liberty of writing you again."

**ANSWER:**—Yours is a desperate case, and I very much doubt whether any treatment will be of any avail. Your dog's paralysis (hemiplegia, or one-sided paralysis), it seems, is caused by pressure upon one side of the brain, probably caused by a blood clot or by an exostosis, or maybe by a fracture of the skull. If you will make a close examination you will probably find that your dog has been severely injured; perhaps with a club, or with a stone, etc. I do not think that anything can be done. If you should conclude to put the animal out of its misery, be sure to make, or to have made by a competent person, a careful post-mortem examination of skull and brain in particular.

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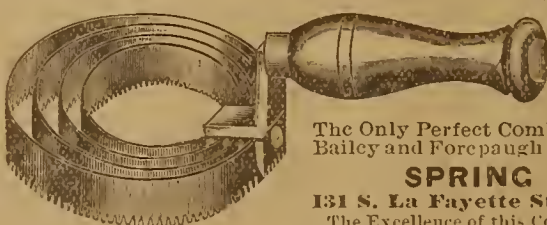
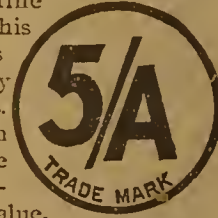
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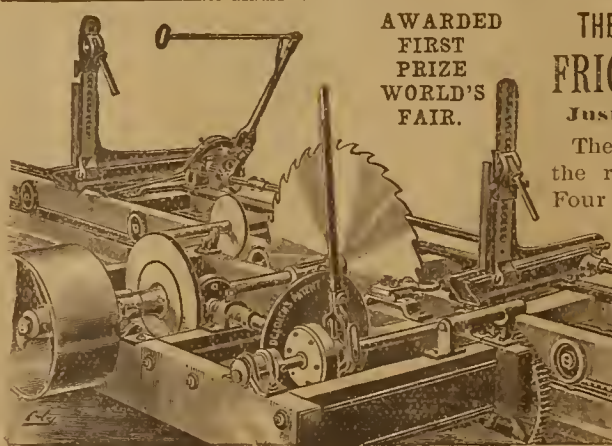


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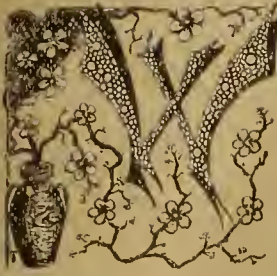
## Our Fireside.

## A NOTCH ON A STICK.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

CHAPTER V.

"OLE MOLLY HAN!"



WITH a heavy heart Obed turned away from the scene of his late pleasure. For he had not known what a pleasure it was to struggle through the mysteries of reading, writing and cyphering with Elise for a

teacher, until he was confronted with the fact that those struggles were a thing of the past.

There was no help for it now; there was nothing for him but to return to the field, the yellow mule and the hands, whose shouts came to him now and then, coarse and loud, as they deposited the boxes of oranges on the wharf to wait for the steamer.

It had appeared as fun to him until now. Now, somehow, it struck him as a kind of drudgery to which the lower, ignorant classes were doomed; chained like slaves forever.

The world had never seemed quite so unattractive to Obed as it did that moment of time intervening between his discovery of Elise's absence and the moment when he heard her crutch upon the veranda, followed by the sound of her voice as she called to him cheerfully:

"Are you there, Obed?"

"Yes, Miss Elise," said Obed, "and you are to have a black mark for being tardy, Miss Teacher."

Elise laughed merrily as she came down to the seat under the palms. She wasn't sorry that her queer pupil had ignored their late quarrel so cleverly. It was very clever of Obed indeed; she considered that he was improving most remarkably.

"It was Julie," she explained, taking her place and turning hastily to the lesson. "Mother went out on the lake with my grandfather and Julie served my lunch in my room. Julie isn't accustomed to serving lunch, and she was a little slow. But here I am and ready for work."

"All right, miss," said Obed, "I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure."

"Say obliged, boy, not 'obleged.' The negroes say 'obleged.' Though they do say that the corruption of the word came to us through the French. I'll point it out to you when we come to French; and in the meantime you may use the English oblige."

Elise never ignored an opportunity for these corrections, whatever the need of hurry. "They are part of the work," she told herself, and faithfully did the young teacher perform it.

So the lessons were resumed. When the wagon passed through the grove there was a book fastened just in front of the driver's seat, and Obed would study as he drove from tree to tree where the pickers were waiting to empty their sacks into the wagon. He was honestly trying both to work for the squire and to study to please Elise. But the forest had its attractions: more than once he was tempted to join the hunters going to the hammocks after deer, or the men going upon a crusade against the alligators, for the skins of which a premium was offered by more than one manufacturer of leather goods.

But he resisted all these temptations; had they come suddenly, the boy, who had been accustomed always to act upon impulse, would probably have yielded. But usually he had time for consideration; time in which to remember that only a few dollars was the end for which these hunters were working. That was the most they could hope for. While he—well, he had an idea, he said, "of being somebody his own self."

One morning, however, a temptation came too suddenly for Obed's resistance, and the consequences were that it found him unprepared to meet it. He had been very noisy that morning, shouting and singing. The squire, reading on the veranda, frowned as the loud voice broke in now and then upon his thoughts. Suddenly there was a strange quiet; the squire looked up, peering through the vines, to see the yellow mule, with a cart load of yellow oranges behind her, standing stock still, while her driver was tearing across the grove after a rabbit. The squire waited until the race ended, then he stepped out into the walk and called sharply to Obed:

"Here, sir! You, sir! What do you mean, sir, by leaving my team so, and racing through my grove in this manner?"

Breathless and hatless Obed stood before him; for the moment he forgot everything but the intoxication of the race he had been running. He was his own old self again, and he answered accordingly:

"It wuz Molly-cottontail, squair. She come a-sailin' by, an' afore I—"

"You may go home," said the squire, "I do not hire boys to chase rabbits."

"Go home?" For the first time in his life the boy was unwilling to give up his work.

"Yod, Obed," she demanded, "what have you been doing now?"

And then Obed was not sorry to have the opportunity of pouring the story into such sympathetic ears.

"I only run a rabbit, Miss Elise," he said, when the recital was ended. "I have run 'em since I was born."

"Say them, boy, not 'em," she replied. "I don't know whatever is to become of you, I am sure. Chasing the rabbit wasn't so bad, but to call my grandfather a liar was very terrible. He will not forgive that, I am afraid. Yes, I think he will never let you come on the place again. He says you are always too ready to quit, anyhow. Go on home, boy, I must have time to think it over. I went to see your mother to-day, and I sent Julie to carry some rose-cuttings that you are to set out around the cabin door. Be sure you do it, boy. I like roses; they are refining. And if you haven't any ambition, as grandfather says you haven't, you can have some refinement, anyhow. Oh, Obed!"—she looked at him very earnestly; she seldom called him Obed, and when she did he knew she was very, very serious—"I wish, how I do wish you would try a little harder."

He was trying; she had no idea how hard.

work they're pledged fur jest fur bein' tired, unless they be mighty triffin', an' that I know you-uns air not."

He was silent a moment, and uneasy under her penetrating gaze. At length he said, with petulant impatience:

"Squire's a fool."

"Obed Martin!"

There was surprise, indignation, reproach in the simple words.

"He's a fool," said Obed; "he called me a bump on a log."

"A which?"

"Naw, it wasn't that; it was a 'notch on a stick,' and I called him a liar."

She would never have forgiven him, no words he could have spoken would ever have set right that terrible breach of good breeding—of gratitude; but when with sudden impulse the boy dropped his face upon her knee and burst into sobs, she was ready at once to help, advise and comfort. She folded her work slowly, carefully; laid it upon her lap and crossed her worn, brown hands upon it.

"Now, Oby," she said, "tell your mammy all about it. I be only a foolish ole woman, but I be yer mammy. A boy's mammy air the one ter know his troubles, allus. What have you-uns done, Oby, ez Squair Roseberer sends yer home?"

Obed repeated the whole story, omitting nothing. He had learned that for all her seeming ignorance that his mother's advice was always sound, if simple, and entirely worthy of respect. The overgrown, awkward fellow sat at her feet just as one of the little boys playing around the house might have done and told his story; poured out his griefs with the same childish trust that might have belonged to them—the little twin brothers. When he had finished, she said promptly:

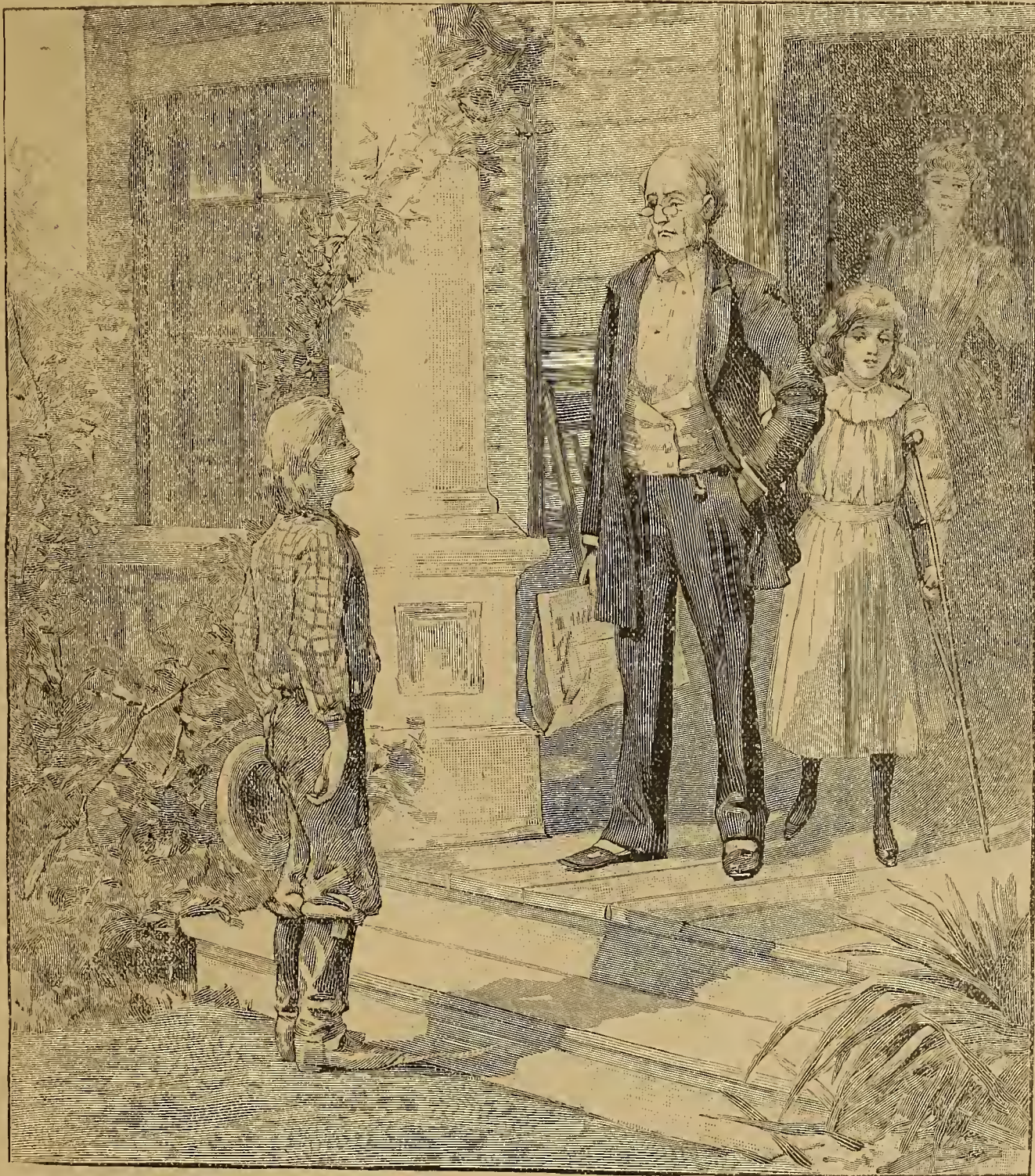
"Why, Obed, you must go back and ax squair's pardon. He air a clever man, an' a just un. He'll furgive yer, mebbe. Leastways ye air boun' ter try; hit air yer chance, son, an' ye air boun' norter let hit go by. A chance air somethin' sent o' the Almighty; ye air boun' to snatch it. An' ye air a doin' well, ter; gainin' right along. I'd go right back, if I were yer, in the mornin' an' tell Squair Roseberer I ware sorry fur my talk. He can only drive yer off at the most, an' you-uns can only try. Ther' be times comes ter all o' we-uns when we can only try. This air your time fur tryin'. Now run 'long an' put out ther rose-bushes ther liddle gal sent over. She 'lowed they ware ter be set by the doors an' winders."

Obed revived wonderfully after this talk with his mother. He knew that he had a friend in Elise. She had said "good-by, boy," with the tears in her eyes. He went to get the rose-cuttings, calling the little boys to help him

set them out, so that they might feel an interest in keeping them watered. Elise had said that roses were "refining." If "refining" meant to make people gentle and good, like her, he would tend the flowers very carefully indeed.

While he was about it he concluded he would set a row of magnolias down either side the walk. His mother was fond of the tree; the rustle of the stiff, satiny leaves "reminded her of home," she declared. They had a sound like the old Tennessee cedars, when the wind stirred in their branches. They looked pretty, too, when he had set them out, with the sinking sunlight on their dark leaves and the shimmer of the lake's blue waters beyond. He felt glad that he had put them out; already the place had a more genteel air, "as if somebody lived here," he said, as he leaned upon his hoe to rest while he contemplated his work. The little boys liked the addition to their yard, too; and they begged him to "build a house for the bees, and cover it with them yeller flowers."

"A summer-honse, you mean," said Obed. "Well, we will the next time I have a day off. To-morrow, maybe." Though in his heart he hoped that to-morrow would find him hauling oranges to Squire Roseborough's packing-house again. When his mother called him in to his supper of bacon and corn-bread and a dish of palmetto cabbage, a neighborly cracker



"I'M SORRY YOU LIED."

"I'd ruther—rather stay as to go, squair," he stammered.

"Go!" thundered the Squire, "and when you get there tell your mother you are a trifter, a ne'er-do-well; a notch on a stick."

"I won't," said Obed. "Hit's a lie, and I won't." And turning upon his heel Obed stalked angrily away through the grove, in a direction entirely opposite the spot where the "tricky yellow mule" was waiting his return.

Angry? He had never been so angry in all his life. Neither, perhaps, had been the squire. And the song that had served as a safety-valve for the one, served likewise to increase the anger of the other. He had never sung so vigorously,

"'Ole Molly Har'  
What you doin' thar?  
Settin' on a cross-rind  
Smokin' my cigar."

Every note sounded a defiance as it floated back to the outraged master. But suddenly the song ceased. Elise came out from the bush where she had been gathering gnavas and called to him:

"You, boy," she shouted, "how you do yell. Hush before my head comes off."

That moment she caught something in the boy's face that told her of that which had gone amiss. A perplexed expression came into her eyes. She reminded him of his mother for a single instant.

But there were sixteen years of idleness, with their dreadful influences to correct. He did not go home until evening; he could not face his mother with the news of his dismissal. She was growing so much stronger, and so much more cheerful. She no longer spoke of the old Tennessee home in the complaining voice of the invalid and the homesick, but in a tender tone as of something remembered and loved, but unnecessary to her life. He hated to cast another worry upon her. But more than all he hated to give up the studies under the palms. Nobody would understand how he felt, because he had an unfortunate way of acting in the exact opposite of his feelings. So when he did go home, indeed, his impulse was to go singing—that old, daring way which always injured his cause. His mother was seated in the doorway sewing.

"Why, Oby," she said as he dropped upon the doorstep at her feet, "you gave me a turn, son, commin' up so suddint."

The next moment she saw his face. She dropped her hands, still holding their work, upon her lap; he saw the old harassed expression creep slowly into her eyes.

"Oby," she said, "what have you-uns doue, over ter Squair Roseberer's? What ails yer ter come home afore yer time?"

"Tired," said Obed; "tired, maybe."

"Tired, yer granny's foot. Folks don't quit



had given her, he went with more alacrity than he had ever hoped to feel when he had entered the gate a few hours before.

When supper was over he took his slate and went out under the trees, "to study his lessons." He was beginning to write. The simple, old-fashioned copy Elise had set for him touched him with singular meaning:

"If at first you don't succeed, try again."

How many a boy would have laughed at quaint little Elise's old copy? Yet Elise herself had little conception of how many have risen to eminence upon that little, old-fashioned motto, try again. Obed meant to do so. He felt very timid about approaching the squire, however. He wasn't accustomed to making apologies, and he knew he would be very awkward about it. If only he had not called the squire a liar. That is such a hard thing to pardon. A liar. Everybody detests a liar, and for an honest man to be called one—well, he had his misgivings, yet he meant to "try." Had he known that the squire had at that moment again denounced him as a "notch on a stick," and had sent Elise off to bed in tears because she had interceded for him, he would have been less hopeful of his cause, indeed. But he did not know, so he went off to bed with fair hopes of the morrow; and when the morrow dawned he ate his breakfast and hurried away to have it out with Squire Roseborough.

The squire had spent a restless night, and was consequently cross—crosser than usual. Elise had persistently insisted that Obed hadn't done so bad after all. He had only chased a rabbit; that was a very natural thing for a boy to do. The squire thought so, too, after he had gone to bed. And the little girl's words, "didn't you like to chase rabbits when you were a boy, grandfather?" He couldn't keep them out of his thoughts. He remembered the time when he had left his old grandmother sitting in a buggy, behind a young horse in a lonely country road, while he, the driver and protector, had run off after a rabbit that ran across the lane. This boy had left only a load of yellow oranges and an old mule standing in a grove where fifty men were at work. Chase rabbits, indeed! But the boy had called him a liar. But for that he might have excused him. The man didn't live who could call Squire Roseborough a liar. He went down to breakfast thinking about it, when he heard Elise's voice on the back gallery:

"Oh, you boy," she was saying, "I am glad you have come to ask my grandfather's pardon. It was wicked, *bad* of you to talk so. Gentlemen do not use such words. Remember that, boy, if you ever hope to become a gentleman."

The squire stepped out upon the gallery, he was growing very tired of this boy's way of offending, and then looking to Elise to soften the offence. He would put a stop to the matter at once and forever.

"Good morning, squire," said Obed, and his heart sank when the frown deepened on the old man's face, as he said sternly:

"Well, sir, what's wanted this time?"

Obed had taken off his hat and stood awkwardly twisting it in his hands. He had a feeling that if he could just manage to get rid of his hands, he could go on. Indeed, he seemed to have become all hands. He glanced at Elise who encouraged him by a nod to go on.

"Squire Roseborough," he began, and stopped; he was the awkward country fellow he had been when they first met him, without that fellow's assurance.

"Squire Roseborough, I stopped by to tell you as I'm sorry, eh, you, eh, told a lie?"

"What, sir?" demanded the squire. "What are you telling me, sir?"

Elise made frantic efforts to set him right, behind the squire's back, but Obed saw only the old man's stern face.

"I mean, squire," he began again, "as I honestly want to work, and I'm sorry you told, eh—that I *told* you about your telling a lie."

It was the best he could do. A glance at the squire's face and the low ripple of laughter from Elise only made Obed wonder if he had utterly ruined his cause, and to try to recall what it was he really had said. After a moment's hesitation the old gentleman lifted his hand in dismissal.

"You may go on to work now, Martin," said he, in a tone that Obed had never heard him use before. It made him think of the morning he had seen him bend over the rolling chair and lift the lame girl in his arms.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### NEW-COMERS, NEW WORRIES, NEW CONFIDENCES.

The house on the bluff had never been so lively. The last steamer had brought a party of gay visitors, and every day the party was re-enforced by callers from the neighboring plantations who came over in their yachts to dine, to lunch, or to tea, as the case might be.

Among the visitors was a young gentleman, whom Elise called "My Cousin Robert," and who she told Obed was her third cousin, Robert Roseborough, from Tennessee.

Obed did not particularly admire this distant relation who seemed disposed he thought to be exceedingly near. He absorbed too much of Elise's attention, sitting with her mornings on the veranda, driving in the low huggy together, or rowing on the lake. He could hear them laughing constantly, as he drove the yellow mule from tree to tree where the

busy pickers were waiting. More than once he had seen the little phaeton go by with this "third cousin" occupying Julie's place beside Elise.

The lessons, however, went on without interruption. Elise would permit no interference there. Though she could not prevent the tall, handsome cousin coming down to the palms and stretching himself on one of the rustic settees, while he made a pretense of reading, until the pupil was dismissed. He made no comments, and was very quiet and polite, always lifting his hat to Obed with a courteous "Good-morning, sir."

Yet, Obed had an idea that he was there to ridicule his ignorance, when he should be alone with Elise. He recognized the fact, however, that he was too thoroughly a gentleman to appear rude in his presence. He had overheard him once call Elise "a little missionary," but as Elise had instantly retorted with a promise that when she was ready to enter the missionary work she would begin with "Home missions," Obed felt rather glad the attack had been made. He enjoyed Elise on the defensive more than anything.

The winter was over long ago, if the light Florida weather could at any time be called winter. True, the squire was behind with his shipping, but then it was very late when he began. The advent of visitors interrupted the work a little also, for the packing-house was daily infested by the fine ladies and gentlemen, who engaged the packers in conversation, as visitors will, forgetting that each man received his pay according as he packed—so much a box.

Over at the cabin Mrs. Martin and the twins enjoyed the excitement "up at Squair Roseher's," quite as much as the visitors themselves, for the mother's heart responded heartily to all that related to, or in any way affected the man who had befriended her and her's.

Obed brought a faithful account of all that passed, so far as it was possible for him to do so. He would give such glowing descriptions of the fine ladies who trailed their silk dresses over the ground with as little concern as if they wore homespun, that the old mountain mother could find no words in which to express her wonder except an occasional "Do tell," or "You don't say," "Now I wonder!"

The twins displayed their approval of the visiting gentlemen, whom they saw passing through the grove, or met in their rambles through the hammock, by wearing their hats cocked on one side of their heads and a short stick in their mouths by way of cigars. The thing which distressed the mother, however, was Obed's increasing dislike for young Robert Roseborough, whom he seldom mentioned except as "Long legs," "Slick shoes," "Soft soap," or some other equally expressive substitute for a name.

The "third cousins" were very fond of each other, a fact which by no means increased Obed's admiration for the visitor whose "long length" he felt more than once inclined to measure upon the ground. Yet, he never saw the white, gentle hands folding Elise's light wrap about her, lifting the slight form from the phaeton, or shaking up the pillows under the bright, restless head, without a feeling that it was his proper duty. Only the gentle and refined ought to come in contact with her gentleness and refinement.

He became gloomy, discouraged, when he compared himself, the uncouth, unlearned, undeserving hired boy, with the elegant and easy gentleman who recognized his right to a position in society as naturally as Obed recognized his place in the field. Then a resolution came to him, sudden and bold and strong, born of his melancholy reflections. He had called himself undeserving. There was no need of that. Whatever he might lack of refinement and education—those things which are the children of circumstances—there was no reason why he should be undeserving, for merit lies within the reach of all.

He resolved that he would not be lacking in that at all events, and further that he would be a gentleman in the field, since circumstances had not willed that he should be one in the drawing-room.

He felt better after having formed this resolution. He met the despised visitor with a pleasant "Good-morning," when he passed near the cart and the yellow mule, and once, when the young man stopped to inquire concerning a certain scar on the yellow's shoulder, Obed related the story of his trip to Okahumpka with such sprightly humor and such cheerful wit that the "third cousin" went back to Elise with the announcement that her queer pupil was a jolly good fellow and understood how to "spin a yarn" as well as anybody he ever met.

They met frequently after that, and after awhile, Obed's dislike began to vanish before the pleasure he derived from young Roseborough's company. One day, hearing Obed discussing a bad wound one of the twins had received from having fallen upon a sharp "stump" in the forest, and how he had attempted to dress the wound, but had not been as successful as he wished, Robert was reminded of a book that he had in his room—a little treatise on surgery. A subject in which he, too, was deeply interested.

He ran up and brought the book down to Obed. After that they were, seemingly, the best of friends. He held two claims to Obed's gratitude; the real enjoyment the boy derived from the perusal of the book, and the speedy

recovery of the twin. Obed told himself that he could hold no grudge against a fellow that had "helped to set Bennie upon his feet again."

Anything affecting his brothers appealed to him with peculiar force.

Still, although unconscious of it, his old dislike was entirely conquered. He truly meant to act fairly and to think generously in regard to the visiting gentleman.

He would have made almost any sacrifice to have added to his pleasure. At least he thought so, until he saw him sitting beside Elise, reading aloud, his hand toying with her bright hair. Then would begin again the old fight with jealousy.

He was willing to accord him all justice; he admired him thoroughly and he endeavored always to convince himself that he was not jealous if Elise smiled upon him, nestled her golden head against his shoulder when they drove together, or lay in her hammock with her hand clasped in his, while he sat near by reading from some one of her favorite books.

They understood each other thoroughly, and the city-bred young cousin could say the daintiest, tenderest things to the afflicted maiden.

Obed used sometimes to wonder how he "thought them up so quickly," when he offered one of those pretty replies to some complaint of the invalid's. Yet, he noticed that the pretty speeches never called forth that merry, rippling laugh which his own silly attempts at amusing her evoked. They seemed to sadden her instead; to remind her that she was one of those unfortunates who are entitled by grace of misfortune to all sympathy and sweetness and affliction.

One morning, Robert came down where Obed was at work, and called him aside from the men who were emptying their sacks into the cart.

"Martin," he said, taking a dainty little note from his pocket, "we are to have a grand ball up at the house on Thursday evening, and you are to come. See, here is your invitation; my cousin sent it, and she says you are certainly expected to be there."

Obed's eyes grew as round as saucers; he stared, first at Robert, then at the little perfumed note in his hand.

The next moment he broke into a laugh:

"Ah, say now," he exclaimed, "wouldn't I like at a ball—in *there*?" He glanced at his worn, patched clothes a moment, and then his mirth suddenly vanished. There was the old comparison again; he was not fit to be seen in a ball-room, and not fit to be in one even if he had a suitable wardrobe. He was born for the field.

Still, he was grateful to Elise for the invitation; he told Robert so, and asked him to say as much to her; he would tell her so himself when he went for his lesson.

"Oh, come now," Robert protested, "You must go, there will be people from all around the Lake; every yacht in the circuit will be out; it will be a grand sight. And the steamer is to bring out a load from Leesburgh, besides. There will be a band, and music such as you have never heard, to say nothing of the good things to eat. Come, now; you and I are about of a size, and there are just oceans of clothes in my trunk. It wouldn't pay you at all to get a suit of your own, away out here where you would need it about once in ten years; you just come up and help yourself."

He added the last after a glance at Obed's face. Yet, the offer was made with such tact there was nothing to do but to decline it with civility at least.

"Much obliged to you," said Obed, "but I reckon I won't go. I don't think the clothes would fit my style any more than my style would fit the clothes. I may take a peep at the fine things from the shrubbery, behind the citron trees, or the limes. I'd like mightily to hear the music; I ain't heard no good music since I left the mountain over in Tennessee. The boys used to play 'Rabbits in the Pea Patch,' and 'Chicken in the Bread Tray,' and 'Cotton-eye Joe,' uncommon lively. Lo'd but they were good times. I ain't lookin' for no more such times as they were."

Over the face of the city youth a stealthy smile was playing. For one brief moment there came to him an idea, as brief as unworthy, of using this ignorant, honest boy for the amusement of his fine friends. The next moment, however, the unworthy impulse was put aside, and, turning to Obed as he was about to drive off with a load for the packing house, he said:

"I see no reason in the world why you should not get into a suit of my clothes and enjoy yourself. Still, if you are determined not to do so, it must, of course, be as you wish. Good morning; I will carry your message to cousin Elise." And lifting his hat, Robert went back to Elise with Obed's thanks, together with his refusal to attend her mother's grand ball.

The evening of the entertainment was one of the most perfect, Obed thought, that he had ever seen.

The moonlight lay upon the lake a carpet of silver studded with stars.

The air was heavy with the odor of orange blooms, of lemon and of lime.

On the water, hundreds of lights were dancing, red, blue, green and yellow, when the yachts from around the lake were bringing the guests to the ball. The scene was laid in fairyland; a land of perpetual summer and of never-fading flowers.

As the boats came nearer, the sound of music could be heard.

In one of the boats some one was playing a guitar, and a woman's voice, a rich, perfect soprano, was singing a light, nimble waltz melody, full of runs and trills and dainty staccatos, more like the notes from a bird's throat than anything Obed had ever heard before.

And the song seemed so much a part of the night, the scene and the land itself, that he wondered if the beautiful singer was not "just making it up out of her own head, as she went along."

Now and then the voice rested on the last note of a long trill, like a bird on a wild berry-bush, before it went dancing off into the rippling refrain:

"Ah, sweet summer land,  
Sweet summer land of dreams."

The first note was held in an exquisite little trill; then the bird-voice balanced itself with a lingering touch upon the next, after which there were runs and swells and diminuendos too intricate for anything but simple wonder.

"Ah, sweet summer land,  
Away down south the orange grows,  
And the wild bee bides in the heart of the rose,  
The mock birds sing, the ring-doves play,  
There, men try fondly loves to stray.

Laud of the lime  
And the citron-tree,  
Home of the rose and the old S'wanee,  
Silent dells and silver streams,  
Away down south in the land of dreams.

Sweet summer land,  
Sweet summer land of dreams.  
Away down south the song-bird hies,  
There, summer smiles and never dies;  
I long, oh, I long in my dreams for thee,  
Home of the heart that is brave and free.

Where soft winds sigh  
O'er jasmine brakes,  
And music floats o'er silvery lakes,  
I long, oh, I long for thy silvery streams,  
Away down south in the land of dreams,  
Sweet summer land  
Sweet summer land of dreams."

Obed stood spellbound until the last note had died away; he saw the yacht pull up to the wharf, and watched, from his citron covert, the singer disappear in the house—if being lost among all that brilliance could be called disappearing. Every door and window stood wide open; there were lights everywhere, and flowers enough, he thought, to make a summer.

In the center of the long parlor, the squire stood beside his daughter to receive their guests; Mrs. Featherstone, radiant in a gown of white silk, a cluster of orange blossoms in her bosom, and a dagger of pearls holding in place the coils of dark hair upon the graceful, queenly head.

But the most beautiful object to be seen, Obed thought, was the little figure in soft, creamy lace, half reclining upon a sofa of pale, auher-tinted satin, the golden hair falling about the pale, thoughtful face that seemed strangely weary, out of place somehow, amid all the fashionable display.

Obed saw how everyone who entered the room, after a word with the hostess, went over and spoke to Elise; they were very thoughtful of her, too; one brought a foot-stool and placed it for her; another shook up her pillows; a third held her crutch, while Robert Roseborough stood behind her sofa and lightly fanned her face with a little fan of pale blue ostrich tips, fastened with a knot of ribbon of the same shade.

He bent his head, now and then, to whisper something in the small, shell-like ear. And once Obed saw her put up her hand and draw his head down and say something in his ear. It was at this moment that the music sounded, and the guests filed out by couples into the dancing-room.

When the parlor was empty of all save Elise and her cousin, Robert offered to carry her outside, but she pushed him aside and pointed to her crutch lying up over against a music-stand, and a moment later Obed heard her voice among the jasmines, where she lay in her hammock, with the open window before her, so that she could look in upon the dancing.

"Now, cousin," he heard her say, "you are to go away and dance while I look on. There is a pretty girl in pink, yonder by the second window, the one talking with the man in spectacles, who will make you a nice partner."

"I don't care to dance with the girl in pink," said Robert, "I am going to stay here with the girl in white, at least until she drives me away."

"She is going to 'drive' you at once," said Elise. "No, no; do go on. I am tired—"

The old fretfulness that had been absent so long, was in the voice again to-night; Obed wondered at it. He was not sorry, however, when young Roseborough left her alone as she requested; his presence seemed to annoy her, to make her fretful and impatient.

"She needs one of the old Tennessee songs," was Obed's thought. "I'd just like to slip up behind her and sing 'Had an ole cow.'"

Whether the wish had anything to do with it, or whether he acted without consciousness or volition on his part, he was soon cautiously picking his way through the shrubbery, keeping in the shadow always, toward that end of the vineclad veranda where the hammock was swung.

He did not intend to speak, or mean that Elise should know that he was there; it was only that unrecognized longing to be near her, to breathe the same atmosphere, and to look upon the scene she looked upon, that drew him to the place. He meant to conceal him-



self behind the vines and, without disturbing her, to remain there until she went in.

He had not fully reached his biding-place, when the vines were slightly parted and a soft voice called:

"Obed?"

He drew back into the shadow like a guilty creature caught in some unworthy act, and made no reply. Thus it is, that the mere appearance of the contemptible can serve to make one feel contemptible.

"Obed? Obed, I say?" Elise was not to be deceived. Obed hadn't the courage to slip away and go home, so he came forward where she could see him in the moonlight, and said:

"Here I am, Miss Elise."

"Why didn't you answer me, boy?" she asked, in a fretful tone. "You heard me call, I am sure. I was waiting to get Reuben to go out and send you to me. My cousin told me you were out there by the citrons. I wish you to come in, Obed, and talk to me. I am tired and cross. Everybody in the house has looked at me as if they felt so very, very sorry for me. Oh, I do hate people to look at me so; and I am tired, so tired. Come around there by the camellia pots and you will miss the glare from the window. Come on, Obed. Oh, boy, why don't you do as I tell you?"

"Because," said Obed, "I don't want to come in; I'm not fitten."

"Say fit, say fit, not 'fitten,'" she interrupted him with a suddenness that seemed to put them both in a good humor. And before Obed quite understood how he came there, he was seated in Squire Roseborough's chair beside the hammock, watching with Elise the gay scene, so new to him, so old to her, on the other side of the window.

"Let me tell you, boy," she said, when Obed first slipped into the squire's chair, "never hide; it looks too much like sneaking. Walk right up to a place, if you have the right, like a gentleman. If you haven't the right, stay away from it and still be a gentleman. Treat yourself like a gentleman and you will be one. But if you recognize yourself as something dispicable, the world will value you according to your own estimate. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Sorter," said Obed, in no wise abashed by the merciless criticism. In truth, he was very glad to have her criticisms, knowing just how they were intended for his help. She understood nobody else so well, just what he did need and just how to help him to it. She never attempted to disguise unpleasant truths, or employ any tact, in order to protect his feelings. On the contrary, knowing his sensitive nature, she continually touched upon its weak points, and always without mercy, as when she told him to come to her through the shadowy walk, bordered by the camellia vases, if he wished to avoid the light from the open window. But when she delivered her little lecture and asked if he understood her meaning, she was not quite prepared for the original, yet wholly satisfactory reply.

"Sorter," he said. "Something like as if you're willing to be bottom rail you won't be apt to ever be top. Or, if you will croak like a frog you won't win many prizes for bein' a mockin' bird."

"Oh, you boy, you," laughed Elise, "how funny you do talk. But that's it; that's about what I mean. Oh, dear! if that girl in the yellow silk would ever be still. Look at her feet, Obed; if I could use my feet like that—I would—put them to—better—service—than—"

She had forgotten his presence, the low, half regretful words were full of a longing that touched the boy's quick sympathy. He understood her unusual depression now; it was the dancing that had awakened the old slumbering, but never absent, longing to run and dance and skip like the rest of God's beautiful children.

She sighed deeply, but her eyes were not removed from the dancers. Elise Featherstone was not one to dodge any pain that was to be a part of her destiny. The strong soul was growing daily stronger; that, which affliction denied the child was destined to enrich to a full and exquisite perfection, the grandeur of the woman.

"Shucks!" said Obed, in his characteristic way. "I'd hate to feet over a little shindig like that in there; nothing to show for it tomorrow but a shiny shoe-sole and a hole in the heel of your sock. Mighty skimpy, scrawny, little-in-the-jug kind of work, I say. Most as bad as teaching a squatter kid how to—live."

He had meant to say "read" but the word was not comprehensive enough; the substituted word was full of a deep, unspoken feeling.

It touched her strangely; showed her a depth in his nature she had not suspected; the whirling figures flitting by in the glare of the lamps were seen through tears, happy tears, that blurred her vision to all meaner things. She saw with her soul's eye and was satisfied.

The little hand was slipped unconsciously into Obed's hand, brown one, pressing it gently to tell him how well she understood and appreciated his meaning.

The girl in the ball-room might dance on forever if she chose; the little missionary in the hammock no longer envied the graceful feet their lightness.

"Obed," she said, after a moment's silence, "did you ever row a boat through Dead river?" "That little puddle over yonder 'twixt Lake Harris and Lake Eustis?" said Obed. "The little puddle that tries to run around all side o' the country at once, and don't run any way at all?"

"Oh, Obed, you funny boy, you," laughed Elise, "I think Dead river is just the prettiest stream in the world. The boats glide over the water without a sound, as if they, too, might be dead like the river; and the lilies and wild lettuce float along close to the banks, bobbing up and down, first this way and that, and nobody ever can tell which way they go, for nobody knows the flow of Dead river. It seems to be going, going, hurrying on, oh so fast, and when you try to follow the current you cannot tell if it flows into Lake Eustis, or if it finds an outlet in Lake Harris. It is very mysterious, and very beautiful. It is like a dream that comes and goes and nobody knows anything about it, only that it leaves a thrill in the soul. I should like you to row me out there sometime, Obed, into Dead river."

"The very first day the yellow mule has an off day," said Obed, lightly; although he was well pleased to do her bidding, and better pleased that she had made such a request.

"I like Dead river," she continued, "it never seems to be taunting me like the Indian and the St. John's, or even the dear old rivers at home—the Elk and the Sequahie—that go darning through the valley, while I must hobble through my valley on crutches. Dead river seems like a cripple to me; it can't dance and sing and run away from me. I love to look at—"

"Umph!" said Obed, who had begun to learn her moods and to turn the current of her thoughts, when he saw her face grow sad. "Better go down here to some o' these little 'lakelets,' as your forty-leventh—no, your third, cousin calls them. Just take a peep into one o' them when you feel the spell comin' on. If you think the whole world is runnin' away from you, just you go peep into one o'

them, and chat awhile with one o' the long-headed gentlemen snoozing at the bottom, alligator by name. You'll find you needn't travel all the way over to Dead river to see a little shakes of a creek like that. I'll fetch you over there though, if you aim to go."

"Oh, you boy, don't say fetch, and don't talk so about Dead river. It feels like, somehow, it is me you are making fun of. Dead river always reminds me of myself. My first recollection of myself is of running along the bank of a swift-flowing, little river, in the mountains of Tennessee, and in the spring-time. The banks were so green and the trees tipped low over the crags to peep into the clear, fair water. And along the bluff the ferns were growing; their long fronds waving like plumes, when the wind stirred along the bluffs."

"I used to run along on the banks, away up where the crags were bold and grand, trying to keep up with the water that went faster and faster as I followed it."

"But one day, when I was out driving with my father, the horses took fright and threw us out, father and me. One of the horse's hoofs struck me on the spine, and one struck my father on the head. When they found us I was unconscious; my father held me clasped in his arms, close to his bosom, and he was dead."

"When I came to myself, my foot was in plaster, and also my back. And the doctors told me I would be a cripple for life. I thought of the river among the bluffs, and do you know, I fancied it must be still. That it must know I couldn't run any more? When I saw it again, the bluffs were bare and brown; it was autumn, and the little ferns that nodded among the crags were dead. But the river ran dancing on, oh, so heartlessly, as if it didn't care at all because I couldn't catch it any more. It is very hard to be a cripple; oh, you don't know how hard."

"Shucks!" said Obed, as he drew a little farther back into the shadow so that she could not see that his eyes were full of tears. "Shucks! You aint half the teacher I took you to be, not to know that little runt of a Tennessee creek you're talkin' about is just precisely where you left it, singin' and nortatin' of itse'f around mighty brash, I don't wonder; and it ain't never budged a foot from there—not plumb a step. Shucks! my granddad druv a drove of hogs—"

"Don't say 'druv,' boy, say drove."

"Well, my granddad drove a druv—drive—druv—"

"Drove!" said Elise.

"Drove a drove—shucks! he druv a passel o' hogs through Hickory Valley once, and crossed the mountain with them. He made my dad drive a drove afterwards, because his had druv—druv—drove one. Then my dad, he wanted me to drive because his dad had, but I wouldn't. I told him I was going to be president of the country, instead o' hog-driver for Hickory Valley. Maybe I can't be president; I can't help that, but I can help being hog-driver, and I said so, right up. My granddad died a hog-driver; so did my granddad's dad. My own would o' done the same if he hadn't took the consumption of the lungs and had to leave them parts. Shucks! You're little Tennessee river is a hog-driver; same old track, same old story, same old—same-as-ever-all-the-year-round—a crack of the whip, a big 'boopee' and begin over again. If I was you I wouldn't be honing for that little machine; you've turned it down and gone up to the head long ago. You got one head-mark when you opened a school for squatters. Say, Miss Elise, what is all that bearing down upon us from the parlor? Oh, guns! But I'm gone."

And before she could speak to prevent it, Obed shot out of sight through a break in the shrubbery, and she was left alone to meet Robert and "the girl in pink," who had come to sit with her awhile among the jasmynes.

Long before the grand ball was over, the golden head had sought its pillow. The moonbeams, through the open window fell upon the sweet, strong face, in its patient sadness, with a caressing, mellow radiance, as if it would compensate for the brilliance she had left in the parlors below. Left with a sigh, indeed, not of reluctance, but regret, in that the gay scene could not entertain her. So she had sought her pillow and forgotten it all in a dream-chase after a drove of hogs through a low, green valley that a tall, curly-haired boy insisted had to be "drove—drove—druv through a passel o' hickory woods," at the entrance to which the drove invariably made a break and were lost to sight, reappearing a moment later at the same old starting point in the valley, but at each appearance followed by a new driver, who always seemed to be her grandfather, and yet was not her grandfather, because he shouted and swore and talked in a dialect she had never heard before.

Obed, however, did not fall so readily to dreaming. He lay awake until the last yacht had whistled its departure from the squire's wharf, the last lamp extinguished in the squire's house, and the moon had moved on out of the path of the new day.

Life seemed very sadly sweet to the poor boy as he lay upon his humble bed in the little house upon the lakeshore and recalled it as he had viewed it through the windows of Squire Roseborough's elegant home. Elise's confidence, the story of the accident that had shadowed the dear, young life, had touched the deeper chords of his nature, wringing from them a response that, once awakened, may never slumber.

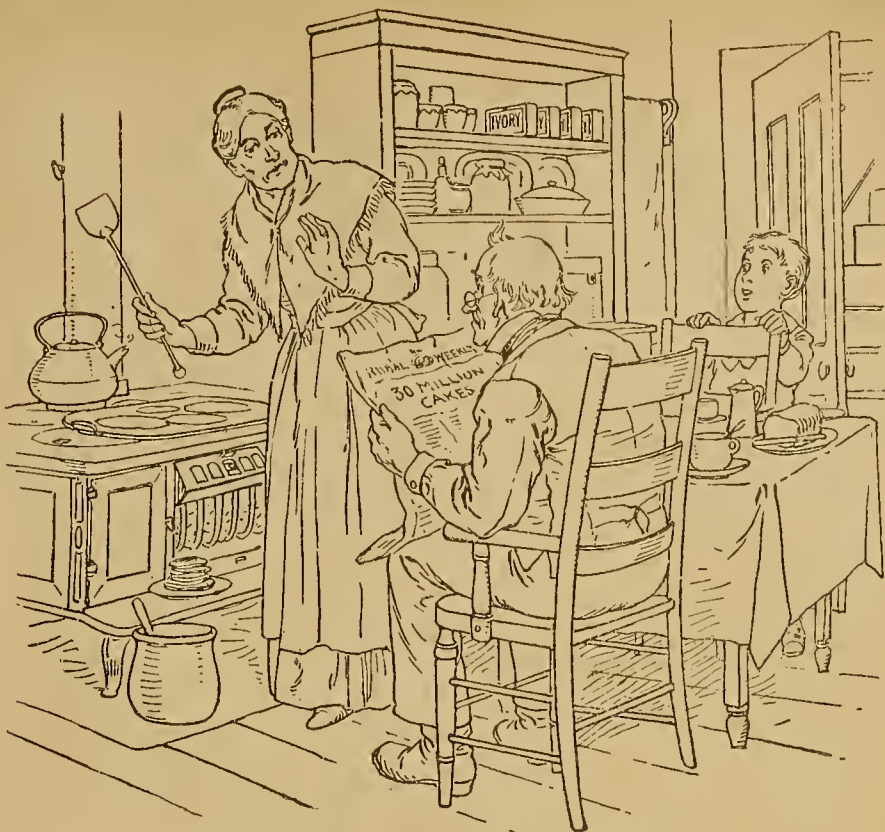
When at last he fell asleep, the shimmer of dawn was in the eastern sky, and his slumber was vagrant and fitful, broken by the gurgle of a stream—a narrow, swift-flowing river—that wound among great bluffs where the trees nodded to their own zigzag shadows in the water below. There was a boat upon the stream, constructed of ferns; the delicate fronds floated down with the current, oh, so smoothly; the wind, when it stirred, lifting a canopy of graceful, green sprays to shut off the glare from the sun. And he was sitting in the boat with a golden-haired girl, who was looking on with him, from a distance, at life as it flitted before them, whenever the sun smote the river in great patches of silver. A kind of panoramic vision, and bearing above each picture, in letters of flame, these words: "A procession of follies."

Suddenly the girl at his side screamed and fainted, and when he looked to learn the cause of her strange fright, the panorama had vanished, and the great bluffs; the current no longer carried them along, but the little fern-boat was falling to pieces in Dead river.

He awoke, pale and shivering, a great fear at his heart. He possessed, in spite of his boasting, many of the superstitions of the humble dwellers of the hills among which his life had been spent. The dream meant something; he interpreted it according to his own impressions. Life would offer no guided visions to him; the curtain would drop upon the brightness when Elise died; and the dream meant—he felt it so strongly that he could almost see her in her coffin—the dream meant that Elise would die.

The very next day he had occasion to recall it, and that with a thrill of superstitious terror.

[To be continued.]



### THIRTY MILLION CAKES.

Thirty million cakes—of what, pray?  
Were they eaten in one day?  
Were they cakes of Indian batter,  
Making fat men grow still fatter?

Thirty thousand thousand cakes!  
Is there any griddle bakes  
Buckwheat cakes to that extent?  
If so, where d'you think they went?

Thrice ten million cakes of what?  
Could any cook have served them hot?  
How much butter 'spose it takes  
To butter thrice ten million cakes?

Thirty million cakes, I hear,  
Made and sold within a year.  
You were one that bought, I hope,  
For these were cakes of Ivory Soap!

Once it's tried, it stands confessed  
By all who use it—as the best!  
Forty million cakes, I hear,  
They hope to sell another year!

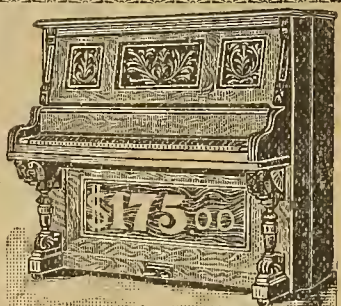
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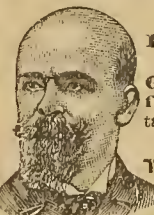
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**ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.,**  
Rochester, N. Y.

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**ESTES & LAURIAT, Publishers, Boston.**



**DEXTER SHOE CO.** Order Dept., 17 Boston, Mass.

Agents for this paper get Big Pay.



## Our Household.

### THE BILLVILLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

We were all about as happy as the Lord would have us be,  
Till we took up a subscription for the Billville Christmas tree;  
An' then the trouble come around an' swamped us left an' right,  
An' there won't be any Christmas tree in Billville Christmas night!

First, Parson Jones he made a reach and grabbed a pair of boots,  
Likewise two linen dusters, and three stavin' Sunday suits;  
And Deacon Brown he pranced around an' said he'd go to prison,  
But the parson brought him to the ground an' swore the boots was his'n.

Then Sister Jinkins grabbed a dress an' started on the run,  
But Sister Brown was in the town an' kinder stopped the fun,  
"Because," said she, "'twas meant for me—that dress, as well as more;"  
An' then the two went rollin' like Jordan on the floor.

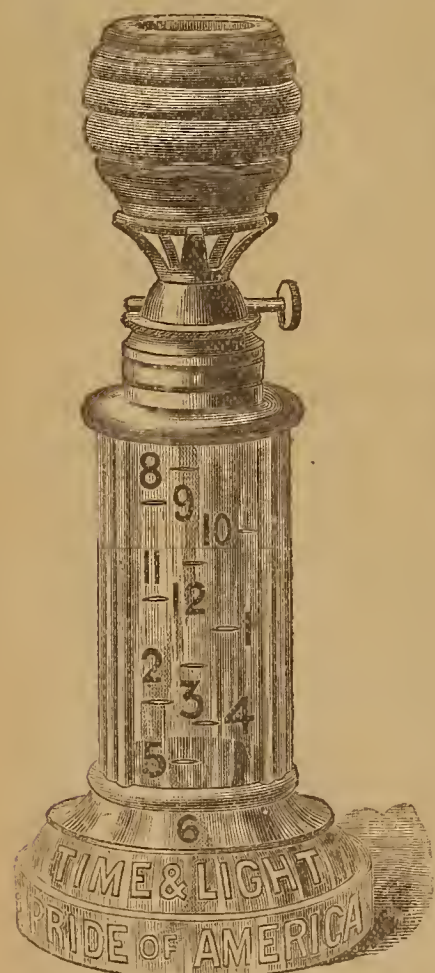
Then Sister Spriggins said her gal deserved the biggest doll,  
When Deacon Scott said he guessed not—she'd not git none at all;  
Then Sister Spriggins went for him an' whacked him side the neck  
Until he stood worse than the boy upon the burnin' deck.  
There never was a time like that; they fought all over town,  
Until they dragged that Christmas tree from Billville clean to Brown.  
An' that's jest how the trouble come an' swamped us left an' right,  
An' there won't be any Christmas tree in Billville Christmas night!

—E. L. S., in *Atlanta Constitution*.

### CHRISTMAS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

**F**ANNIE and I looked forward to Christmas in a semi-tropical climate with many misgivings. We had come to think that sleigh-bells and frozen noses were necessary to the complete enjoyment of the season. We might "twine the holly, wreath the bough," in California, but it would be an empty ceremony without howling wind and driving snow outside.

But as the days went on and the early rains carpeted the hills with the green of spring, scattering over it delicate wild flowers of every hue; as we basked in the bright sunshine and watched the Italian sunsets, the glories of this wonderful climate grew upon us and fascinated us. We rejoiced that we could celebrate this



NIGHT-LAMP.

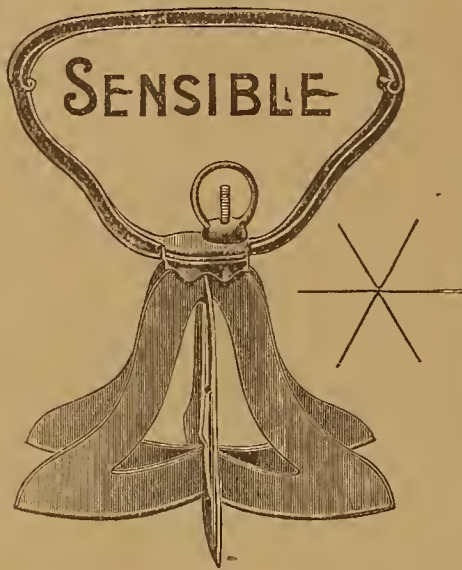
sacred festival in a land where all was so like that in which the infant Jesus was born.

As the time approached, we found the Christmas spirit rife. Roy and Ethel confided some great secrets to our keeping, and our friends began making mysterious trips to the neighboring city—whose shop-windows were marvels of ingenuity, quite worthy of western enterprise. We began to feel the infection, and were soon pre-

paring to surprise our friends on Christmas morning.

For Roy, we could think of nothing except skates or a sled. Skates, indeed! When Christmas came he could have gone barefooted in the warm sand, with delight. As for the sled, it would be too far to take it to the distant mountain peaks, where only it would be of use. How many times we have shut ourselves into a room to prepare our Christmas gifts, but here we found a seat under some grand old oak, or sought our favorite retreat beneath the shade of a tall eucalyptus. Opposite was an orange grove, laden with ripening fruit and separated from us by a wall, covered with roses and vines.

Never did the sun rise more gloriously over San Antonio than on that glad Christmas morning. It flooded our room with its golden light, reminding us of the



CHOPPING-KNIFE.

rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and we opened every window that not a ray be lost.

The night before our host had come, after an absence of months, and Arethusa had planned a Christmas dinner party as a surprise for him. All the morning we were busy decorating the house with the beautiful branches of the fern-like pepper with its red berries and white blossoms. Then Arethusa brought in a bushel of roses of the most exquisite kinds, all of her own culture. Any one of them would have brought a fabulous price that day in New York city.

Later, we strolled down to the little garden, where two young men were raising rare flowers with which to tempt tourists. We found roses for thirty-five cents a dozen, large bunches of English violets and mignonette for five cents, and the most beautiful carnations for a song. As the tourist season had not yet arrived, many of these found their way to sick-beds and strangers.

It was a jolly party that assembled about the well-laden table that day, and it was the boast of our hostess that every article of food on the menu was a California product, from the king of domestic fowls to the toothpicks. John Chiuaman had brought fresh and delicious vegetables from his garden, the oranges were from trees planted by Arethusa and her husband. We had raisins cured by their own hands. Olives, English walnuts, dates and grapes were all home grown. "Where else in this broad land," they proudly demanded, "can you find such an assertion verified?"

Meanwhile, Christmas merriment was going on all about us. At the fine place on the hill, the young people had a gay tennis tournament. The children opposite were playing in the yard, while their parents watched them with interest. Gay crowds of wheelmen and women passed. Equestrians cantered briskly by. Family parties and tally-hoes, loaded with young people full of the spirit of the day, drove past. Lovers strolled slowly along, thinking the day was made for them. All were dressed in gala costume, and we were reminded of descriptions of an Italian fete day.

In the evening many churches were opened and one more joy was added to the already overflowing cup of the little ones.

It was a comfortable thought that night, as we watched the lights glimmer out in the darkness and saw stately mansions ablaze with light and life, that there were no shivering poor looking in at the windows, of whom next morning's paper might report, "Frozen to death," and thus spoil our Christmas joy. ALEDA.

Reader, it will pay you to write for our terms to Agents.

### A FEW MEAT DISHES.

As a great many people dislike the flavor of mutton—or imagine they do, for I often think it imagination more than anything else, as I have frequently had some of the greatest mutton haters partake heartily of mutton and even praise the dish, thinking it was beef—when preparing a roast of mutton, I make a dressing of cold potatoes, a few onions, a slice of light bread, and chop them up fine together; then add salt and pepper and an egg beaten up, and mix all thoroughly. Pack this in the baking-pan with the mutton, pour boiling water around the meat, having first rubbed it well with salt and pepper and sifted a little flour over it, and bake in a brisk oven, basting both meat and dressing frequently while baking. If it is likely to brown too much, I turn another baking-pan over it. Serve with mashed potatoes.

After taking up the meat and dressing, make gravy with the drippings in the pan by mixing a spoonful of flour smooth with milk, and season to taste. The onion flavor seems to combine with the mutton and—well, it never goes begging.

A beef heart is a dish that we like very much, also. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, a little butter, salt, pepper and sage to taste, adding a little hot water, merely enough to mix. After washing and trimming the heart, fill the cavities with dressing and pack it also around the heart as it lies in the pan. I forgot to say that I always rub salt inside of the heart a few hours before using. Baste while baking, turning the heart occasionally while cooking. It requires three or four hours' baking in a moderate oven. Good warm or cold.

One of the easiest ways to cook a turkey and not have it all dried up, is to steam it. I once had a very large turkey to cook, and thought I would try an experiment. I prepared my turkey all ready for the oven. I had dressed it the evening before, and had rubbed it inside and outside with salt, so it would have time to get seasoned; then I packed it full of dressing and (now don't faint) took my tin wash-boiler, and after thoroughly cleaning it, if there was anything to clean—at any rate, after repeated rinsings I placed three or four small steel rods across the bottom, deposited my turkey on them, and putting just enough water in to keep the bottom of the boiler covered, and putting in the giblets to cook tender with the rest, I put on the cover and began the steaming process. In about two hours the turkey was as tender as it could be. Then I placed it in a dripping-pan, pouring the water that was in the boiler around it, and placing it in a hot oven browned it delicately, then turned it over and browned the other side. I remember I had eighteen persons to dinner that day, and all praised my turkey for its tenderness and juiciness—not all dried up. Small turkeys can be cooked in the oven from the start, but a large turkey requires so much watching and care while in steaming, one does not have to pay any attention to them, only to see that the water does not boil away, and one has the time for other things.

Sometimes for a change we like beef-steak cooked this way. Round steak about an inch thick is the kind I used to bake. Season it with salt and pepper and lumps of butter; fold together and lay in a baking-pan. Pour some boiling water in the pan and put it in the oven. After one side is slightly brown, turn and brown the other side, still leaving it folded together. After an hour's baking, with another pan turned over it, take it from the oven. Stir up a spoonful of flour smoothly with a pint of milk, and stir into the water in the pan. It should make a thin gravy. Season to taste and replace the meat and put it back in the oven, where it should simmer gently for another hour, turning once or twice and adding a little water to keep the gravy from drying away. It is deliciously tender, and very much better than when fried.

Ham toast makes an excellent breakfast dish. Take some nice, boiled ham, chop it very fine, put it in a pan, add one half of a cupful of cream (not too thick), pepper, and salt if needed, a small lump of butter; then beat up an egg and add when the mixture is hot. Toast some slices of bread, dip them in boiling water as quickly as possible, spread lightly with butter and then with the minced ham. Lay the slices on a neat pile and keep hot. A dish of fried eggs goes very nicely with ham toast.

An oyster pie makes a good dinner, for a change. Make a crust the same as soda biscuit, with a trifle more shortening, and roll out thin. Line a baking-pan with crust and turn in some oysters, either raw or ome oysters, season with salt, pepper and butter; then a layer of small crackers, then another generous layer of oysters, with more seasoning. Then a pint of thin cream or very rich milk, having enough of everything to fill the pan almost full, wetting the edges of the pie with milk. Roll out another crust, cut a slit in the middle and cover the pie, pressing the edges down tight. Bake in a brisk oven



CRUMB-SCRAPER.

until the crust is thoroughly done and the crackers are soft. A. M. M.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF HOMESTEAD LIFE IN COLORADO.

Why a section of country where it seldom rains should be called the "rain-belt," is to me a mystery. But such is the case, and it was in the rain-belt of Colorado that for two years we "held down" a claim.

Life on the frontier is not without its pleasures, though accompanied by many hardships and deprivations. Two years in a sod house, with neighbors no nearer than two miles and twenty miles to the nearest town and railroad, will give one a good idea of the reality of such a life and make them better appreciate the advantages of civilization.

Our red-letter days were the two days of the week, Monday and Friday, when the stage arrived at the post-office and brought us news from the outside world. The settlers for miles around would gather at the office and wait for the mail to be distrib-



CRUMB-TRAY.

uted. The post-office building was a "dugout," and a cracker-box divided into compartments held the mail. No lock-boxes or uniformed mail-carriers for us, but when we received a big bundle of letters and papers from friends in the East, we cared but little for the style in which they came, we were so glad to get them.

An old, abandoned "shack" or sod shanty answered the double purpose of church and school-house. Here, on every alternate Sabbath, a good brother who had been a preacher in the East, but was now holding down a claim, pointed out the way to a better country than ours.

After the service, a general hand-shaking was in order, usually followed by an invitation to go home to dinner with some of the neighbors, said invitation being usually accepted. The bill of fare on such occasions consisted chiefly of antelope



CRUMB-BRUSH.

steak, jack-rabbit or dried ranger, together with such other good things as the house afforded. Hunger is a good sauce, and as the pure air of Colorado gives most people who go there an appetite, they soon learn to eat what is set before them without being too fastidious, and care more for quantity than quality.

The mirage of the plains is something wonderful, but one must be up early in the morning to see it, as it soon disappears in the bright sunlight. Beautiful lakes, houses and tall trees appear to be a reality, but they soon fade away.

The neighbors, big and little, were all anxious for a picnic, but where to find a



suitable place for one on a treeless plain was a hard question to solve. We finally decided to go to a place about twelve miles from our settlement, known as "the battle-grounds," on account of its having been the scene of an encounter between a band of Indians and a squad of Fremont's soldiers. The ride was pleasant, but we were all somewhat disappointed in regard to the place, as there was nothing of interest to be seen—a few bluffs and a small stream from a spring. No trees or shade of any kind, and our dinner was eaten sitting on



EGG-POACHER.

the ground, with the hot sun beating down on us; but we were all hungry after our twelve-mile ride in a lumber-wagon, and did ample justice to our lunch. After dinner the older ones began a hunt for relics of the battle, while the children of the party amused themselves by wading in the creek. We were rewarded in our search by finding a few brass buttons, and by digging in the ant-hills found a few Indian beads, such as the squaw uses to embroider with. We were all glad when it was time to start home; and that was our last and only picnic on the plains.

One of the evils which we had to contend against was the great number of snakes with which the country was infested. Big blow-snakes and rattlers three and four feet long, were quite a common occurrence. The settlers never kill the blow-snake, as they do no harm and are said to be an enemy of the rattlesnake, killing them when they can.

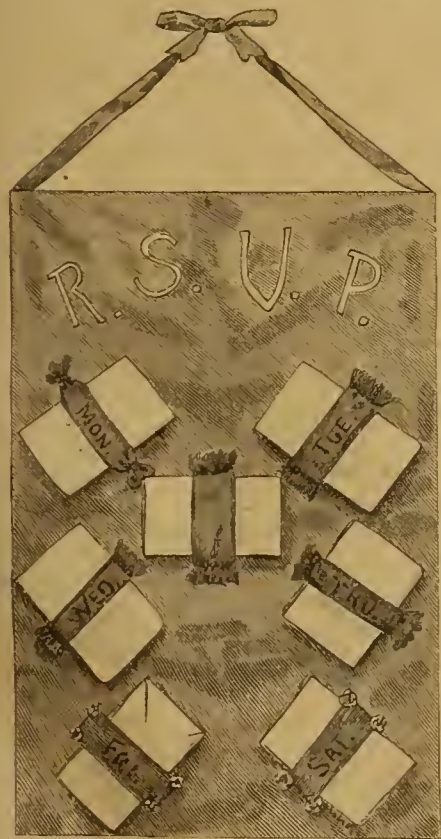
Here, too, is the home of the prairie-dog. It is amusing to watch them, for on the approach of a stranger they will sit on or near their little homes and bark and wag their stubby tails as long as they think they are safe, then down they dart into their underground dwellings.

Nothing can surpass the beauty of the plains when the cacti are in bloom. As far as the eye can see it is one big flower garden of red, pink, yellow and salmon blossoms that look like roses. But beware of the needles. One must have a sharp knife to gather them.

EMMA FRANCES BURHANS.

## XMAS GIFTS.

Notwithstanding the fact that Solomon, in all his wisdom, made the solemn declaration that "there is no new thing under the sun," people are ever asking for "something new." Something new for dress, for table decoration, in menus and recipes, in social gatherings and in gift making, this idea is ever the dominant one. It is this striving for seeming originality that leads many into vulgar display and ridiculous ornamentation, particularly in dress and



A LETTER PANEL.

table service. But the desire, if kept within bounds and controlled by the laws of grace, harmony and politeness is a laudable one, though one not very easily gratified.

A PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.—Among very intimate friends one's picture is an acceptable gift, but the following is a new fad,

which bids fair to become a popular one, makes the gift still more acceptable. It is to have the photograph framed in a bit of one's favorite gown. Among the wealthy the material is sent to the manufacturer, who fashions the frame, but if made at home by the hands of the donor it will have an added charm, especially if the present is for a gentleman friend. A fancy foundation for the frame should be cut from heavy card or Bristol board, or from light wood, and first covered with a layer of soft cotton, profusely sprinkled with sachet-powder of one's favorite perfume. Over this the material is smoothly placed, the edges being cut so it can be glued on to the back of the frame. A piece of dark cambric or silk, cut just to fit, is then glued over the back to cover the raw edges. If a mantel frame, a standard covered with same material as frame should be fastened to the back by a few skilful stitches. If for a wall frame, a ribbon loop and fancy bow will serve to hang it by. A small gold cord should be glued about the opening made for the picture, to give it the proper effect.



BREAD AND BUTTER DOILY.

BREAD AND BUTTER DOILY.—It would almost seem as though the list of doilies had long ago been exhausted, but some enterprising gift-maker proudly displays "a new thing in doilies"—one for the bread and butter plate for luncheon or a five o'clock tea. 'Tis an oblong, of fine, sheer linen, with a half-inch hemstitched hem. In one corner is embroidered some wheat-heads, and in another a tiny, old-fashioned churn. These may be done in white linen or silk, or in wash embroidery silk in natural colors. In the latter case the body of the churn should be done in a cedar-colored silk, with bands of nearly black to represent the iron bands, while the dasher should be of a light yellowish brown.

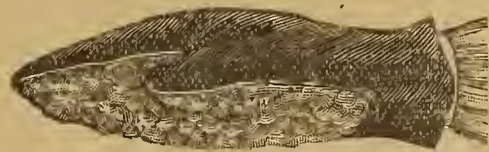
A LETTER PANEL.—It is covered with silk or satin, with a padding of perfumed cotton, and across the top the letters R. S. V. P.—suggesting a prompt reply—are either painted or embroidered. Below are ribbon bands of different colors, all harmonizing with each other and with the background, put on in fancy shapes to make seven pockets to hold letters. Each band is lettered with the different days of the week, and is intended to hold the letters received on those days. In that way one's correspondence does not become mixed up nor neglected, but is assured attention in regular order.

A NEW BLOTTER.—This is cut from heavy cardboard in the form of a slipper-sole, and six or seven inches long. A piece of chamois skin or soft leather is cut to fit this for a cover, and the edges bound and stitched to resemble the edges of an in-sole. In fancy lettering is painted the motto, "I wish you many happy returns of the day from the bottom of my sole." Several sheets of blotting-paper are then cut to fit, and held in place on the underside by means of fine wires fastened at each end—toe and heel—and bent under.

A DICTIONARY COVER.—Although a dictionary should be from its usefulness, "a joy forever," it is by no means "a thing of beauty" in its natural state, although a handsome cover may make it so. Squares, oblongs, diamonds, scrolls or other fancy shapes cut from kid or chamois skin and joined by crochet-work in heavy silk thread, will make a cover handsome enough for the furnishings of any library, but not too fine for a plainly-furnished room or for daily use. If one preferred, pieces cut from the long wrists of either glove or undressed kid gloves may be utilized for such work, and the recipient would undoubtedly consider the cover of more value because of the associations. To connect the pieces with crochet-work, the edges should first be button-holed in the silk, and the crocheting caught in these stitches, or else small holes, large enough to admit of the

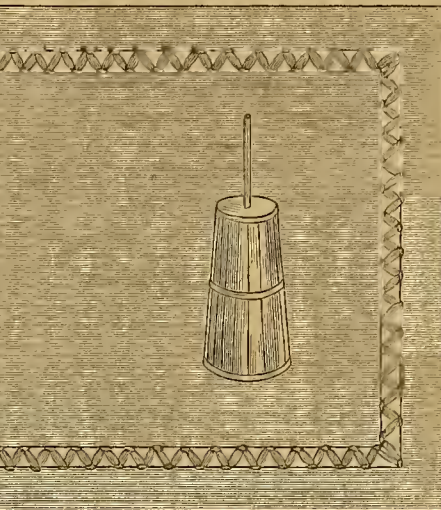
passage of the crochet-needle, should be made with a small punch at regular intervals all along the edges and the crochet-stitches caught into these.

MAGAZINE COVERS.—To be slipped onto the magazine and remain until it is read, to protect the cover and keep the edges from becoming torn. Will be an acceptable gift to any reader. Cut two pieces of heavy cardboard a trifle larger than the magazine, but only a trifle. Cut a strip of the cardboard the length of the magazine, and as wide as the magazine is thick. Cut the material for the covering, either



STOVE-POLISHING MITTEN.

plush, silk, satin, cloth or chamois skin, about two inches larger each way than the magazine is when opened out flat. Spread this flat on a table, wrong side up, and lay the narrow strip in the center of it. On



COVERED ROASTING-PAN.

TWO PRETTY BASKETS.—A really beautiful and artistic basket for fancy work may be made from a small-sized peach basket—one of the upright ones—by first sand-papering it, then painting it a delicate pink, a real peach-blossom shade, a trifle darker at the bottom of basket than at the top. On the upper part of each panel paint a flower or dainty vine in delicate colors—each one different. Line the basket with pink satin, with a fall of white lace at the top. For the other basket take a circular piece of cardboard about the size of a teaplate. Cover with scarlet satin to the edge of this, and to stand up around it sew a broad, even braid, made of nine strands of small rope, or of hemp clothes-line—latter preferable. For a handle, fold a strip of wire-screening for a foundation, cover it with satin, and over it place a braid of the clothes-line, raveling out about two inches at each end and combing it to make a pretty tassel. A bow of ribbon matching the satin in shade may be tied to the handle, if preferred, or it may be finished at each end above the tassel by a single coil of the rope.

CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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MEN or WOMEN make \$10.00 a day selling the "Wonderful Christy Bread Slicer." Write quick for territory. CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Fremont, Ohio.

A BEAUTIFUL CRAZY quilt of 500 sq. in., made with pkg. of 60 splendid Silk pcs., asstd. bright colors, 25c.; 5 pkgs., \$1. LEMARIE'S SILK MILLS, LITTLE FERRY, N. J.

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Beware of Imitations.  
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We want reliable women in every town to sell \$6.00 worth of Teas, Spices and Baking Powder for us, and get a set of Silver Knives and Forks free, or \$12.00 worth, and get a set of China Dishes free. No money required until you deliver goods and get premium.  
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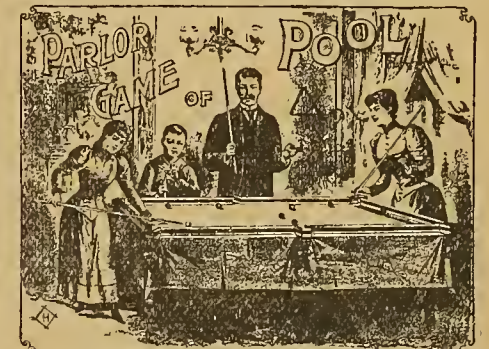
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WEDDING PRESENT.

It should be in every home in the land, and if, as a wedding present we could give our daughter but one thing, that one would be a volume of TOKOLOGY.—Autumn Leaves. TOKOLOGY, a complete ladies' guide in health and disease, is written by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, who practiced as a physician over twenty-five years. Prepaid, \$2.75. Sample pages free. Best terms to agents.

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The Ladies' World is a mammoth illustrated magazine, each issue comprising 20 or more large pages, including a handsome cover, and is devoted to stories, poems, ladies' fancy work, artistic needlework, home decoration, house-keeping, fashions, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc., etc. It is one of the best and most popular of ladies' magazines, having a circulation of over 300,000. Its publishers, wishing to introduce it into thousands of homes where it is not already taken, now make the following unprecedented offer: Upon receipt of only 15 Cents in postage stamps, we will send The Ladies' World for Three Months, and to every subscriber we will also send Free and post-paid, our new 1894 "Ideal" Stamping Outfit, containing a great variety of new patterns, as follows: 1 Alphabet, 1 1/2 in. high. 1 Ornamented Alphabet, 1 in. high (entirely new), may be used separately or combined in beautiful monograms; 1 Border of Leaves for cut work, 4 1/2 in. wide; 1 Bureau or Sideboard Scarf design, 9 x 11 1/2 in.; 1 design Strawberries for Lunch Cloth, 5 1/2 x 6 in.; 1 design for Hair Pin Tray (new), 8 x 5 in.; 1 design Vase with Flowers, 4 x 6 in.; 1 design for Biscuit Napkin, 3 x 4 in.; 1 Good Luck Horse Shoe, 5 x 5 1/2 in.; 4 choice Fruit designs for Doilies; 1 Cover design, 8 x 8 in.; 1 Bow Knot with Violets, 3 x 7 in.; 1 design Morning Glories, 3 1/2 x 9 in.; 1 Cluster of Grapes with Leaves, 10 x 11 in.; 1 Bird of Paradise, 7 x 11 in.; 5 choice designs for Flannel Embroidery, and 30 other beautiful designs, making in all over 50 artistic patterns and two complete alphabets, perforated on the best quality of Bond or Parchment Paper, which can be used indefinitely without injury. With each Outfit we send free our Book of Complete Instructions for doing stamping, also for making Blue, Black and White Powder and Distributor. The patterns contained in this Outfit would cost over Two Dollars if purchased singly at retail, yet we send the whole free to anyone sending 15 cents for a 3-months' subscription to our magazine. Five subscriptions and 5 Outfits will be sent for 72 cents. Do not miss this chance! Satisfaction guaranteed. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in N. Y. Address, S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

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## Our Household.

### THE MISTLETOE'S MISSION.

'Twas the mistletoe did it, they said,  
For he had been proud, and she had been cold,  
But she had grown shy, and he had waxed  
bold,  
When the mistletoe hung overhead.

He had been far away in the East,  
She said, with a smile, "he'd forgotten him  
quite;  
And he had drawn up his magnificent height,  
As though he was not surprised in the least.

But just as they passed through the door,  
They both glanced above, to the low arch, and  
there  
Hung a mistletoe branch—their eyes met full  
and square,  
And it seemed that it needed no more.

So the mistletoe did it, they said,  
For he had turned white, and she had blushed  
flame,  
And she lay in his arms, and whispered his  
name,  
And at Easter they are to be wed.

—Ada Nichols Man.

### OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.

Now that women have learned to take the whip-rein in hand, and are every day proving themselves, to be equal to nearly all the lines of work pursued by men, it is difficult to surmise what will be the result.

Less than a hundred years ago women were mere nonentities. Even a generation or two ago the woman who distinguished herself was unusually painted a Becky Sharp, and the Amelias were mere pieces of dough molded into any form that their Dobbins desired for them. Far be it from the mind of the writer of this article to suggest to or persuade women that their Dobbins are not worthy their devotion and admiration, but if perchance there be an Amelia who desires not a Dobbin, let her feel hopeful that life is still worth living, and take courage that if she develop ambition for learning or renown there is a pathway leading to them that is fraught not with hardship and lined not with a sneering multitude.

Women seem to have joined hands all over the world in a spontaneous desire for development. They do not all aspire to "higher education," but they seek culture in one form or another. There is a subtle reaching out for something beyond what they possess. This development of women has been chiefly noticeable in this country since the civil war. The explanation given is that a great number were then thrown upon themselves. Lands were devastated, husbands and brothers were taken from them, and the minor resources were brought out. This change was particularly discernible among southern women. Work had to be undertaken by women for a livelihood and was so dignified and exalted by them, that active exertion is now no longer considered antagonistic to gentility, but is synonymous with power and authority.

Scores of occupations are now opening to women that were not even dreamed of as possible means of bread winning a few years ago. Typewriting alone has been a marvelous resource for woman, and bids fair to be an employment monopolized by her. Telegraphy is not quite so readily taken up, as the hours are frequently more exacting; but the central offices for tele-

"Society" work, but they write editorials and literary reviews.

A school of journalism is now talked about, but until one is established, women, like men, will make a bright paragraph or clever article on a new subject the entering wedge to an established and remunerative position. Let it be said in favor of journalism as an employment for women, that prices paid for work are the same as those for men, and that in the large cities—New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco—not a few women are earning salaries from \$2,000 to \$5,000 a year.

A broad field is open to women in the occupation of nurse. While it requires a certain liking for this kind of work, nothing is better suited to the so-called feminine qualities of the sex. It brings out a woman's sympathies, watchfulness and tenderness, while there is not a little exercise for the mind in the necessary attention to the doctor's orders. Some nurses have almost the skill of doctors themselves, and let it be said for the benefit of those who may feel a real inclination to take up this profession, that graduates of training schools for nurses, who have attained experience and knowledge that comes with practice, command handsome incomes besides the certainty of being maintained free of expense on the fat of the land.

Women farmers are not unknown, but the rough, hard work necessary in planting and harvesting crops and looking after stock, is suited to but very few women. A dairy farm is certainly within woman's range, if fate has opened an opportunity in that line. Butter-making is entirely healthful and not too arduous labor, and while it has now become the rule to dispose of milk to factories and have it made into butter and cheese on a large scale, there is money in a business carried on at the farm itself. There are many people who are too fastidious in taste to use tub butter, and there is a large demand for what is known in different parts of the country as "sweet" or "fresh" butter. For this, twice and sometimes three times the ordinary price is paid, and a woman has only to establish a reputation for an excellent article to find a market for all the butter she can make.

Some women absolutely require out-of-door work, and for these there are the flower-growing industries. Every city, large or small, requires a certain supply of flowers. To be able to send to market a constant harvest of nosegays, that are the fad of the moment, means a certain income very pleasantly earned.

The schools of design are the latest aids to women who desire to earn a living, and those who have talent and originality obtain later good positions with manufacturers and merchants. With the newspaper illustrations now so much in vogue, there is an outlet for skill in this department of art. In fact, woman's horizon in the work-a-day world has so broadened that it would be less difficult to enumerate the things she cannot do than those she can.

—ALLEINE C. WATTS.

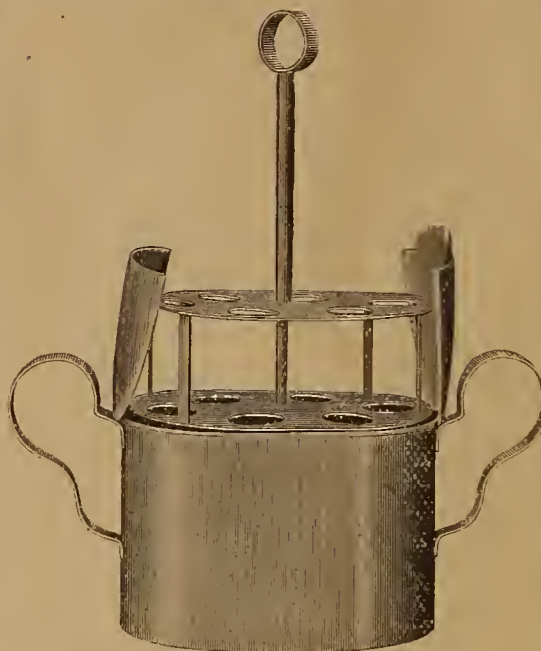
### HOME TOPICS.

**HOT FOOD.**—Many cooks are careless about sending food to the table hot, and many a good dinner is ruined because no attention is paid to this matter. Soup is often merely lukewarm; vegetables half cold and the meat far from hot. One of the methods for preventing this state of things is to have the dishes on which the food is served, and the plates from which it is eaten, hot. If there is no plate-warmer attached to the stove, a few minutes in an open oven will make them all right. Of course, care must be taken that the dishes do not get hot enough to injure the glazing or burn the fingers of those who handle them.

**SCRAP-BOOKS.**—One who has never tried making a scrap-book can hardly realize the pleasure to be derived from one. Every one who takes a good family newspaper will find articles in each paper which he will wish to preserve. In fact, when one begins to make a scrap-book, he is not apt to stop at one. There will be one book of poems, stories and funny little anecdotes, and another of recipes, household hints, etc. If a young housekeeper begins a scrap-book when she commences house-keeping, and puts in it only tried recipes and helpful household hints, she will, in

time, have a book not only invaluable to herself, but one fit to be handed down as an heirloom to future generations.

**BREAKFASTS.**—It is well to have the preparations for breakfast made the night before as much as possible. If potatoes are to be baked, wash them and put them in the oven, so they will begin to bake when the fire is started. Fried potatoes, when properly prepared, are nice for breakfast, but the greasy, half-burned vegetable that frequently come to the table under that name, is not fit to be eaten. Potatoes boiled with their skins on can be cooked over better than others, but they should not be cooked so as to be crumbly or they will not fry nicely. Remove the skins, and in the morning slice them at least a quarter



EGG-BOILER.—OPEN.

of an inch thick, dust a little flour over them; use as little fat as you can to keep them from burning; watch them carefully, turning until all are a delicate brown. Cauliflower or cabbage, left from the day before, is good hashed with an equal quantity of potatoes, and heated with a little butter, and cream or milk enough to moisten the whole. Fried mush is an easily prepared breakfast dish. It should be browned on a griddle greased a little to prevent it from sticking. If a pint of cold mush is taken and a teaspoonful of butter worked into it, with enough flour, prepared with baking-powder, to make it stiff enough to roll out and cut in little cakes and bake in a hot oven, delicious muffins are the result.

**WINTER EVENINGS.**—The house cannot be made too bright and cheerful these long winter evenings. See that there is plenty of light and heat, and plenty of good reading matter. As a matter of economy, a neighborhood magazine club is a good thing. Half a dozen families can club together and subscribe for as many different magazines, then each have the reading of all of them. If the children study their school lessons at home, parents should take an interest in them. Children love to share all things in which they are interested. If Nellie cannot quite grasp the subject of her lesson, what a comfort and help it is to bring her trouble to mama, and have everything made clear. If she is repulsed and told that mama is "too busy" to help her, she loses half her interest in her studies, and mother loses an opportunity of strengthening a bond of union between her own and her daughter's heart. We should neglect no opportunity of retaining our places as helpers and companions to our children. What a blessed privilege! The loving companionship of our children. To share their joys and sorrows, advise them in perplexities and warn them of dangers, knowing that to us their hearts will ever turn for comfort in sorrow or congratulation in joy. If one of our treasures is called away from this earthly home to our Father's home on high, how inexpressible the comfort to the sorrowing motherheart to know that she did all she could to make the life of her child a happy one. Who shall say that the loving bond of sympathy does not go on into eternity?

—MAIDA McLE.

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We have the best and surest remedy in all the world for the speedy and permanent cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilelessness, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, and even Consumption in its early stages. We will gladly send a valuable free trial package post-paid to any reader of this paper who will send us his or her name and address. If it does not do what we claim the loss is ours not yours. Write to-day. Address

EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., 29 Park Row, New York.

### THE HAPPY SEASON.

There's a hustle and a bustle in the street.  
The snow is road to mud 'neath many feet.  
There's a pushing and a crushing  
And a jamming and a rushing,  
And friend forgets in passing friend to greet.  
  
There's a flat and flabby feeling to the purse,  
There's a masculine proclivity to curse,  
And the joyous Christmas season  
Is the sole and single reason,  
For your wife will your whole salary disburse.

### BOYS ON THE FARM.

A mother is a mother the land over. In his praises of her virtues, the poet does not overestimate her goodness of heart. All that has been said or sung could have more added to it in her favor.

I sometimes wonder if the country boys are standing by their mothers just as they ought to stand. It is so easy to have mother do things for you, just because mother always has. If you are a boy with your own pocket-money, what makes you let your poor old mother wash and iron for you? It's an old croaker's opinion that you smoke enough cigars during the week to pay for that washing, if mother won't take the pay, and ten times to one she will not; then surprise her with something which you know will meet her appreciation, or hustle your washing off to some poor woman without getting a "by your leave" from your mother. You need not imagine that your mother will grieve about it, and you may be sure that many a poor woman will be glad of a little extra income.

I heard a boy say once, and how I admired the manly spirit that prompted the speech:

"Mother, I have just had the money for my wheat harvest given me. Your work was harder on account of the extra men; so here's a kiss and a saw-buck for you."

That boy made his mother happy.

There is an old saying:

"My daughter's my daughter all the days of my life;  
My son's my son till he gets him a wife."

No good, true wife craves all of a husband's affection, but loves him all the more if he still remembers mother and sister, and cares for them as in the old days.

A mother has heartaches enough that her children never know. Then brighten life for her in the thousand little ways that go to make life "one vast, sweet song."

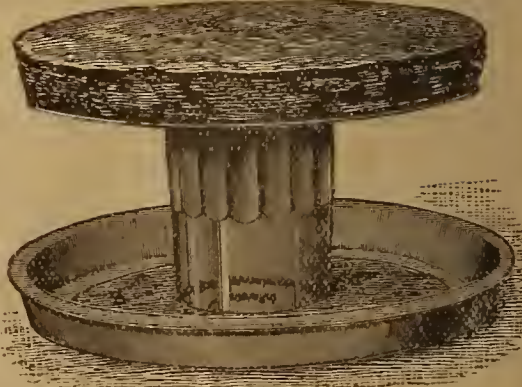
—M. D. S.

### FALL CLEANING.

Great stress is put upon the spring cleaning, but after an experience of many years I find the fall cleaning, with its busy preparation for winter, as important.

Indeed, I regard the fall vigilance in cleaning beds, hen-houses, etc., the ounce of prevention which is worth by far more than the pound of cure used in the spring. All the annoying insects which infest these places lay their eggs in the early fall, and if these be destroyed there can be no possible chance of their materializing in the spring; so I am very careful in November when the fly and the mosquito have sung their farewell dirge, to overhaul every bed and wash them thoroughly in cold salt-water, then apply to every crevice some corrosive sublimate, which I repeat in February and again in April.

So with my hen-house. In November I have it cleaned thoroughly—roosts, sides

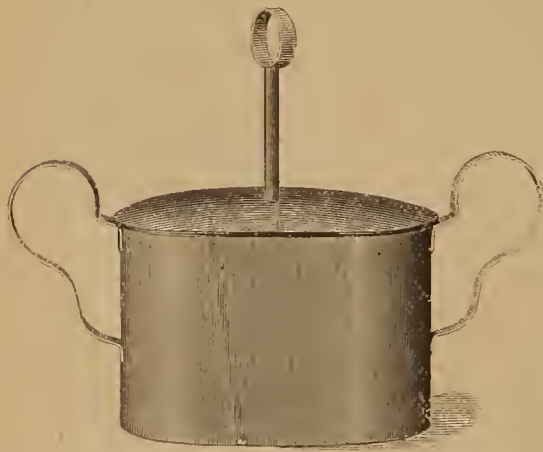


PERFECTION CAKE-PAN.

and nests washed with a strong solution of concentrated lye, and whitewashed inside, using one ounce of carbolic acid to a bucketful of the wash, or one pint of coal-oil, repeating this in February and later in March, when I have the house whitewashed inside and outside, renewing the nests every month.

These rules followed, and I vouch for it no one will be troubled with bugs, mites, etc. "Eternal vigilance" is a safe guide for the housekeeper in every department.

—F. G.



EGG-BOILER.—CLOSED.

phonic communications are generally supplied with a force of women rather than men.

Journalism has opened another door to women. Thirty or forty years ago "Grace Greenwood," "Jennie June" and "Gail Hamilton" stood alone in this profession or craft; whereas, women writers are now considered indispensable to the editors of newspapers. There is a "woman's page" in nearly all the large dailies, and women not only do the "fashion" and



HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

Every housekeeper knows full well that the stipulated amount of work to be done every day can be accomplished much better when the utensils to work with are convenient. No man plying a trade ever attempts it without a perfect kit of tools for every part of his work, and yet women in the very complicated trade or business, you may call it, often work at a disadvantage by using awkward utensils. For instance, in a farm paper I was reading the other day, I saw a baking-powder can recommended to chop up frying potatoes, cabbage, etc. Now, I think my family would wait for chopped things a long time if I had to use such an awkward thing as that, when in the premium list of FARM AND FIRESIDE is such a good, sensible chopping-knife.

Our premium room, by the way, is quite a general finding-store. Just the place to go for your Christmas buying.

One of our egg-poachers would be a boon to some one who does not succeed in poaching eggs by breaking them in water.

A covered roasting-pan would send your meat to the table in much more palatable condition than the one you are using.

If you had ever used the Christy knives you would wonder how you ever cut bread before with a case-knife, or spoiling your carver.

Broom, duster and dust-pan would be better hung up on one of our "Eureka" broom-holders. Try one.

Those who bake cake know how aggravating it is to have them stick to the pan; but with our "Perfection" tins this is impossible.

If you must polish a stove, why not have a stove-polishing mitten? There is no use ruining your hands, even if the work must be done.

I came across a very useful article in the way of an egg-boiler. The eggs, arranged in tiers, are placed in the boiler, hot water



poured on them and the lid closed; they will cook in this way much more delicately, and if they must wait for a late comer, need not get cold.

Some people seem wedded to their old things. I did not realize it so much as when I branched out, not long ago, and got a new, bright dish-pan. The old one was whole; yes—but, oh, so worn and ugly. I hated it. It doesn't seem near so hard to wash the dishes in the new pan.

Everyone knows how annoying it is to get up and fall over furniture in the night. One of our night-lamps is inexpensive, and will light up sufficiently to get about nicely.

A new crumb-tray most housekeepers would welcome. Throw away the old one and start in new, with the new year.

Why burn your hands with all sorts of holders, when we have them made so nicely of ticking filled with asbestos? By using asbestos as a filling the heat is prevented from coming through.

Try some new things and new ways, and life will take on a brighter look. Any or all of these can be had without any outlay of money, if you are willing to devote part of your time to getting some new subscribers.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

NOVEL DOLLS.

A "new-fashioned rag baby" is a toy so beautiful that it is difficult to do the original justice in a short article. Yet, when it comes to description, very little can be said, as much of the beauty of the completed object depends on the taste and ingenuity of the worker.

Make a doll body in much the same style as that of the "old-fashioned rag baby;" that is, cut out the figure from white muslin, stitch the pieces together like bags, and stuff with scraps of white muslin. The legs and arms are generally made separately and sewed on the trunk. The rounded, somewhat flattened head is cut out in one piece with the body, or rather, the face is continuous with the front, the back of the head with the back. A whalebone may be

inserted in the stuffing, from head to body, to keep the neck firm.

Now, for the artistic part of the work. Instead of marking the hair, eyebrows and nose with ink, the cheeks and lips with polkberry juice, and the eyes with indigo, paint a really pretty face like a baby's portrait. First, sew over the head, in front, a piece of canvas like a mask, and then paint on it. A lithograph card may furnish a baby face for a model. Paint the hands, also. Good work can be done on the muslin foundation without covering with canvas. Do not be afraid to put in plenty of shadows, to indicate dimples and the lines between the fingers.

Dress the baby just as carefully as though it were a wax doll. Make a dainty little flannel shirt and cat-stitch and brier-stitch it with pale pink or blue sewing-silk. Cut out little booties from the flannel and cat-stitch them. Cat-stitch and brier-stitch the long flannel petticoat. Trim the long cambric petticoat with narrow Valenciennes lace. Next you want a dainty Mother Hubbard slip of fine cambric or lawn, with tucked yoke, puffed sleeves and lace frills. The cap, of fine lawn or cambric like the dress, may be "made" on the head. At least, it should be sewed on, to hide the joint in the canvas about the face and neck. Trim the cap liberally with lace, having ample frills extending over the neck and face. Fasten bows of baby ribbon, of any desired shade, on the cap, top and back, under the chin, as strings to the cap and on the puffed shoulders of the Mother Hubbard.

Make and dress a doll in this style and you cannot help exclaiming, "Why, this is three times as pretty as a costly French doll!" And all your friends and neighbors, big and little, will agree with you.

Such a doll, however, cannot be made in a hurry. It will take considerable time. Several days must be allowed for painting and drying the face. It would be folly to attempt dressings such a doll until the paint is so surely dried that it cannot smear the clothing. And the painting should not be slighted, either. It is just as meritorious to give a child pleasure as to decorate a plaque.

A novel doll much easier to make is the "tassel doll." First, make a big tassel of zephyr or Germantown wool in the usual way, and of any desired color; then slip over the head of the tassel a doll's head of china, bisque or rubber, fastening by stitches or glue if necessary. Around the neck tie some long fringe of the same sort of worsted as the tassel, forming, in fact, a continuation or thickening of tassel. The tassel represents the baby's long dress or cloak. Finish the doll by putting a little

mul or muslin cap on the head, and tying a ribbon around the neck to hide the joint and give an effect of neatness.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

IN THE LAUNDRY.

TO WASH CLOTHES WITH HARD WATER AND COAL-OIL.

Put on the boiler full of water and put enough lye into it to make the water feel the least bit slick. Let it get hot, and skim



NOVEL DOLLS.

the top off. Dip part of the water out in a tub and add two bucketfuls of cold water. Put some more cold water into the boiler, a little over three tablespoonfuls of coal-oil and a bar of soap shaved fine. Now dip the clothes in cold water (or better still, have them soaked over night), wring out and put into the boiler, taking the cleanest ones first. Boil well, lift from the boiler into some cold water and rub. After rubbing, throw into the tub of broke-water, let remain in it a little while, wring out, blue, starch and dry as usual.

Rub the colored clothes in the same water, boiling none but the gingham.

Follow directions, and I think you will be satisfied with the looks of your clothes. My clothes never get washed any other way, and they are as white as any of my neighbors'.

Should you want pillow-shams, skirts or anything extra stiff, starch the same as you do the other clothes, and when dry, dip in borax-water, roll up and iron while

wet. Use one teaspoonful of borax to three pints of cold water.

STARCH.

Always insist on having wheat starch. Put some cold water into the vessel you intend to cook your starch in, place a clean piece of cheese-cloth over it and leave until you get the starch ready. Dissolve the starch in a little cold water and pour into the cloth, letting it come well down into the water. Take your hand and mix well, lifting the cloth out carefully, so none of the dirt will be left in the starch. Put a small piece of laundry wax in and place on the stove. Stir constantly until it comes to a boil; let boil twenty minutes, add a little bluing and proceed to starch the clothes, dipping all shirts, collars and cuffs first.

You will find it much better if the starch is made thin, as it will soak through the cloth better, and there will be no such thing as the starch sticking if the directions are followed.

Never use hot water in making starch, as it destroys the smoothness and gloss and is liable to make the clothes sticky.

DAMPENING AND IRONING.

When dampening the clothes, put all starched ones together and iron them first.

Never cold-starch shirts.

Neither roll them as you do other clothes, but fold evenly, and you will find it much better.

Never dampen woollens, as it is liable to make them shrink. When ready to iron, lay them smoothly on the ironing-board, wet a piece of cheese-cloth, lay over and iron.

Should the irons be too hot at any time, dip them into a bucket of cold water. Always have a wire hook for that purpose, and then there will be no danger of having the hands burned by hot steam.

Always keep your irons in a clean, dry place, and wipe them off with a cloth dampened with coal-oil, before placing on the stove. Have the stove clean, and there will be no black streaks on the clothes caused by dirty irons.

After the clothes are ironed, look them over and mend all that need it, and you will find that the largest part of the week's work is done.

C. C.

Cheyenne, Wyoming.

"No other Weekly Paper gives such a Variety of Entertaining and Instructive Reading at so low a price."

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"Sweet Charity."

This beautiful Colored Picture, "Sweet Charity," must be seen to be appreciated. Its richness of coloring commands instant attention. Its subject is a young lady of colonial times. There is not a home that the picture will not ornament. Size 14½ x 21 inches. It will be sent safely to all new subscribers to The Youth's Companion who will cut out this slip and send it with \$1.75 for a year's subscription, and in addition the paper will be sent Free to Jan. 1, 1894, and for a full year from that date to Jan. 1895.

11 THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

The Gift of The Year.



## Our Sunday Afternoon.

### THE STEADFAST FACE.

"He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem."  
—Luke ix. 51.

"Steadfastly set," for his time is come,  
And the place is fixed, and the Lamb must  
be dumb;  
With feet toward no palace, with face  
toward no home,  
Steadfastly set toward Jerusalem.

"Steadfastly set," though the way may be long,  
And the blue waves of Galilee woo as a song,  
And multitudes tarry the hill-sides along,  
Steadfastly set toward Jerusalem.

"Steadfastly set," whilst griefs lie before,  
And the pathway is rough, and the sun beats  
sore;  
And no friendly shelter, and no open door,  
Steadfastly set toward Jerusalem.

"Steadfastly set," toward sorrow and loss,  
Beholding the danger, the darkness, the dross,  
Beholding the curse, and the cord and the  
cross—  
Steadfastly set toward Jerusalem.

"Steadfastly set," till the passion be o'er,  
To the finished work, and the joy set before;  
To the throne, and the crown, and the life  
evermore—  
Steadfastly set toward Jerusalem.

—J. W. Weddell, in *Philadelphia Enquirer*.

### TURNED TO JOY.

**W**Live in a sad world. Tears are everywhere. Suffering, trial, sundered ties, broken hearts, meet us on all sides. Men have called this world a vale of tears, a wailing place, one great Bochim. Every land and city, almost every family, treasures sad memories. Earth has furnished no specific to heal these fountains of sorrow. Without some divine interposition men go on from bad to worse, piling up their griefs and accumulating wounds until the heart itself breaks down under the load. But "is there no balm in Gilead, no physician there?" Must this tide of sorrow ever move unchecked? Is there no healing branch to be cast into the bitter waters? Thanks be to God for the unspeakable gift of his son, who brought life and immortality to light through his own resurrection, and opened the crimson "fountain in the house of David for sin and uncleanness." The believer knows sorrow, but at the touch of Christ his sorrow is turned into joy. A light, clear and strong, shines into the tomb itself, and a song ascends to heaven from the place of bitterness and death; for even these afflictions shall "work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—*Zion's Herald*.

### THE YOUNG PREACHER.

Help the young preacher. The first years of his ministry are years of "trial" in a sense quite aside from that in which his conference nomenclature views it. His character as a minister is forming; his courage and faith are under strain. So fatefully is life dependent on life, that you may help to make or destroy the young disciple sent to minister to your spiritual hope. As you strengthen him, he will strengthen you; as you hurt him, by neglect or unkind criticism, you hurt yourself. Help the young preacher with your prayers, your sympathy and your purse. There may come a time when you will reflect on your course with gratitude and pride, seeing how he who was least among his brethren, has become as the greatest. Your pride in that day may be excusable as a father's who looks at his own son.—*Pacific Advocate*.

### PRAYER.

Prayer is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor unto them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of disease and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. Oh, prayer! Oh, blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of ever enduring joy.

### SHOULD ANY ONE DOUBT.

Rev. C. C. Stafford, Buchanan, Mich., says: "Should any one doubt the merits of Phelps' Rheumatic Elixir, refer them to me. It is the best medicine I ever saw for Rheumatism. It cured my wife after all other medicines had failed." Send at once your name or the name of any friend that suffers with Rheumatism, for a 20-page pamphlet on rheumatism. Free to all who will address John H. Phelps, P. I. M., Scranton, Pa.

### TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything! Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow and exchange notes and carte de visites with young men, who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh, young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what other girls may do, don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart; but there is a time for everything. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary, would be indiscretion in hers. It would do no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidante, all you think and feel. It is strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which it is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that you would not be willing to trust to your mother. She is your friend, and is ever devoted to your honor and interest. Tell her all.—*Funny Fern*.

### REGNANT LIVES.

We read in Romans 5: "They shall receive abundance of grace and of the gifts of righteousness, and shall reign in life by one Jesus Christ." This is the royal life which those may live who dwell with the king. God wants such lives, and he has abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness for all who will use it for his glory, and he has, too, much more than any of us have ever enjoyed. How look these men? Was asked of one of old, and the answer was, "They look like the children of a king victorious over sin, victorious over self, victorious over Satan, victorious over the world, they walk with royal dignity, living above the things that are unworthy of their high calling. Like the symbolical woman in Revelations, clothed with the sun, with a crown of stars upon her head and the moon beneath her feet, they dwell on high, spurning the things that tempt others. Let us go forth into another month to reign in life, by one Jesus Christ, by letting him so reign in us that he shall always lead us in triumph and enable us to shout, thanks be to God that he giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Glad Tidings*.

### FAITH.

I was in a crowded depot not long ago. A dozen trains were on their respective tracks. Hundreds of passengers were jostling each other in their haste to get tickets or baggage-checks. Everybody was moving, pushing, hurrying, worrying. But in one corner of the ladies' room sat a little girl looking calmly on that scene of confusion. I said to her, "Why are you so quiet, my child? Have you reached the end of your journey?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "we are going away down into Texas, but father told me to sit here while he attended to the tickets and baggage." If that child had not trusted her father, she would have been running to and fro, adding to the confusion and to his anxiety. By her quietness she showed her faith. To sit still and wait was the wisest thing she could do. And it is often so with us. Our heavenly Father cares for us. He will attend to the tickets and baggage. He will make all things work together for good to them that love him. And if we love him we must trust him.—*The Occident*.

### NO LESSON BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE.

There is no lesson book like the Bible. You will find out that part of it was written by a shepherd and part by a soldier; part by kings and part by fishermen; part by a doctor in his study, and part by a herdsman on Judah's hills. You will see that some part came straight from heaven in dreams of the night—now on the golden couch of a palace, and now in a bare, cold prison cell like Paul's. And though you live to be old—this is the wonder—you will never once open that book without coming on something that seems quite new.

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## Gleanings.

### COUNTRY BOYS.

Up with the early song-birds,  
Fresh for the busy day,  
Driving the cows to pasture,  
Tossing the new-mown hay.

Hunting for eggs in the barn-yard,  
Riding the horse to mill,  
Feeding the ducks and chickens,  
Giving the pigs their swill.

Running of errands for mother,  
Picking the early greens,  
Hilling the corn and potatoes,  
Shelling the peas and beans.

Going to school in winter,  
Learning to read and spell,  
Working at home in summer,  
Gathering knowledge as well.

Growing to useful manhood,  
Far from the noisy town,  
One of these country lads may yet  
Be first in the world's renown.

### POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE GOSPEL.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* contains an article by M. Funck Brentano on "The Connection Between Political Economy and the Gospel," which is worth noting, though almost to subtle. He opens fire upon the two English economists, Jeremy Bentham and Adam Smith, oddly enough putting Bentham first in order of time. His comprehension of their theories, however, is clear, and so is his exposition of the works of Karl Marx, which he takes as the inevitable result of the intolerable burden imposed by the older school. He puts very clearly Marx's division of the product of labor; the small part paid to the laborer, the large part paid to the man with the capital; and he shows further that even on the ultimate distribution of the wages fund, the capitalist who provides food and clothes for the laborer lays a heavy hand. The workman pays extra to the landlord, to the butcher, to the man who makes his boots; he pays for the use of their money as well as for their actual work.

M. Brentano also puts very clearly the indubitable truth that if somebody buys in the cheapest market and sells in the dearest (which is the way in which modern fortunes are made), another somebody sells in the cheapest and buys in the dearest market. In the markets of the world people do not do what they would wish to be done unto them.

The writer appears to think that in any given circle or neighborhood a system of mutual help and forbearance should obtain. Some of his remarks point to protection. Very striking are his remarks on the economics of the crusades: "Our ancestors flung themselves, without any centralized administration, without military organization, without suitable means of transport, into a colossal and chimerical enterprise which nevertheless succeeded. All reasons which have been alleged for the success of the first crusade are insufficient. Faith, devotion, account for the way in which the men of the twelfth century left their homes for this wandering expedition, tramping the roads like the Athenians of old, braving the deserts like the children of Israel. We understand their patience, their sufferings, their cruel privations. But also day by day this multitude had to be fed; all these feudal lords and their vassals from the old home farms; all those merchants and purveyors who followed the men at arms. Had they not been sustained by a common hope and a common principle, the crusaders would never have crossed the frontier of France. If any lord concerned had bought in the cheapest and sold in the dearest market the crusades would have degenerated into a civil war.

"And the great cathedrals—the great public buildings of the middle ages; had the materials and the labor been bought in the cheapest and sold in the dearest market, where would they be after six hundred years."—*Review of Reviews.*

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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### FRETTING.

There is one sin, it seems to me, is everywhere and by everybody underestimated and quite too much overlooked in valuation and character. It is the sin of fretting; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably everyone in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment; ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks to fly upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.

### THE BIBLE.

The Bible is not a book written as John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," nor is it a book written as a man writes history. It is not a book, it is a series of books, with intervals of hundreds of years between. It is the record of the progress of the human race in their development into the divine idea through the medium of right living. It is the serial history of the construction of the noblest elements that belong to human consciousness. The Old Testament was a book of time. The New Testament was a book of eternity. The Old Testament taught religion for its benefits in this world; the New Testament for its benefits in the world to come. It is very fitting, therefore, that they should be joined together to make one book. The Old Testament attempted to bring men into harmony with natural laws. The New Testament seeks to harmonize men with spiritual laws. The Old Testament, in short, lay within the horizon of this world; the New Testament lies beyond the horizon of time and the world.—H. W. Beecher.

### THE AMERICAN WOMAN ON HER TRAVELS.

Perhaps American women whose consciences are not easy on the matter may fail to recognize themselves in this unaccustomed word of praise from an English journal: "An American can be spotted in a moment, whether in a railway carriage or on board a steamer. As a rule she eschews the sailor hat when en voyage. Instead, she wears a trim, smart 'boat' shape of waterproof felt, with waterproof ribbons, and bristling with wings stuck in by a cunning hand. Her gauze veil is always fresh and immaculate, her gloves easy fitting, but well cut and newly bought. Her skirt never draggles. No buttons are off her boots. Would that Englishwomen would follow our American cousins' example in this."

### A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

No man ever becomes great or wise or rich by accident. A young man's prosperity must depend upon himself. If you are industrious and frugal and if you set before you a distinct object in life, you will succeed; but if you are indolent and improvident and changeable, you will come to no good. A man must have a purpose; he must make up his mind what he means to be and do, or he cannot reasonably hope to succeed in life.

### THE CRUSADER IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Mother Stewart, our crusade historian, has contributed another volume to the history of the women's great uprising against the liquor curse. This is an account of Mother Stewart's call to Great Britain and her wonderful work in that country, and the organization of the British Women's Temperance Association, which made the World's W. C. T. Union possible and has resulted in girding the world with the white ribbon. It is a fitting sequel to her *Memories of the Crusade*, being a most valuable but hitherto missing link in the history of the women's part in the temperance cause that cannot be supplied from any other source.

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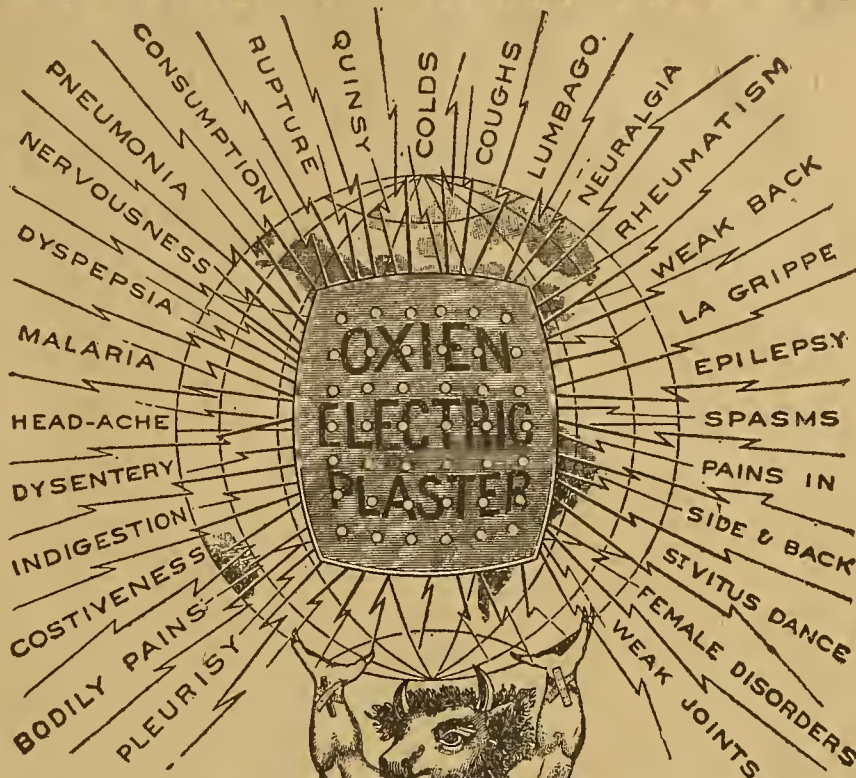
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## Our Farm.

### THE WHEAT HARVEST OF 1893 IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is settled, beyond any reasonable doubt, that this year's wheat crop will reach 420,000,000 bushels, and may possibly exceed these figures. Naturally enough, during the breathing spell that succeeds harvest, farmers ask themselves, "What will I get for my product this year?" This question is very difficult, indeed, to answer, but there are always some data upon which to base an opinion, even though the year's final distribution proves it to be, to some extent, erroneous.

It is usually easier to prophesy the price that will rule in our large grain centers than to predict what the farmer will receive, as there are fewer conditions to take into account in calculating the former price. In other words, the operation of the law of supply and demand is more keenly felt in our large markets than it is in country places. This is due to the fact that it has been the rule to market the bulk of the surplus soon, if not immediately after harvest, whether the demand warranted it or not. The producers offer as an excuse for their over-anxiety to sell, the need of cash. Let me ask how the wheat is carried by handlers, of grain in cities? There are numbers of men in the grain trade to-day many times poorer than the average farmer, who, if they should be refused money by the banks with which to carry their stock until a decent profit could be realized through the operation of the law of demand, would be utterly ruined.

Why is it that the farmer cannot, to a greater extent than has been done heretofore, take the chances of the rise and fall of values, and make his granaries the storage warehouses of his salable product until such time as his judgment tells him top prices have been reached? You may have to borrow money to tide you over, just as these men do who have already been mentioned; you may lose money by holding on too long, just as they do sometimes, but you may rest assured that, in the long run, money is made, as there are thousands of grain handlers who have grown gray in the business, and to use a vulgar expression, "they were not in it merely for their health." There are too many "middlemen." Grain must pass through fever hands from the field to the table, or the profits to the producer will continue to grow smaller. It is plain that where the profit on a bushel of grain is divided, the pro rata share necessarily decreases in proportion to the increase in the number of hands through which it passes.

The present harvest, viewed from a statistical standpoint, should bring a good profit. The large amount of old grain carried over from last year has been one of the factors to keep the price in check thus far. Another cause has been the disturbed condition of our finances and the uncertainty of any relief through national legislation. With the reduction of the visible supply to last year's proportions, and the complete restoration of confidence in the stability of our money, there will come an advance in prices generally, but especially so I think, in cereals.

Let us see to what conclusion a statistical presentation of the case might lead us: The visible supply of wheat on July 1, 1893, was 63,000,000 bushels; the invisible supply, according to an investigation made by the *Daily Trade Bulletin*, and verified by the result of an inquiry I made on the same date, from a different source, was 57,000,000 bushels, and the amount in *second hands* 10,000,000 more, thus making a grand total of 130,000,000 bushels to be added to the crop of 1893. The latter will not be far from 420,000,000 bushels. It will be seen from this statement that our total supply for the current fiscal year will be in the neighborhood of 550,000,000 bushels. This would make the account stand thus:

	Bushels.
Total supply of wheat July 1, 1893.....	550,000,000
Home consumption for twelve months.....	309,000,000
Seed for both spring and winter wheat areas.....	56,000,000
Estimated exportation up to July 1, 1894.....	175,000,000
Net.....	10,000,000

This makes a good showing for the wheat grower, and I think that these figures approximate the facts so closely that the American wheat will be worth considerably more than it is bringing at present. Ten million bushels as a reserve, is so small that in 1895 a "bumper" crop could be

raised without sacrificing values, as we have done and are doing. I predict that the area of winter wheat will be reduced, as the extreme low prices for the past two or three years have discouraged any increase, or even the maintaining of the usual amount of land devoted to its cultivation. It would seem that this season of depression in price and curtailment of area would redound to the benefit of all concerned. We must get our supplies down to what is actually needed, and this calculation should be based upon home demands rather than upon what may or may not be needed by foreign countries. The scarcity of any article operates to create a strong desire for its possession, and this in turn enhances its value.

Personally, I believe that wheat at present prices, is entirely too low, and that during the year the price will be greatly improved. The middlemen have heretofore reaped the lion's share of the profits, but I trust that in the future the producer will receive what profit is legitimately his.

E. M. THOMAS.

### HOP CULTURE IN WASHINGTON.

Hops are similar to fruit-trees in this respect, that they do not reward the husbandman immediately. Cuttings are set out, about eight feet apart in the hill, in the fall or spring, according to circumstances, the most approved method being to plant corn with them the first year. The second year poles are set in the ground for them to climb; they are trained, kept free of suckers and cultivated, and if the work is well done they will yield a fair crop.

The most tedious part of the work is now on hand; that is, the picking. Estimates of the number of people required are made more or less correctly, and advertisements are inserted in the papers. As jobs were not plenty this year, even through harvest, the result was that the country was flooded before the harvest with would-be hop-pickers, most of them honest laborers, of course, but some of them confirmed "hobos," who gladly saw in the advertisement a good excuse for saddling the town with their presence. In fact, a soup-house became a necessity until the hops were ready.

Hop-picking, though not hard work, is tiresome. It allows of no respite, and one may work at it as many hours as daylight permits. The owner of the yard furnishes the potato-patch, a pasture, fuel and the work, and the picker shifts for himself. As this is a dry country, shelter is not provided. If a light rain falls, it is surprising to see how quickly extempore huts spring up. Any material answers the purpose—canvas, straw, hay or hop-vines.

Whole families sometimes come from a hundred miles or more, to make a few dollars, and thus a good sprinkling of women is generally found in a hop-yard. Especially is this the case in yards where Indians are employed, for the squaws as a rule do the picking, while the bucks drive their ponies to and from pasture and do a good deal of riding generally. Their camp is a picturesque scene to one unused to the sight, as they move about among their tepees in their bright-colored blankets. The organ of smell, however, is not similarly flattered. These people, it is noticed, will pick cleaner hops than the whites, for they are not given to close figuring, and do not realize as well as the latter when they are "making" something over and above their board or not. On the other hand, they invariably bring with them more ponies than pickers, the Alaska Indians excepted. A few of these actually come to Puget sound in their canoes to pick.

The hops are picked into large boxes holding a varying quantity, sixteen bushels being the acknowledged standard, and these, when full, are loaded on a wagon and taken to the drying-house where they are kiln-dried, and afterwards baled. When the season is over, it becomes a common sight to see wagons loaded with these bales coming in town. They are shipped mostly to England. Prices, though under the average this year, are still remunerative. It is refreshing to find a crop which leaves the producer a fair margin of profit, stock generally being low, and wheat-raising simply ruinous in the west, by reason of distance from shipping-points, high wages, necessity of sacking all the grain, etc. By the way, it may be remarked that of all localities, those devoted especially to the culture of this cereal seem to be suffering the most from the depression.

HENRY DEJERSEY.

### RUN DOWN BY A LOADED HAND-CAR.

D. T. ALLYN'S SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE B. & M. R. R.

HIS ESCAPE, SICKNESS AND RECOVERY. PLUCK, PARALYSIS—A RAILROAD'S INGRATITUDE.

(From the *Wallace, Neb., Herald*.)

Last summer Mr. D. T. Allyn of this place, worked for the B. & M. R. R., as a section hand, on the section extending east from Tecumseh, the county seat of Johnson County, Nebraska. On the 2d day of July he met with an accident that nearly cost him his life. He and five other men were working a hand-car in front of which was a push-car. Mr. Allyn was standing on the front part of the car, with his back toward the direction in which the car was being run. Just as the two cars came together, the foreman ordered him to step from the car on which they were riding on to the push-car, and at the same time signaled another of the men to apply the brake, which slackened their speed enough to cause a gap of a few feet between the cars.

In stepping back to comply with the order he fell upon his back in the middle of the railroad track and the car, with its load of five men, tools and water-keg, in all weighing fully a ton, passing over him. A rod on the under side of the car caught his feet and doubled him up so that his feet struck his face. As he rolled over, the bull-wheel struck his back and inflicted the injury that came so near proving fatal. The car was raised from the rails and thrown off the track.

He was carried to town and Dr. Snyder, the B. & M. R. R. surgeon at Tecumseh, was summoned. Afterward Dr. C. C. Gafford, Dr. Yoden and Dr. Waters, all of Wymore, Neb., were called in consultation, but they could afford no relief. About the 1st of October he became paralyzed from his waist down. The sense of feeling entirely left his legs, which became drawn one across the other. Dr. Livingston, of Plattsmouth, Neb., the head physician of the B. & M. R. R. system, was summoned to treat the case, but finally informed his patient that he could not live to see July, 1893. He had not the means to pay the expenses of a law-suit against the railroad company, but the company's attorneys very willingly compromised the claim for damages by paying him \$2,000. His condition continued to grow worse, the excruciating pain in his back never ceasing, until upon the recommendation and by the request of a lady friend, Mrs. W. G. Swan, of Tecumseh, Neb., he began taking Pink Pills for Pale People. To the *Herald* reporter he said, "I had no more faith in them than I would have had in eating a handful of dirt." He commenced taking the pills on the 2d day of February, taking one after each meal, and in ten days' time, to his surprise and intense delight, the pain began to leave him. For seven months he had suffered continuously, and his joy when relief came can be imagined but not described. He continued taking the Pink Pills until the fore part of May. About the middle of March he could go about his ordinary work without any inconvenience. He considers himself entirely cured and feels as well as he ever did, except that his back is not as strong as it was before he was hurt.

This spring he moved onto a farm twelve miles southwest of Wallace, where he has planted a good crop of corn and is doing all his work without any hired help. Should anyone doubt the statements herein made, they are invited to see him personally or write to him, and address him at Wallace, Neb. He is thankful for what Pink Pills have done for him, and is willing to go to some trouble to let others know of their wonderful curative properties.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it seems, contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

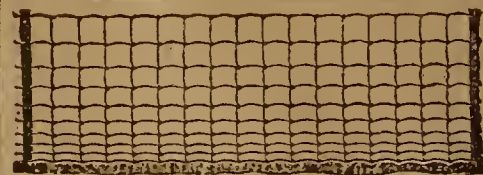
These Pills are manufactured by the Dr.

Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk.

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Yours,  
J. H. BARTLETT.



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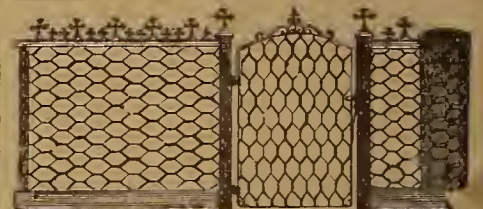
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## Our Farm.

### FATTENING HOGS.

**T**HERE is perhaps no one thing connected with farming that affords the average farmer more genuine pleasure and satisfaction than the fattening of hogs in autumn and early winter, provided it is done on sound principles. But when unskilfully done, it is not likely to result in paying prices for the feed consumed, and there is even great danger of the herd being carried off by that ever convenient scapegoat "hog-cholera."

Years of successful experience has taught the writer that there are a few simple, easily understood principles by which the feeder must be guided in order to have the best results. First and most important of these is, that the hog has an appetite beyond his powers of digestion. About the greatest folly of which a man can be guilty is to keep corn, and nothing but corn, by the fattening hogs all the time. This was the practice of our forefathers, and in speaking on this subject I am often cited to their success as an excuse for this practice. But the conditions now and then are altogether different. The hog of those times was of that extremely hardy variety commonly known as the "razor-back" or "thistle-digger." And any practice, however bad, except withholding their rations, had but little bad effect. Besides, they usually ran in the woods, where they could find an abundance of roots, acorns and other nuts, which acted as a corrector of the system and had a tendency to keep them healthy. An eminent veterinary surgeon said to me recently that the finer bred any animal, the more subject it will be to disease. With the fine-bred hog of to-day, to follow the stuffing plan for any length of time is simply courting disaster. Every careful observer has noticed that cholera, or swine-plague, does its most destructive work in herds that are fed on this plan. Many cases of so-called cholera that have come under my own personal observation I am satisfied were nothing but a species of indigestion, brought on by injudicious feeding. I believe that if hogs were fed a mixed ration of protein foods, and never given more than they would eat up clean before leaving it, and every other arrangement possible made for their health and comfort, hog-cholera would lose nearly if not quite all its terrors.

During the fattening process, any changes should be from bulky to more concentrated food. If hogs have had the run of a pasture during the summer, and this they should always have, they should never be changed from this to a diet of corn alone abruptly, but should be fed partly on more bulky food, for a time at least. Nothing better can be done, they may be fed corn, stalk and all, and indeed this always starts them along nicely. It is better, however, to have a good supply of pumpkins, as they are excellent to feed in connection with corn. At first they do not seem to relish them, and will pay but little attention to them, but by giving them a few fresh ones every day, they soon learn to like them, and each hog will eat a good-sized pumpkin every day.

For the last few weeks of the ripening process, hogs may be fed on corn alone, but they should be brought up to this very gradually, and even then they should never have at any one time more than they will eat up perfectly clean before leaving it. At best, the hog when fed on corn alone is always more or less feverish, and should be supplied at all times with clean, fresh water, of which he will always drink freely. Even when slopped, in connection with other feed, the pure water should never be omitted.

Aside from the feeding, the surroundings and comfort of the animal are of no mean importance. Whatever the number fed, they should have sufficient space to afford them comfort, cleanliness and a moderate degree of exercise, while any pen is too small that compels them to be filthy and uncomfortable. No animal will do any good or make a satisfactory gain on any kind or quantity of food that is not comfortable. The sleeping-place must be clean, dry and warm, if pay for feed consumed is expected.

For many years I have made a practice of keeping my hogs well supplied with charcoal. This is said to correct acidity of the stomach and keep the whole digestive apparatus in a healthy condition. Be this as it may, I know from experience that

nothing pays better. The best way I have found to do this is to take advantage of a dry day and make a large heap of the corn-cobs, set them on fire, and when they are thoroughly charred sprinkle them with water until all the fire is quenched, then allow the hogs to eat all they will. The amount of this cob charcoal that a bunch of hogs will consume is almost incredible. You will find that the cobs from all the corn fed, even when carefully saved, will scarcely be sufficient to supply them.

If hogs are kept and fed as above indicated, my experience is that they will keep in perfect health without the use of drugs, as sulphur, copperas, etc. Of the hundreds of hogs I have raised, fattened and sold, I have never lost but two from disease, while at times they have died by hundreds all around me of cholera. I do not pretend to say that the best of treatment will always exempt a herd from this dreaded disease, but so far I have been thus fortunate. I do claim that if farmers would feed less corn and more bran, middlings, oil-meal, grass, pumpkins, etc., and look carefully to the general health and comfort of their hogs, they would have but little to fear from this or other diseases.

Auglaize county, Ohio.

J. AL DOBIE.

### GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.



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The following remarkable statement to which we direct special attention, is from a Tenn. farmer.

My age is 63. I suffered intensely from catarrh 10 yrs., dry scabs formed in nostrils, one or both sides stopped up continually, dryness and soreness of throat, hoarseness, intense headache, took cold easily, and had continual roaring, cracking, buzzing and singing in my ears. My hearing began to fail, and for three years I was almost entirely deaf, and continually grew worse. Everything I had tried, failed. In despair I commenced to use the Aerial Medication in 1888, and the effect of the first application was simply wonderful. In less than five minutes my hearing was fully restored, and has been perfect ever since, and in a few months was entirely cured of catarrh.

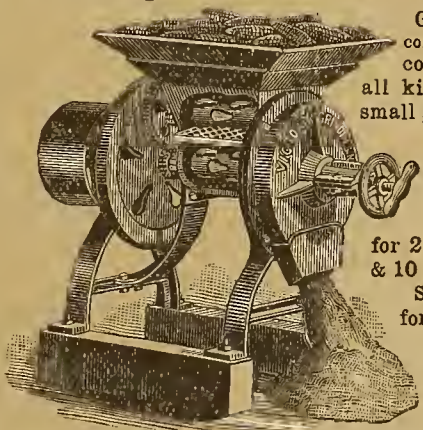
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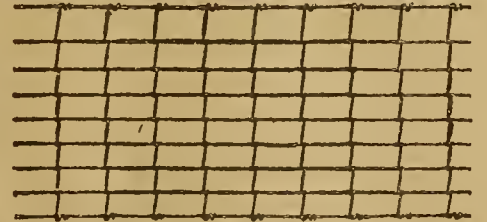
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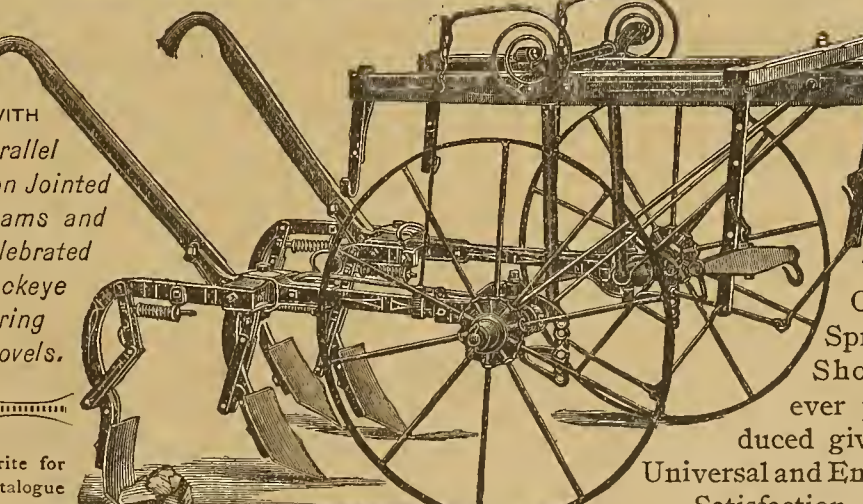
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PUNISHED.



## Farm Cleanings.

## MAINE SWEET-CORN NOTES.

"FODDER HOLDS THE BALANCE OF POWER."

**G**REAT are the possibilities of sweet corn, yet the best farmers, in good seasons, do not always "get there." This seductive crop, because at its best it yields wonderfully, is largely grown for the canners in the valley of the Kennebec, north of Augusta, Maine, and in the pond region west of it. It has been a cash crop in this region since the Portland Packing Co. began to control the output, though not many years ago its value was as uncertain as that of wild-cat currency, for the packers had a way of "failing up" at the end of the season, and this was repeated a good many times. Now, whatever his corn "figures up," the farmer gets and gets it as soon as the brief packing season is over.

No crop better illustrates the great difference in methods and also in seasons than this. One man told me, in strict confidence, that he had never been able to get more than twenty dollars per acre from his corn. He had tried repeatedly, had grown it finely for the table and in small patches, but when he made it a field crop he failed miserably. He was a good deal of a "book farmer," and his neighbors easily accounted, they thought, for his poor luck.

"How is your corn crop, Mr. Drummond?" I said to one of the largest growers for the Vassalboro factory.

"Good, for a poor year," he answered. "I have eight acres, and get about three hundred and fifty dollars from it. I have just had my returns. It has averaged me about this for several years."

"Have you any special method of managing this crop, Mr. Drummond?"

"No," he replied. "My ground is rich, as I put on it last year thirty two-horse loads of manure, such as was made on the farm, and I bought some. I took off one crop. This spring I put in the hill at planting, six hundred or seven hundred pounds of Bradley's superphosphate, except on a small part of the field which I thought richer than the rest; there I got but half a crop. I plant the small variety."

We plant here, I may say, the "small" and the "medium," the former growing only two and one half feet high, and the ears are close to the ground. They are large and well filled, however, to the end of the cobs.

"I plant mine in rows," said he, "three feet apart, eighteen inches in the row. I get it in from May 25th to early in June. The ground must be just right for it to come well."

"What do you with your fodder?"

"As soon as I have done picking I cut and haul it to the barn. I consider it worth per acre as much as timothy hay; in fact, my experience has been that the fodder alone produces more and richer cream than the best of hay and a liberal feed of grain. My corn brings me two cents per pound. I grew it cheaply this year, having hand-hoed it but once, though we pulled the weeds in it after haying."

Another farmer in the same town, who has raised corn ten or fifteen years, said his crop was poor. His returns had not come in, but the last time he grew it he had received \$44 per acre. One year when he grew the "medium" he took \$90 worth from an acre, but though he had given it the same care and put on, as usual, thirty-two loads of manure to the acre, and two hundred to three hundred pounds of phosphate in the hill, he had never since been able to get much over \$44 per acre.

Probably the best all-round farmer in my own town said his crop was poor; he had never been able to get an average of more than \$35 per acre from it.

In this business, the fodder "holds the balance of power." It keeps many farmers in the business. They have dairies, and while hauling their corn, feed the cows the cobs fresh from the cutters, and they now get the richest milk made more cheaply than in any other part of the year.

Sweet corn, as raised here, is found to be much like a flock of turkeys in their extreme youth—tender, weak and easily discouraged. It often fails to "come," or comes very irregularly. Like the doubtful Christian of whom the appreciative brother remarked that in good times Seth always appeared to have a "strong hold" on grace, but he "never seemed to have much laid up for a contrary spell," so this crop only appears to do its best when man and nature combine to provide for it a "soft job" by giving it clean cultivation, warm and mellow ground and burning skies.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A fruit farm, for lease or sale, that will pay ten times as much as grain crops. W. W. GILES, Norfolk, Va.

## THE OLD-FASHIONED SHEEP.

Though such a sheep would not pass muster or take a premium at a state fair, it was the finest type of strength, vigor and endurance that could be imagined of the ovine race. It was the sheep for the times and purposes. The wool was not very fine nor uniform. The fleece was used for clothing the family—home-made jeans, linsey-woolsey, flannels, blankets and knitting yarn. Ah, such warm, strong, lasting clothes as we had in those plain, homespun, all-wool days. The constitutional vigor of those sheep—they had no foot-rot, scab or any such diseases. It was not every dog in those days that could outrun one, and if he could, ten chances to one he could not hold it. Those sheep were built on the race-horse plan. Those that could run home for protection before the dog caught it, was the best standard of a sheep. Talk about Oxfords and Leicesters. They would have been a flat failure in those days. They would not have lived a month, winter or summer; they could not outrun a frolicsome colt, nor escape the horns of a frisky steer. They are not built that way.

The old-fashioned sheep was noted for courage and aggressiveness. They would not take any foolishness from a boy, or a man, either. They would fight at the drop of a hat, and drop it themselves. A boy would "sass" an old ram once in an open field, but never repeat it unless there was a fence close by and he was dead sure he could reach it before the ram reached him.

The dear old-fashioned sheep was an indispensable adjunct to the possible civilization of its day; it was a trifling factor of the rude agriculture of the times, save in the matter of compelling the building of good fences, since it could jump a fence that a mule would not attempt. The sheep of to-day are kept separate from colts and cows, to save their lives and limbs. It was not so with the old-fashioned sheep; the rams were considered to be dangerous among other kinds of stock.

R. M. BELL.

## FRUIT-TREE PLANTING IN OKLAHOMA.

Fruit raising is likely to be profitable here, but the business is yet in its infancy. In the older portion of our territory there have been enough results to show success. In this newer part we have had but one year's experience, and I give some suggestions.

Fall or winter planting is likely to be best. In some sections where I have lived I practiced spring planting altogether. I commenced planting here in January and continued until May; and I advise the earliest date, and shall commence this year as soon as there are fall and winter rains.

There is thus time for the soil to get thoroughly settled before the probable dry weather of spring or summer, and if the winter is warm there will be some growth of roots.

All kinds of standard fruits are likely to do well, especially peaches and plums. Plant those that have been known to succeed in adjacent territory. The new settler cannot afford to experiment. Of small fruits plant sparingly of strawberries and blackberries. They are not likely to do well in our long dry and windy spells. Raspberries will be ripe in advance of these, and grapes are almost certain to do well, and should be planted largely.

Select in both standard and small fruits those kinds that make strong growth and have heavy foliage. These can stand the dry weather much the best. You can notice in all our crops that it is those with thick foliage like our kafir-corns that succeed so well here. Get mulching around your trees this winter, so it will retain moisture where needed. A little soil thrown over it will keep it from being blown away by the wind. J. M. RICE.

## COWS GOING DRY TOO LONG.

The time that a heifer is allowed to go dry after her first calf is dropped, affects her habit in this respect all her life. It is not necessary for a good cow properly cared for to go dry longer than from three to four weeks. The very best cows can hardly be dried off, the inbred tendency to milk production having been developed so strongly.

## You Dye in 30 minutes

Turkey red on cotton that won't freeze, boil or wash out. No other will do it. Package to color 2 lbs., by mail, 10 cts.; 6, any color—for wool or cotton, 40c. Big pay Agents. Write quick. Mention this paper. FRENCH DYE CO., Vassar, Mich.

**SPRINGSTEEN.** Celebrated for coloring and controlling ALL HORSES. Guaranteed Jap. 75 cts.; 2c. Plate \$1. Nickel, \$1.50 each, mailed.

Write for Circulars. F. W. FLOYD, Detroit, Mich. EVERY 10TH PURCHASE FREE.



## Fourteen-Hour Wives of Eight-Hour Men, need GOLD DUST Washing Powder

To enable them to get through work as early as their husbands.

**GOLD DUST** saves time, strength, patience and money.

Made only by  
**N. K. Fairbank & Co.,**  
CHICAGO,  
St. Louis,  
New York,  
Philadelphia,  
Boston,  
Montreal.

26 Stylish Visiting Cards, heavy quality, name and address neatly engraved 10c., 6 packs 50c. Agents sample outfit, 2c. ENGRAVING CO., Northford, Conn.

**DETECTIVE** We want a man in every locality to act as private Detective under instructions. Experience unnecessary. Send stamp for particulars. NATIONAL DETECTIVE BUREAU, Indianapolis, Ind.

**AGENTS!** I send samples of this Chopping Knife, FREE, yes free, postpaid, also other newfangled articles just out. Immediate sellers. Big pay. Write at once, a postal will do. The Rundell Mfg. Co., New York, N.Y., or Joliet, Ill.

**ARE YOU HARD OF HEARING OR DEAF** Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing, by one who was deaf for 30 years. Address JOHN GARMORE, Hammond Bldg. 4th & Vine, Cincinnati, O.

**\$25 A WEEK** We want a man or woman to represent us. No experience or capital required. References must be given. Work new. No competition. Pay guaranteed. WHEELER PUB. CO., Concord, N. H.

To introduce our GOODS we send either of these \$2.00 **SOLID GOLD** Rings, NOT rolled gold or gold plated, but clear through for \$1. Money refunded if not as represented. Address GLOBE NOVELTY CO., Box 1822, Boston, Mass.

**FOUNTAIN PEN, 10c.** A splendid writing instrument. Hard Rubber Holder, patent continuous feed, durable gold pen, perfect finish, writes 10 pages at one filling. To advertise our line of 100 necessary articles we send sample pen with large catalogue post-paid for 10c., 3 for 25c. BIG BARGAIN VALUE! Catalogue free. R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 Cortland St., N. Y. City.

**HANDY COBBLER COMPLETE SHOE and Harness Kit** for home use. Great time and money saver. Articles separate cost \$6. Price 24 articles, boxed, 20 lbs., \$3. No. 2 without extra harness tools, 22 articles, 17 lbs., \$2. Catalogue free. Agents wanted. In order give R. R. or Exp. station and name this paper. KUHN & CO., Moline, Ill.

**YOU CAN BECOME A WATCHMAKER** And establish yourself in a paying business, by securing our set of tools and instruction book. All first-class Jeweler's tools, which cost, at wholesale \$6.50. Book tells you how to use them—makes success easy. Book and Tools \$4.75. (See picture). Sent by express on receipt of price \$4.75 or C. O. D. where \$1.00 accompanies the order. Send for price lists. **HOFFMAN SUPPLY CO.,** Wholesale Dealers in WATCHMAKERS' TOOLS AND SUPPLIES, 50 Bay St., Springfield, Ohio.

**Our Prize Tabby Cat.** This lovely Maltese Beauty is the handsomest cat ever seen. These cats can be studied by any child and will last for years. The true Maltese color is reproduced, and the hair, eyes, paws, and all are as natural as life. Dogs will bark at them, live cats will bristle up. We will send one cat and Cheerful Moments three months for only 15 cents. Two cats and paper one year 30 cents. **CHEERFUL MOMENTS PUB. CO.,** 79 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

**14 KARAT GOLD PLATE** CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination. A Guarantee For 5 Years and chain & charm sent with it. You examine it and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price, \$2.50, and it is yours. It is beautifully engraved and warranted the best time-keeper in the world for the money and equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold Watch. Write today, this offer will not appear again. **THE NATIONAL MFG. CO.,** 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**Scroll Sawyer.** On receipt of 15 cents I will send, postpaid, the pattern of this THREE-SHELF BRACKET, size 13x21, over 300 beautiful MINIATURE DESIGNS, for Scroll-Sawing, and my 40-page Illustrated Catalogue of Scroll Saws, Lathes, Fancy Woods, Small Locks, Fancy Hinges, Catches, Clock Movements, etc., or send 6 cents for Catalogue and Miniature Designs. A. H. POMEROY, Division 8, 98 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

**MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.** \$12 Buys a \$65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments and all the accessories. FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 3 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. Mention paper. OXFORD MFG. CO., Dept. 24, CHICAGO, ILL.

**18K GOLD PLATED HILL HE PAYS THE EXPRESS** ONE FREE if you order Five. Cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you this beautiful 18k Gold plated watch by express, subject to full examination, and if you do not find it equal to any watch retailed at 4 times the price we ask, you need not pay one cent, otherwise pay the express agent \$3.87 and the watch is yours. The movement is a jeweled quick train, with oil-tempered pinion and hair Spring, which is durable and accurate. Timekeeper. The case is made of Coin Nickel hand engraved (cut shows back of case) over which is placed 2 plates 18k Gold. Fully warranted. In carrying this watch you have the credit of owning a **SOLID GOLD WATCH.** **W. HILL & CO.,** Wholesale Jewelers, 207 State St. Chicago Ill.

**A Wonderful Jointed Doll FREE!** EVERY one knows it costs from 25c. to a dollar to buy a cloth body at the store, without even a head, to say nothing of the expense of a nice indestructible doll. Every child delights to have from one to twenty different kinds of dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-priced, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of unusual positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cut, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and being jointed, can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more life like than anything ever gotten out before. Best of all, they are sold cheap, as you can fill with bran, sawdust, or cotton, and easily sew them up. As they are not on sale at the stores yet, we will mail one, all charges paid, if you send 12c. now for a 3 month's subscription to "COMFORT," the PRIZE STORY MAGAZINE, with the largest circulation of any monthly in the world; or send 15c., and we will send a cute little Pug Dog pup. Over a million of the articles will be sold the next few months, and we give you the chance to get samples early and make money taking orders. Two 15c. lots for 25c., 5 for 50c. Order a dozen Dolls and 4 Pugs for one dollar. Just the thing for church fairs and the like. **SPECIAL. DRESSED BOY DOLL** (16 inches tall) made in same manner, not jointed, but with fancy suit of clothes to watch, consisting of a pretty cutaway coat, fancy shirt blouse waist and a fine pair of pants, so you can dress and undress. It is a wonderful bargain and just what a Boy and Girl, Girl and Pug, all for 25c. Sent assorted with Girls in dozen lots, \$1.00 as above. Splendid to sell for Christmas presents. Easily retails for 50c., when shipped. Address, "Comfort," Box 231, Augusta, Maine.



# Our Miscellany.

"He is constant in his attentions and seems a perfect gentleman, but I detest him."  
"And yet he is a man after your own heart."  
"Hilo" cures catarrh, bronchitis and consumption by steam inhalation. Send for free trial bottle. Gilbert & Conkley, 22-"B" La Salle Block, Chicago.

BREVER farmers with glib tongues and soft hands are not always safe guides.

WHEN a farmer thinks he is independent of others, he is fooling himself in regard to his own ignorance.

Have you seen the Curry Comb advertised in this paper by the Spring Curry Comb Co., South Bend, Ind.? If not, you are behind the times. It is one of the most unique inventions of the age. Write for particulars and mention this paper.

WE owe the hat to Asia, for it was in that country that the art of felting wool was first known, and from the most remote periods the art was carried on by the Orientals. In India, China, Burma and Siam hats are made of straw, of rattan, of bamboo, of plth, of the leaf of the Talipot palm and of a large variety of grasses. The Japanese made their hats of paper.

AVOID ALL RISK with a Stubborn Cough by using at once Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a sure remedy for all Coughs and Colds and well calculated to exert a beneficial influence on the Lungs and Throat.

DASHAWAY—"I spent two hundred dollars at the world's fair."

Cleverton—"Does that include the ten dollars that I lent you?"

Dashaway—"Great Scott, old man, I should say so! Why, it includes the five dollars more that I was just going to ask you for."—N. Y. Truth.

The Household Repairing Outfit is something every farmer should have. In fact, it should find a place in every family. Address Jno. H. Grant, 312 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for Catalogue.

A LITTLE Buffalo girl visiting in the country was stung by a bee. She didn't seem to mind the pain so very much, but as her disposition was sensitive she ran sobbing to her mother with the statement: "I don't see what he did it for, 'cause I hadn't done a thing to him."—Buffalo Courier.

## OFFICIALLY ENDORSED.

A special free offer to send goods is made in another column. The articles in question are called Oxien and Oxien Plasters, and are the discovery and sole property of the Giant Oxie Company, of Augusta, Maine, and we are pleased to note men of prominence of that city, including the mayor, postmaster, city physician, bank officials and heads of the municipal government have publicly endorsed them.

## A MATTER OF TASTE.

"I say," inquired the ladybug, "why don't you dress in the prevailing colors?"  
"Bah!" answered the potato-bug; "lavender doesn't go with my complexion, and these Paris greens simply make me sick."

## GOOD NEWS FOR SUFFERERS—CATARRH AND CONSUMPTION CURED.

Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.

She knitted him some silk wristbands  
For Christmas. They were lovers,  
But now they do not speak. He thought  
They were umbrella covers.

## CANCER AND ITS CURE.

Drs. McLeish & Weber, 123 John St., Cincinnati, O., have made the treatment of Cancer a specialty for twenty years. Their success is set forth in a "Treatise" mailed free to anyone.

## REASONABLE.

"So you didn't marry him?"  
"No; I wouldn't marry any man who wouldn't propose first."—Truth.

## Rheumatism and Neuralgia Cured.

Send this slip with a 2-cent stamp to W. H. Hill & Co., Detroit, Mich., and they will send you a sample bottle of AR-THRO-PHON-IA, Hill's Rheumatic Specific, free.

They were speaking of superstitions, and Mrs. Dix said: "What is it a sign of to have the family cat howl outside at night?" "Of a death in the family, if the man is a good shot," replied Mr. Dix, emphatically.

For safety in driving use a Springsteen Bit. 75 cents mailed. F. W. FLOYD, Detroit, Mich.

AMUSING ARITHMETIC, Lightning method and mysterious addition by mail, 30 cents. HEEF PUB. CO., Canton, O.

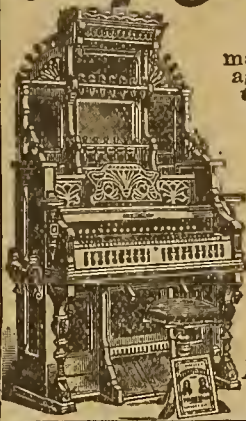
**ROMEO** WANTED—Agents to handle a fast selling mechanical device. Good profits. Circulars free. EDWARD J. SMITH, ROMEO, MICHIGAN.

**DISCOVERED AT LAST** An instrument for the discovery of hidden treasures. Gold and Silver. Address enclosing \$5.00, The Electric and Magnetic Co., Lock-box No. 531, Ft. Worth, Tex.

**GOLD-SILVER-NICKEL PLATING** A trade easily learned; costs little to start. I will furnish outfits and give work in part payment. Circulars free. F. LOWEY, 191 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**The Rocker Washer** is warranted to wash 100 PIECES IN ONE HOUR, as clean as can be washed on the washboard. Write for prices and description. **ROCKER WASHER CO.** Liberal inducements to live agents. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

# \$27.50 BUYS A Good Organ.



This is one of the grandest and most liberal offers ever made. You could not buy the same instrument from an agent or a dealer at twice the price. We sell at manufacturer's price—direct from the factory to the home. We can sell lower than any other manufacturer, because we do the largest direct business in the world. You can save from \$50 to \$200 by buying from us. There is an actual purchaser of a Cornish instrument in every county in the U. S. Write at once for our new Catalogue—FREE to any address. It contains beautiful colored illustrations, accurate descriptions and lowest prices of the latest and finest styles of Organs and Pianos. It will save you many times its weight in gold.

Organs from \$27.50 up. Pianos from \$175 up.  
**FOR CASH, OR ON EASY CREDIT.**

All Instruments shipped on trial. No satisfaction no pay. References—Any Bank or Commercial Agency in the U.S.  
**CORNISH & CO., (Etab. 27 Years.) WASHINGTON, N. J.**



## BRAVE FELLOW.

She:—"Oh, Charlie, here comes a bull! What shall I do?"  
He:—"I will save you. Stay here while I run for help."

## VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE

800 Acres. Land lays well. Well watered. Large amount of hard wood timber; near railroad. Dwelling and outbuildings. Price only five thousand dollars. Good title. Write for free Catalogue.  
**R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.**  
Mention this paper.

**PRINTING OUTFIT 15¢**  
COMPLETE, 4 alphabets rubber type, type holder, bottle ink, ink pad and tweezers. Put up in neat box with directions for use. Satisfaction guaranteed. Worth 50¢. Best Linen Marker, Card Printer, etc. Sets names in 1 minute. Prints 500 cards an hour. Sent postpaid 15¢; for 25¢, Cat. free. R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 65 Cortlandt St. N. Y. City.

## THOMPSON'S GRASS SEEDER

SOWS CLOVER, TIMOTHY, ALFALFA, RED TOP, FLAX, and all kinds of GRASS SEEDS. Sows any quantity—evently, accurately. 20 to 40 ACRES PER DAY. in wet, dry and windy weather. Weight 40 lbs. Send for circulars. **O. E. THOMPSON & SONS** YPSILANTI, MICH. No. 12, River St. Mention this paper.

# DON'T TOBACCO SPIT AND SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY!

IS THE TRUTHFUL, STARTLING TITLE OF A LITTLE BOOK THAT TELLS ALL ABOUT NO-TO-BAC.

The ONLY GUARANTEED, HARMLESS, ECONOMICAL CURE for the Tobacco Habit in the world; not for the REASON it makes Tobacco TASTE BAD, but because it ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE NERVE CENTERS, DESTROYING THE NERVE-CRAVING DESIRE, preparing the way for DISCONTINUANCE WITHOUT INCONVENIENCE. **NO-TO-BAC** stimulates, builds up and improves the entire nervous system. Many report a gain of TEN POUNDS in as many days. Get book at your drug store or write for it—today. **DRUGGISTS GENERALLY SELL NO-TO-BAC.** If YOU are a tobacco user take time to read the following **TRUTHFUL TESTIMONIALS**, a few of many thousands from NO-TO-BAC users, printed to show how NO-TO-BAC works. **THEY ARE THE TRUTH, PURE AND SIMPLE.** We know this, and back them by a reward of \$5,000.00 to anyone who can prove the testimonials false, and that we have knowingly printed testimonials that do not, so far as we know, represent the honest opinion of the writers. You don't have to buy NO-TO-BAC on testimonial endorsement. **NO-TO-BAC** is positively guaranteed to cure or money refunded. We give good agents exclusive territory and liberal terms. Many agents make \$10 a day.

## CURED THREE YEARS AGO—USED LESS THAN A BOX OF NO-TO-BAC.

MT. CARMEL, ILL., Oct. 10, 1892.—Gentlemen: I purchased one box of your No-To-Bac three years ago. Took about three-quarters of the box, which completely destroyed my appetite for tobacco. I had used tobacco since 9 years of age. I had tried to quit of my own accord and found it impossible, but now I am completely cured and do not have the least craving for tobacco. I hope others will use your treatment.  
**BOLLO G. BLOOD.**

## USED EVERY SUBSTITUTE AND ANTIDOTE, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS—NO-TO-BAC MAKES A COMPLETE CURE, AND HE GAINS TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS.

KUTAWA, KY., Nov. 22, 1892.—Gentlemen: I used tobacco for fifteen years, and with all the will power I possessed, I could not quit. I used every substitute and antidote I could find, but without success. I had despaired of ever getting rid of the damaging tobacco habit, and seeing your advertisement was persuaded by friends to try once more. I sent for one box, and began the use of it at once and experienced benefit. I ordered two more boxes, and I am happy to say, was cured of the awful habit. It has been nearly a year since I was cured, and I have no desire whatever for the weed. I have gained steadily in flesh. My weight when I began the treatment was 135 pounds, and I now weigh 160 pounds. I feel much better in every way, and get up in the morning without a bad taste in my mouth. My digestion also is much improved. To any one wanting to rid themselves of the tobacco habit permanently, use No-To-Bac, for it is a successful and wonderful remedy.  
Yours truly and gratefully,  
**W. E. PEAY.**

USE **NO-TO-BAC** GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE SMOKING—CHEWING SNUFF & CIGARETTE HABITS.

## CURED HIMSELF, HIS FATHER, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

NASSAU, IOWA, Nov. 21, 1892.—Gentlemen: I am glad to say that since I commenced the use of No-To-Bac, which was the 5th of July, 1892, I have never used tobacco in any form and consider myself completely cured. I can also say that my father, now about 65 years of age, after using tobacco for forty-five years, was cured by the use of three boxes. I also induced my brother-in-law and neighbors to try No-To-Bac, and they were cured.  
**F. O. PRICE.**

## CHEWED TOBACCO FOR FIFTY YEARS—AFTER SPENDING \$1,000 FOR TOBACCO NO-TO-BAC CURED HIM.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Nov. 22, 1892.—Gentlemen: On the 16th day of May, 1832, I commenced the use of No-To-Bac, and cast tobacco out of my mouth and have not tasted the weed since and have no desire for it. I would advise all who want to stop using tobacco to give No-To-Bac a trial. I used it for fifty years and spent \$1,000 for tobacco. No-To-Bac has made a complete cure.  
**GEO. W. WASKEY.**

## "CIGARETTE FIEND FOUR YEARS."

FARMER CITY, ILL., June 18, 1892.—Dear Sirs: I have just finished the use of one box of No-To-Bac and I am happy to say that I am cured from all desire for tobacco. For four years I have used cigarettes almost constantly, as well as tobacco in all of its forms; but to-day I have no desire for tobacco whatever. Do not even remember what it tastes like. I feel deeply grateful to you and your remedy for my present condition, and be assured that I will speak a good word for you among my afflicted friends.  
**B. B. BATES.**

## OUR GUARANTEE,

### PUBLISHERS:

We, the publishers of this paper, know the S. R. Co. to be reliable and will do as they agree. This we GUARANTEE.

**IS PLAIN AND TO THE POINT.** Three boxes of NO-TO-BAC, 30 days' treatment, costing \$2.50, or a little less than 10c a day, used according to simple directions, is guaranteed to cure the tobacco habit in any form, **SMOKING, CHEWING, SNUFF and CIGARETTE HABIT**, or money refunded by us to dissatisfied purchaser. We don't claim to cure EVERYONE, but the percentage of cures is so large that we can better afford to have the good will of the occasional failure than his money. We have faith in NO-TO-BAC, and if you try it you will find that NO-TO-BAC is to you **WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.**

## READ THIS

Where to Buy and How to Order **NO-TO-BAC.**

WILL be MADE GOOD and YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED. **THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,** INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, IND. Chicago Office: 45 and 47 Randolph St. Box 26



## Smiles.

## AS IT SHOULD BE.

Maud Muller on a summer morn  
Jerked the suckers from the corn,  
And walloped the striped bugs that flew  
From the melon-vines in the morning dew.  
Her dress, though adjusted with patient care,  
Was, maybe, a little the worse for wear;  
But her face was as fair as the ripe, red rose,  
Though she had a few freckles upon her nose.  
Her father, an honest and kind old jay,  
Was out in the meadow making hay,  
And trying to lift with his brawny arm,  
The mortgage that covered the dear old farm.  
'Twas an uphill job, and it made him swear,  
For he had ten children, and dogs to spare,  
And the crop was large, but the price was not,  
And the annual interest made him hot.

The judge rode by on his sway-backed horse,  
And saw Maud Muller and changed his course,  
He was struck with her beautiful eyes and hair,  
And fell in love with her then and there.  
He stopped and conversed of the growing crops  
And the wavering price and the bucket-shops,  
And was quite impressed with her sterling sense,  
As she with his classic eloquence.

He came each day and longer staid,  
And offered his hand to the modest maid;  
And she, in true-lover's parlance versed,  
Requested to be a sister at first,  
But afterward yielded, when he demurred,  
Submitted a brief, and her dad concurred;  
And so it was settled the twain should be  
One and the same for eternity.

The wedding day came—'twas a grand affair,  
For the cream of the country was gathered there.  
And Maud was dressed like a fairy queen,  
In the finest togs she had ever seen.  
And the judge was happy, and so was she,  
And so was the whole community.

Meantime the Muller farm seemed to be  
Fresh meat for the ravenous mortgagee,  
But the judge, in a dignified, legal way,  
Sought the creditor out and advanced the pay,  
And gave his wife's father a farm beside,  
Without the least show of judicial pride;  
And said to himself as he wrote the deed,  
'I'll not see my father-in-law in need,  
For he gave me his daughter, and she alone  
Is worth many times all the wealth I own.'

—Nebraska State Journal.

Two Thomases bold loved the same fair maid,  
And softer than silk was her hair.  
Her eyes they were bright, and her tender voice  
Sailed forth on the sweet evening air.

One suggested a battle. The other agreed  
'Gainst his rival his powers to match.  
And so, as each Tom was a feline brave,  
They very soon came to the scratch.

—Boston Budget.

## THE HUNTER.

When a hunter returns from the Platte,  
With his stories of killing down patte,  
Don't envy his luck,  
Or believe all the truck,  
For he's talking at you through his hatte.

—Omaha World Herald.

## WASTED EFFORT.

It took him hours to tie that tie,  
But when it was displayed  
Before the eyes of her he loved,  
She thought 'twas ready-made.

Tom Masson, in the Clothier and Furnisher.

Little drops of water,  
And little oysters, too,  
Will soon be joined together  
To make the church fair stew.

## NO FORETHOUGHT.

Mr. Wayback—"Some folks ain't got sense  
enough to come in when it rains. Did you  
see that long-haired chap with his arms full  
o' bundles?"

Mrs. Wayback—"No; who?"

Mr. Wayback—"Don't know; but he is down  
there at the old pond paintin' a picture o' that  
tumble-down mill. He might know that mill  
wasn't built right, or it wouldn't 'a' been al-  
lowed to go to rack and ruin. Now, I s'pose  
he'll go off and put up one just like it, and  
lose every cent he's got."—New York Weekly.

## THE KIND THAT COUNTS.

Jaxon (dejectedly)—"Is your wife a dress re-  
former, too?"  
Paxon—"You bet she is! Only to-day she  
told me she was reforming some of her old  
gowns for the girls."—Detroit Tribune.

## NOT LIKE OTHER PEARS.

"It's funny about bridal pairs. They're not  
like other pears at all."  
"Why not?"  
"They're softest when they're green."—In-  
dianapolis Journal.

## IT WOULD BE PREPOSTEROUS.

"That poor fellow was simply driven to his  
grave."  
"Well, why not? You wouldn't compel a  
dead man to walk there, would you?"—Truth.

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific  
cures. Free by mail. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

## AN ENTHUSIASTIC PASTOR.

Mrs. Frontepew—"I don't see why our pas-  
tor should be so continually urging upon the  
congregation the necessity of loving one an-  
other."

Frontepew—"Humph! Every marriage cere-  
mony he performs brings him at least \$5."—  
Buffalo Courier.

## BREAKING THE NEWS.

"Jim Skidds is a promising young man," ob-  
served Mr. Keedick.

"I'm so glad you know it, papa, for I was  
afraid to tell you," said the daughter.

"Tell me what?"

"That Mr. Skidds has promised to marry me."—Puck.

## AN INVETERATE SMOKER.

Ethel—"How did he make all his money?"

Charlie—"Smoking! He was the greatest  
smoker in America."

Ethel—"Nonsense, Charlie; you can't make  
money by smoking."

Charlie—"He did. He smoked hams."

## HAS SHE A YOUNG MAN?

Miss Keedick—"Oh, yes, I know Miss Gilder-  
sleeve very well. She's a friend of my youth."

Miss Gaskett—"And what is your youth's  
name?"—Judge.

## TOO GOOD.

He—"Is your husband a good man?"  
She—"Well, if he were as good as he thinks  
he is, heaven wouldn't be good enough for  
him."—New York Journal.

## LITTLE BITS.

Talking about the enjoyment of riches, the  
boy with fifty cents in his pocket when the  
circus comes to town can give points to the  
millionaire.—Etnura Gazette.

"Does Irvington keep a carriage since he  
married?"

"Oh, yes, I see him wheeling it 'most every  
day."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mama," said Freddy, "does sugar ever  
cure anybody of anything?"

"Why do you ask, my boy?"

"I thought I'd like to catch it."—Tit-Bits.

Agleigh—"I wonder why it is there are so  
many weddings take place in the autumn?"

Wagleigh—"Traditional custom. Adam and  
Eve were married around about the fall."—  
Vogue.

She—"We women are not asking any advan-  
tages. All we ask is to be treated as men."

He—"Certainly. I'm willing to treat right  
now. Come in and have a cigar."—Indianapolis  
Journal.

He—"Is there anything I can do to prove my  
affection so that you will not doubt it?"

She—"There is. Marry sister. She is older  
than I, and mama is determined to not let me  
marry till sister is disposed of."—Indianapolis  
Journal.

Chollie—"Are you fond of the water?"

Elsie—"Exceedingly! At the mere thought  
of sailing over the bounding waves I can  
scarcely contain myself."

Chollie—"Yes, that's the way it affects me,  
too."—Brooklyn Life.

Little Dot—"I don't see how cows can eat  
grass."

Little Dick—"I s'pose when they is young  
the mother cows keeps sayin' to their chil-  
drens, 'If you don't eat grass you sha'n't have  
any pie.'"—Good News.

Bloomfield—"Which is the most forgiving  
of all the products of nature?"

Bellefield—"Don't know. Which is it?"

"Wheat."

"Explain, please."

"It feeds the man who threshes it."—Pitts-  
bury Chronicle.

"I think Benny will make a farmer," said  
Mrs. Bloobumper to her husband.

"What makes you think that?"

"I found him picking the seeds out of some  
seed-cake I had given him, and he said he was  
going to plant them and raise all the cake he  
could eat."—Puck.

## A \$65 SEWING MACHINE FREE.

Our \$65 Alvah Sewing Machine now sold by  
us at \$8.25 to \$22.50 will be placed in your  
home to use without cost of one cent to you.  
Cut out this advertisement and send to day  
to ELY MFG CO., Dept 25 Chicago, Ill.

**PRINTING OFFICE 15c**

A large font of Type (over 44) with Figures,  
Holder, Indelible Ink, Pad, Twocents, Corkscrews,  
etc., as shown in cut, complete in neat case. Best  
Linen Marker, Card Printer, etc. Regular Price 50c.  
Sample postpaid for 15c, to introduce, with Cat-  
alogue of 1000 new articles. CAT. FREE.  
INGERSOLL & Bro, 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City

**Pinless Clothes Line**

WANTED—Salesmen to whom we will give EXCLUSIVE  
TERRITORY to sell our celebrated PINLESS CLOTHES LINE,  
the only line ever invented that holds clothes without  
PINS—a wonderful success; our famous FOUNTAIN INK  
ERASER which will erase ink instantly, and has no equal.  
The success of our salesmen shows the great demand for  
these articles, many making \$20 to \$50 per day. On re-  
ceipt of 50c. will mail sample of either or sample of both  
for \$1, with price-lists and terms. PINLESS CLOTHES  
LINE CO., No. 168 Hermon Street, Worcester, Mass.

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**AGENTS** Make big money. Catalogue quick selling household  
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**WONDERFUL!** Send 10 cents to FRANK HARRISON,  
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**FILL YOUR OWN TEETH** with CRYSTALLINE. Stops pain and de-  
cay. Lasts a lifetime. Circular free  
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**\$5.00** per thousand paid for distributing circulars. Good new  
wanted in your county. We pay cash. Give references. Enclose  
stamp. Finest Distributing Association, Chicago, Ill.

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**AGENTS** wanted in every town. Something  
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Sherman & Butler, 26 W. Lake St. Chicago

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H. J. WEIDMAN, 128 Park Row, New York

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**BOYS AND GIRLS** who wish to make money  
when out of school; send  
name and we will tell you how. No money want-  
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**LADY WANTED** at home, to assist us preparing ad-  
dresses, also other writing and easy  
office work. \$25 to \$30 per week entire  
year. If convenient enclose stamp.  
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**AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY**  
or COMMISSION, to handle the New Patent  
Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents mak-  
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Chicago Rotary Biscuit & Cake  
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Samples of round and square mailed for 25 cts.  
Sidway Mfg. Co., 32-40 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

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I have made  
\$25 a week  
at home. Instructions FREE to lady readers. Send stamp.  
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**FREE TO EVERY AGENT!**  
A wonderful Wire Puzzle sent absolutely free; also  
catalog of finest agents goods ever offered. Write quick.  
Ladies goods also. V. Cassgreen Mfg Co., Chicago, Ill.

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and profitable  
send us your ad-  
dress immediately. We teach men and women how  
to earn from \$5.00 per day to \$3.000 per  
year without having had previous experience, and  
furnish the employment at which they can make  
that amount. Capital unnecessary; a trial will cost  
you nothing. Write to-day. Mention this paper.  
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**\$3 a Day Sure.** Send us your  
address and we  
will show you  
how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; we  
furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality  
where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the  
business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for  
every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.  
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Detroit, Mich.

**Will \$500 Help You Out?** If so, you  
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offer you the Sole Agency for an article that is  
Wanted in Every Home and Indispensable  
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SIGHT. Other articles sell rapidly at Double  
the Price, though not answering the purpose  
half so well. You can make from \$500 to \$700  
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bring A Steady, Liberal Income, if properly at-  
tended to. Ladies do as well as men, in town or coun-  
try. Don't Miss this Chance. Write at once to  
J. W. JONES, Manager, Springfield, Ohio.  
Mention this paper when you write.

**AGENTS COIN**  
Money Selling Beveridge's Au-  
tomatic Cooker. Latest and  
best cooking utensil ever invent-  
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One sample Cooker free to  
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or a successful baking, can al-  
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**EXCELSIOR**  
BAKING AND  
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Every part done to a turn. All  
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Just as adaptable for Bread and  
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Medium size, \$2.00. Sent pre-  
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M. F. KOENIG & CO., 121 N. 11th St., Hazleton, Pa.  
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FOR ALL. Newest and most successful plan. Light  
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Boys and Girls can work for us, either part time or  
all the time; in your own neighborhood or over your  
own and adjoining counties. Our agents are doing  
big business now, because of the novelty of the plan  
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Save Time by sending 30 cents in stamps for our Dol-  
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You can make from \$3 to \$5 a day sure, for every  
lady buys one at sight. It keeps her hands per-  
fectly clean and polishes the stove better and quick-  
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Mittens, Scarfs, etc. Agents Full  
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**NEW CARDS** Send 2c. stamp for the FINEST SAMPLE BOOK of  
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NO TRASH. Buckeye Card Co., Lacysville, Ohio.

**CARDS** Send 2c. stamp for Sample Book of all the FINEST and  
LATEST Styles in Booklet, Ledger, Hidden Name, Silk  
Fringe, Envelope, Ideal edge & Fancy Shape Calling Cards.  
SELL GENUINE CARDS, NOT TRASH. UNION CARD CO., Columbus, Ohio.

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**YOUR NAME** on 20 WORLDS FAIR CARDS  
40 VERSES, GAMES, &c. 20 Pictures  
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1 AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, 1 RING, 1 KNIFE, 1  
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450 Album Motives, &c.  
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## Selections.

### COST OF THE CHICAGO FAIR.

It is well known that the world's exposition at Chicago is the most expensive enterprise of the kind ever undertaken. The first of the great international fairs, held at the crystal palace in London, in 1851, cost only a million and a half of dollars. The first of such expositions ever given in this country, that of New York in 1853, cost but one third as much.

Seven millions was the approximate cost of the centennial exposition of 1876. The cost of the Chicago fair, so far as has yet been estimated, will reach to much more than twice this last-named sum.

World's fairs have always been a combination of government enterprise and private investment. The government of the country where the fair was held has always contributed something to the cost. Of these contributions two have been noteworthy. One was the granting to the Paris exposition, in 1889, of the right to profits in a national lottery, a dubious kind of enterprise which France has regarded as a government privilege.

The other was our own government's gift, a year ago, of five million silver half-dollars coined with special design and stamp as souvenirs.

Some of the world's fairs have brought great profit to the private investors who put their money into the exposition's stock or bonds. As a rule, however, these gains have not been large. The prospects for profit to investors in the Chicago fair are doubtful.

For several reasons the attendance at the fair, though very large, has been disappointing. It was reckoned by those who planned the enterprise that there would be an average of 200,000 paid admissions every day. The actual average has fallen far below this sum, and the gate receipts for the exposition's first three months were scarcely one half what had been counted on in the original published estimates.

In part, this was due to the slowness with which people far away from Chicago appreciated how great the achievement of of the world's fair commission really was. This is always the case with such exhibitions, and the experience is unending that the greatest rush of visitors comes in the two or three months before the fair has closed. This was notably true in Philadelphia's fair of 1876.

But the most unfortunate element in this year's small attendance has been the business distress prevailing this last summer. Many people who would ordinarily have visited the Chicago fair, have suddenly found themselves too poor to afford the outlay. Scores of banks have suspended, making it impossible for depositors to get their own money back. In some large cities, banks which have not formally suspended have been unable to give out actual currency in large amounts, and without the currency a trip to Chicago was impossible.

Fortunately, the business panic is over. Banks are resuming payment, and business earnings are improving. This will undoubtedly increase, as it is already increasing the number of visitors in the last weeks of the fair. Early in September the attendance had begun to exceed the average estimated before the exhibition was opened, and with a better knowledge of the marvelous collections of interesting articles the popular enthusiasm was arising.

The people who lent money on the world's fair bonds will probably get all their money back. The stockholders are not in so favorable a position, but perhaps they never expected to receive back the full amount. The subscribers to the stock took the ground all along that they were contributing for public purposes to a public enterprise, and its success as the greatest of all world's expositions is at least some compensation.—*Youth's Companion*.

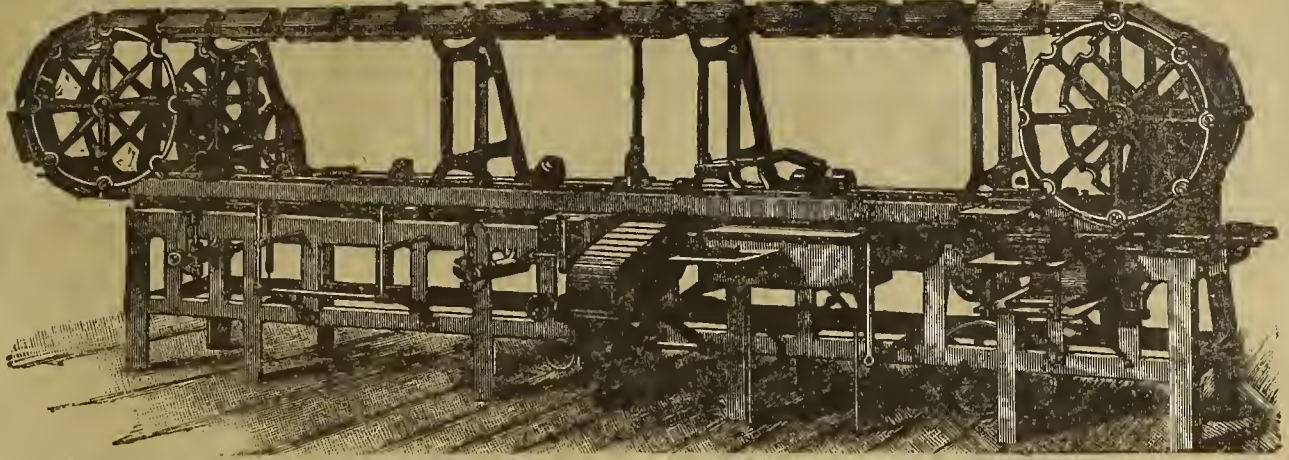
### TO CATARRH SUFFERERS.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a medicine which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending his name and address to Prof. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the means of cure free and post-paid.

Agents for this paper make big money.

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An investment that will yield from FIFTY to ONE HUNDRED per cent. per annum in CASH and DISCOUNT DIVIDENDS. An invention as marvellous as the Printing Press. The Art of Bookmaking Revolutionized. Books Made by Machinery.



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Machines now running, turning out thousands of strongly and flexibly bound hooks daily, neither sewed nor wired. Machines that will do for the literature of the ages what the perfected printing presses do for the news of the day. Standard hooks, hooks for the library and popular works so cheapened that the choicest volumes shall be within easy reach of everyone. Stockholders entitled to the additional advantage of large fixed and continuous discounts, and thus, at small expense, acquire handsome libraries of the best standard and popular authors.

# The Auto Book Concern

ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF NEW JERSEY.

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Divided into 100,000 Shares of \$10 Each, Full Paid and Non-Assessable.

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### Prospectus.

THE AUTO BOOK CONCERN has been organized. First. To acquire and control the American and European patents of the AUTO BOOK BINDER, and the AUTO BOOK TRIMMER MACHINES, that, to the book-making art, mark an advance as important as the Steam Printing Press was to the Washington Hand Press fifty years ago; and to manufacture and operate said machines, in this and in foreign countries.

Second. To acquire the most complete set of stereotype and electrotpe plates, in this country, of the standard popular authors. These are stored in fire proof vaults in the City of New York. They are perfect and cost over \$1,000,000.

Third. To manufacture with the use of these Automatic Machines, all grades of hooks, including school and music hooks, and sell the same at greatly reduced prices, to its Stockholders and the trade.

The Company will not sell or lease any of its machines within the United States, but to the European book-making craft only.

THE AUTO BOOK BINDER and the AUTO BOOK TRIMMER are run at little expense. They are marvels of simplicity. The binder, with the assistance of two girls, picks up printed sheets and covers, and converts them into solidly and flexibly bound volumes, neither sewed nor wired. These machines perfectly perform their tasks, and are henceforth as indispensable in producing hooks, as the perfected presses are to the newspapers.

It is proposed to provide families, students and school teachers with libraries at trifling expense and the best current literature at prices heretofore unknown and school books for the children of the million, neater and cheaper than ever has been done.

### Statement of Earnings.

The profits on the publication of the standard and popular works from the plates which the Company acquires have exceeded \$100,000 yearly under the old processes of manufacture, assuring to the stockholders a profit of at least 10 per cent. per annum from this source alone. With the use of the Auto Machines these profits must necessarily be largely increased.

It is impossible to estimate the returns from the ownership of the patents and the sale of the Machines in Foreign Countries, but it is a well known fact that patents covering machinery that create a revolution in any important trade have proved enormously remunerative to the original owners, and soon repay the full amount of capital invested. Additional dividends will be declared from time to time as such profits are realized.

### Stockholders' Postal Supply Bureau.

An important feature of the sale department of the Company is the STOCKHOLDERS' POSTAL SUPPLY BUREAU.

The Company acts as agent for each stockholder in the purchase of all books published, and secures for stockholders the greatest possible discount, varying from 25 to 50 per cent. Stockholders will also be supplied with catalogues containing the list of the Company's publications, with a confidential price list, giving the wholesale prices and a special additional discount, which will be given to stockholders alone. Such discounts to stockholders will amount to an immense sum on the yearly purchase of books, thus yielding large DISCOUNT DIVIDENDS, in addition to the Cash Dividends, on the investment.

The price to be paid by the Company for the American and Foreign patents of the Auto Book Binder, the Auto Book Trimmer and the stereotype and electrotpe plates of the Standard Works is \$1,000,000; \$350,000 in cash and \$650,000 in the stock of the Company; the vendors agreeing, however, to donate to the treasury of said Company \$150,000 of the stock they receive in part consideration of the conveyance of the above property.

To meet said cash payment of \$350,000 to said vendors and to supply the necessary working capital, 50,000 shares of the capital stock of this Company are now offered for public subscription at par

Applications for stock with remittances must be made to WINTHROP POND, Treasurer, THE AUTO BOOK CONCERN at the Company's office, 203 Broadway, New York.



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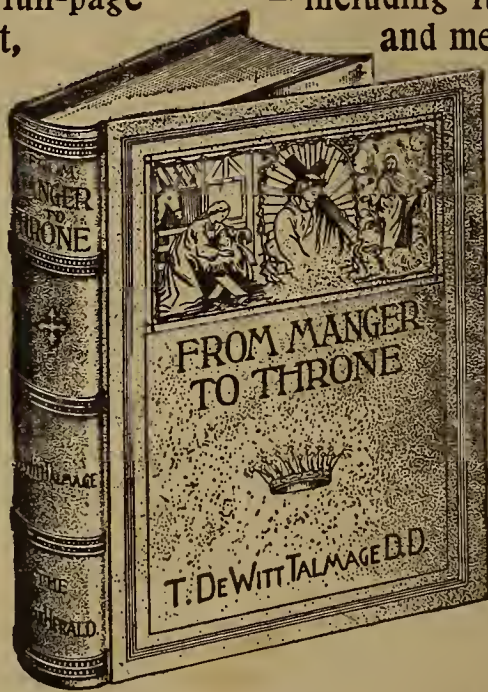
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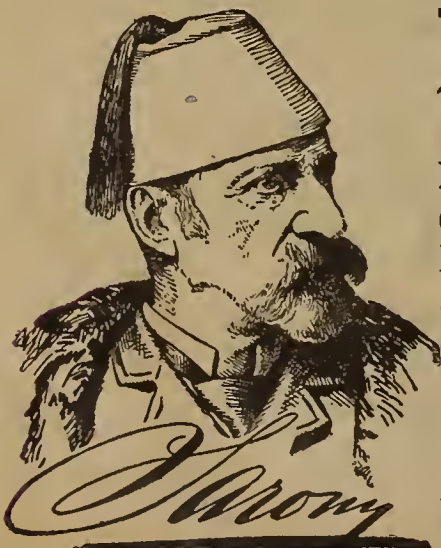
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## Topics of the Time.

### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President Cleveland's message to Congress is a very voluminous document. The main part of the message consists of an elaborate review of the department reports.

A lengthy review of our relations with foreign governments contains a brief statement about Hawaiian affairs. Having full faith in the absolute accuracy of the Blount report, the president boldly announces that the Hawaiian government was subverted by the forcible and unjustifiable interference of those representing us, and that he has sent Minister Willis to Honolulu with instructions to bring about the restoration of the former government. The method by which this is to be accomplished is not given. He promises to send a special message to Congress, with all papers relating to the subject, as soon as he receives further advice from the minister to Honolulu.

On the subject of finance, the president expresses his opinion that the repeal of the provision of the law requiring the purchase of silver bullion by the government, will prove most salutary; that it is impossible, so soon after the financial perturbation, to know what supplementary legislation, if any, is necessary, and that there should be reasonable delay in dealing with the subject. He hopes that when confidence is fully restored and hoarded money returns to trade, there will be disclosed "a safe path leading to a permanently sound currency, abundantly sufficient to meet every requirement of our increasing population and business." He advises that "we resolutely turn away from alluring and temporary expedients, determined to be content with nothing less than a lasting and comprehensive financial plan." He suggests the wisdom of giving the president general authority to invite other nations to a monetary conference whenever it appears that there is a fair prospect of securing an international agreement on the subject of coinage. He asks for amendments to the existing statutes providing for the issuance of bonds by the secretary of the treasury.

The president indorses the Wilson tariff bill as a wise and careful measure, and urges its prompt enactment into law as the most important duty before Congress. In defense of the plan upon which the bill is constructed he says: "While we should staunchly adhere to the principle that only the necessity of revenue justifies the imposition of tariff duties and other federal taxation, and that we should be limited by strict economy, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that conditions have grown up among us, which in justice and

fairness call for discriminating care in the distribution of such duties and taxation as the emergencies of our government actually demand.

He thinks that there will be sufficient revenue raised under the Wilson tariff in the near future, but in order to provide for the temporary deficiency, he says that the committee have wisely embraced in their plan a few additional internal taxes, including a small tax on incomes derived from certain corporate investments.

### THE WILSON TARIFF BILL.

The majority of the ways and means committee completed the measure known as the Wilson tariff bill, and gave it out for publication a week before the assembling of Congress.

The most prominent features of the Wilson bill are the substitution of ad valorem duties for specific duties wherever practicable, the placing of so-called raw materials on the free list, the abandonment of reciprocity and a material reduction of the duty on nearly every article remaining on the dutiable list. The reductions vary from one twentieth to more than two thirds; on two dozen articles only are the duties increased.

In the woolen schedule, no duty is left higher than forty-five per cent, and a gradual reduction is provided for so that after five years the average will be near thirty per cent. In the cotton schedule smaller reductions are made. The duty on refined sugar is reduced from one half to one fourth of a cent per pound. The bounty on domestic sugar is to be abolished by degrees. In the metal schedule large reductions are made; the duty on steel rails is reduced one half. On all agricultural products left on the dutiable list material reductions are made.

The bill transfers to the free list iron ore, copper, mica, nickel, clays for pottery, earthenware, bituminous coal, coke, lumber, salt, wool, live animals, meats, lard, milk, eggs, apples, broom-corn, cabbages, peas, flax, hemp, binding twine, cotton ties, certain chemicals and oils, paintings and statuary, agricultural implements of all kinds, and a number of other articles.

Unless there is a very large increase in importations, the Wilson bill will not produce as much revenue from duties on imports as the McKinley law does. To meet this deficiency and provide sufficient revenue for the necessary expenses of the government, it is proposed to increase the internal revenue taxes on some articles, and impose taxes on incomes of corporations or on private incomes exceeding a certain amount.

Although radical changes in the present law are proposed, the protective policy has not been entirely abandoned.

### THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION.

The present Hawaiian question is, "What is the truth?"

Nearly one year ago, immediately after the prorogation of the Hawaiian parliament, Queen Liliuokalani attempted to promulgate a new constitution. This act of the queen brought on a revolution that resulted in the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of the Provisional Government in full charge of the affairs of the Sandwich Islands. The new government was immediately recognized by Minister Stevens, from the United States, and also by the ministers from other countries. At the instance of Minister Stevens, American marines from the Boston were landed

in Honolulu to preserve order and protect property. The revolution was peaceful and successful. The Provisional Government sent commissioners to Washington to negotiate a treaty of annexation with the United States. President Harrison sent the treaty to the senate for ratification, with a message giving the facts concerning the revolution as reported to him by Minister Stevens and the Hawaiian commissioners, and recommended annexation. Immediately after his inauguration, President Cleveland withdrew this treaty from the senate and sent Mr. Blount to Honolulu as special commissioner, with "paramount authority," to investigate the circumstances attending the revolution, the establishment of the Provisional Government and the offer of annexation.

A few months ago, Commissioner Blount returned and submitted a lengthy report to the administration, in which he set forth that the queen had been dethroned and the Provisional Government set up with the active aid of Minister Stevens, supported by an armed and landed naval force of the United States. Commissioner Blount's report meeting his approval, President Cleveland appointed Mr. Willis minister to Hawaii, and sent him with full instructions to undo what had been done, as far as practicable, and restore the fallen monarch to her throne. While Mr. Willis was on his way to Honolulu, Secretary Gresham announced the policy of the administration, and a little later gave out the Blount report for publication. Hawaiian Minister Thurston and ex-Minister Stevens promptly reaffirmed their former statements, and emphatically denied the allegation in Special Commissioner Blount's report that the government of the Sandwich Islands was subverted by the unwarranted intervention of the American minister and the naval force of the United States. Who have stated the facts correctly—Mr. Blount and the royalists, or Mr. Stevens and the annexationists? What is the truth?

### THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.

Four years ago occurred one of the most remarkable events in the history of the Americas. Without the firing of a gun or the loss of a single life, the last monarchy on the continent was overthrown. A peaceful revolution deposed Dom Pedro II. and changed the empire to the United States of Brazil. A new constitution, modeled after our own, was adopted and General Da Fonseca, the military leader of Brazil and the central figure of the revolution, was elected the first president of the new republic. Two years later, in consequence of a revolution, Da Fonseca resigned, and was succeeded by Vice-president Peixoto. Since then several minor revolutions against the federal government have been quelled. But for the past four months a revolution of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the world has been going on.

Admiral Mello, of the Brazilian navy, is the leader of the rebellion against Peixoto's government. His fleet has been in the harbor of Rio Janeiro engaged in cannon warfare with the federal forts. So far the capital city has not been bombarded by his ships, probably owing to the intervention of foreign governments on account of their commercial interests. There have also been some movements on land in different parts of the republic against the federal government. At last accounts Mello had left the harbor with two vessels, running safely through the cannonading

from the federal forts that guard its entrance, with the intention either of going to another part of the country or to intercept the new warships of the Brazilian government that have recently been fitted out in this country for the purpose of destroying the rebel fleet.

As these warships have been furnished with some of the new appliances for naval warfare, such as dynamite guns and electrical torpedoes, military and naval officers are looking forward with great interest to their encounter with Mello's fleet. The practical test of some of the new inventions is of greater interest to them than the future of the Brazilian republic.

### FREE SEED DISTRIBUTION.

From a small beginning over a half century ago, free seed distribution by the department of agriculture has grown to a business of large proportions. Last year Congress appropriated \$135,400 for the purchase and free distribution of seeds, bulbs, plants and cuttings.

In 1892 the department sent out, in more than nine million packages, enough vegetable and flower seed to plant nearly ninety thousand acres of land.

Secretary Morton proposes to carry out a recommendation that has often been made, and abolish the gratuitous distribution of seed by the department of agriculture. In his annual report he says, "This enormous expenditure, without compensatory benefits, ought to be abolished. Therefore, looking to its final abolition, more than \$100,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, has been stricken from the estimate for this purpose, and the \$35,000 estimated ought to be confined strictly to the purchase of new and improved varieties, and even these ought to be distributed only through experiment stations. Thus seed will be tested and found valuable or otherwise. After the test has been completed by the experiment station, the propagation of the useful varieties and the rejection of the valueless should be left to the common sense of the people, who will have been informed as to local value and adaptability by the experiment station bulletins. An experiment is simply a test. There can be no experiment in perpetuity, and this illustrates the fallacy of purchasing and distributing, year after year, the ordinary varieties of turnip, cabbage, celery and other seeds."

### PUBLIC OPINION.

"In no country in the world," says the author of the "American Commonwealth," "is public opinion so powerful as in the United States. \* \* \* Towering over presidents and state governors, over Congress and state legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out, in the United States, as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it. \* \* \* In America opinion is not made, but grows, \* \* \* does not originate in a particular class, but grows up in the nation at large."

No less remarkable than the great power of public opinion—if, indeed, it is not the chief reason for that power—is the promptness with which it finds expression. Every event of general interest, within a few hours after its occurrence, is published in every corner of the land. Swiftly flow back from the people the rivulets of views that unite to form the great stream of public opinion.



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Silver, when sent through the mail, should be carefully wrapped in cloth or strong paper, so as not to wear a hole through the envelope and get lost. Postage stamps will be received in payment for subscriptions in sums less than one dollar, if for every 25 cents sent to us one extra cent is included. For example, send 26 cents in stamps when you want to send 25 cents cash, or 52 cents in stamps for 50 cents cash, or 78 cents in stamps for 75 cents cash.

The date on the "yellow label" shows the time to which each subscriber has paid.

When money is received the date will be changed, which will answer for a receipt.

When renewing your subscription, do not fail to say it is a renewal. If all of our subscribers will do this, a great deal of trouble will be avoided. Also, give your name and initials just as now on the yellow address label; don't change it to some other member of the family; if the paper is now coming in your wife's name, sign her name, just as it is on label, to your letter of renewal. Always name your post-office.

## The Advertisers in this Paper.

We believe that all the advertisements in this paper are from reliable firms or business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable parties; if subscribers find any of them to be otherwise we should be glad to know it. Always mention this paper when answering advertisements, as advertisers often have different things advertised in several papers.

**Forestry.** Possibly, lumber was placed on the free list for the protection and preservation of American forests.

**Now** Is the time to renew.  
Is the time to subscribe.  
Is the time to get new subscribers. Our terms are more liberal than ever before.

**Railway Strike.** The Lehigh railway strike has been settled by arbitration. During the period of the strike the company lost in gross earnings one million dollars. The strikers gained practically nothing. No less favorable time could have been chosen for the strike. Arbitration should have settled the trouble at the beginning.

**Canadian Farmers** Have good reason to be pleased with the Wilson tariff bill. There are lines in it that open the best market in the world to their surplus products. They are delighted with the prospect of free access to our markets for nearly all the agricultural products of Canada. Proximity to our great eastern markets gives them a decided advantage over western American farmers.

**Van Alen.** By declining to accept the office of ambassador of the United States to Italy, Van Alen shows his appreciation of public opinion. His munificent contribution to the campaign fund may now be properly credited on the free list. Besides, the political affairs of Italy are now in such a critical condition that the representative of our government should be one skilled in statecraft and the arts of diplomacy.

**Novelties.** Whenever a contributor describes, or even mentions incidentally, some new variety in fruits, grains or vegetables, letters come in from all parts of the country inquiring where it can be obtained. Readers seem to be on the lookout for novelties and anxious to test them. The demand for them has led to an overproduction. If selected with discretion, however, it is well to test those that seem to possess real merit. Valuable additions to the list of standard varieties are made in this way. The only way for the gardener or farmer to be sure that promising new varieties of plants or grains are adapted to his soil and climate, is to test them for himself. There is pleasure and profit in experimenting with novelties, if one's most careful judgment is used in their selection.

**The Western Horticultural Society** New York, January 24, 1894. This convention will be of great interest to fruit growers, and the attendance is expected to reach the five hundred mark. Valuable papers, reports, and discussions of practical questions by practical men make up an excellent program. The secretary of the society is Mr. John Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

**Readers of Farm and Fireside** Are asked to help in the work of enlarging its circulation. Kindly show it to your friends and neighbors and solicit their subscriptions. Liberal cash commissions will be paid for the work.

Independent, practical, pure in tone, this journal goes to the farm home to aid the farmer and add to the happiness of his family.

As an act of friendship as well as a matter of business its readers are requested to aid in extending its circulation.

**Clover.** Nine dollars a bushel seems a high price to pay for cloverseed. But even at this price it is one of the best investments a farmer can make for the purpose of improving or keeping up the fertility of his land. In a very large area of this country clover is the sheet anchor of agriculture. The present high price of the seed does not warrant the omission of clover from any good system of crop rotation. Wherever the insect enemies of common red clover are so numerous as to materially injure the crop, the other varieties of clover should be substituted for it.

**Wool on the Free List.** Wool-growers will send many letters to their representatives in Congress protesting against the proposed transfer of wool to the free list, or demanding that wools be made free as well. Protection for wool or free wools is their demand, the justice of which cannot be successfully controverted.

Nor are the western woolen manufacturers viewing the situation with calm complacency. With free wool and a declining production of wool in this country the sea-board manufacturers will have a decided advantage over them in the purchase of foreign wool.

**Seed and Nursery Catalogues** For 1894 are now ready for distribution by the millions. Our advertising columns tell you where they can be obtained for the asking. Seedsmen, florists, and nurserymen strive to excel in making their catalogues attractive, interesting and instructive. Some of them are excellent manuals on gardening, floriculture or fruit culture. Many are works of art, superbly illustrated in colors. If you have a garden, a flower-bed, a berry-patch, an orchard or a farm, send to a dozen or more of the leading seedsmen and nurserymen for their catalogues, and tell them where you saw their advertisements.

**Points from Secretary Morton's Report.** The exports of agricultural productions from the United States for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1893, reached \$615,000,000, being three fourths of all the American commodities exported. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland gets by far the largest proportion of our exports. Breadstuffs, cotton and meats form the largest part of our agricultural products.

Our agricultural imports aggregate in value \$350,000,000. These consist mainly of fibers, including wool and silk, sugar, wines, fruits, nuts and tobacco. Nearly all of such imports could and should be produced at home, thus avoiding the overproduction of certain staples for which the demand fluctuates greatly.

Experiments with sugar-beets will be continued. "The work in connection with sugar-beet production during the past year," says the secretary, "almost proves the adaptability of vast sections of this country for this branch of modern agriculture. For the first time in this country a crop of sugar-beets has been grown from domestic seed produced under the most rigid scientific culture. That crop has been highly satisfactory."

**Mortgaged Farms** Are not nearly as numerous as the calamity howlers have been claiming for several years past. The 1890 census dissipated the fashionable exaggeration by showing that less than 30 per cent of all the farms in the United States are mortgaged.

Nor is the amount of farm mortgaged indebtedness so very appalling; the total amount is less than one tenth the total value of the farms.

The average mortgage is only one third the value of the farm on which it is placed. Nor are the reasons for the existence of farm mortgages alarming. Four fifths of the total mortgage indebtedness represents purchase and improvement money.

**Reductions in Wages.** Many American manufacturers view the prospect of tariff reductions with calm indifference. They well know that they can successfully compete with the manufacturers in any other country in the world, provided the wages of their employees are lowered to the same level. They will continue producing just enough to supply the daily demands of a limited trade until Congress acts on the bill before it. Then they will adjust their business to the new law by making reductions in wages to correspond to the reductions in duties. In fact, some of them have already done so. They are absolute masters of the situation, so far as it relates to wages, because there is a great army of unemployed begging for work.

**Stable the Cows.** "Does it pay to shelter the milch cows in winter?" is well answered in a recent bulletin of the Indiana agricultural experiment station. Practical experiments gave the following results:

Cows exposed during the day to the inclemency of the winter weather ate more food than those given the shelter of a comfortable barn.

Cows thus exposed gave on an average less milk per day than those not so exposed, and much less milk as a total, during the experiment, which extended over forty-eight days in January, February and March.

The cows which were exposed to the weather during this experiment, lost in weight, while those given barn shelter gained in weight.

There was a difference of \$4.26 each in favor of shelter for cows in winter.

**Food Investigations.** The department of agriculture has begun the work of investigating the nutritive value of foods for man. It is proposed to carry on this work by such experiment stations as are already properly equipped for it. An appropriation of \$10,000 is asked for "to enable the secretary of agriculture to investigate and report upon the nutritive value of the various articles and commodities used for human food, with special suggestions of full, wholesome and edible rations, less wasteful and more economical than those in common use."

With no prospects for the immediate return of prosperity, with few opportunities for earning wages, with the anticipation of lower wages when the opportunities do become better, a great many people are now engaged in studying the problem of how to live cheaper. To get wholesome and more economical rations is a matter of serious importance to them.

## TREATMENT OF FARM-HANDS.

**W**ITHIN the last two years so much has appeared in the farm press concerning the general scarcity of hands and their incapacity, that all must realize that a serious problem confronts us. The majority of the country boys without capital, are drawn to the cities by the tempting wages offered—wages that are apparently good, but will support a family in a city little or no better than the usual farm wages do a family in the country.

THE DRIFT IS CITYWARD, and many of those who remain do so through a lack of energy. I qualify these statements because not a few intelligent, energetic boys and men are remaining as farm-hands; yet, as all of us can see, our proportion of the comparatively worthless is excessive, and therein exists the worst of our difficulty.

The farmer is the only employer who is expected to turn his home into

A BOARDING-HOUSE,

and this feature is unpleasant. Mr. Barton Hall's correspondent, "Young America," would doubtless object to such a feeling on the part of his employer, as he stipulates that if employed, he must be made one of the family, taken into the parlor circle, and be the means of destroying for the time the privacy of his employer's home. Without discussing the "rights" of the case, the fact that he demands or desires to push his way into the privacy of another's home, indicates indisputably that he would not be a pleasant addition to a cultured circle. Refined people have to be drawn into intimate relations with others, never demand them. Too many people appear unable to conceive of the true

## NATURE OF A HOME

—a place of freedom and ease, safe from all unsympathizing criticism, because all members are of one body with identical interests. The farmer, like all other men, engages in labor, or comes in contact with all manner of people during the day; but, like other men, he needs his free and uncramped home circle for rest and enjoyment after the day's cares. There is no question of superiority in this feeling; it is the natural sentiment of every true man of family that there be some hours when his wife, children and self can be at ease without the restraint that must come with an outsider, be he a boor or cultured gentleman.

## SINGLE MEN.

But single men often cannot board in their relatives' homes and work on the farm. They must be taken into the home of the farmer, and when this is the case, their treatment should depend upon their needs, although always based upon the Golden Rule. Just as an employer would not want to push his way into the privacy of others were he an employee, just so is he not to be expected to accede to the wishes of a "Young America." On the other hand, when an employee shows that he has much in common with the family of his employer, the latter is led to urge him to accept more of the privileges of the home. Any other way would make life worth less than the living, and the employer would be the one to say, "No farming for me." Then what is

## GOOD TREATMENT?

I answer that all depends upon the man, except that good board and proper courtesy is due all men. If the man enjoys reading, he should have comfortable opportunities. As we are social beings, any one should be willing to spend some time in conversation with any other man whose home is temporarily in his house. If the man be rough and rude in thought and action, he would or should feel out of his element in a parlor, and kindness should dictate that he be left to seek his own mode of enjoyment. Be the man whom he may, if he is fit for the home circle he will have that in him which would rebel against desiring to bring restraint upon another man's home circle every evening. The married man makes

## THE MOST DESIRABLE HAND,

if a tenant-house near by can be given him. He can board at home, spend his evenings with those he cares most for, and is not, like "Young America," bothered by any desire to court his employer's daughter. The only way that I can see to lighten the labor in our homes is to build tenant-houses. A plot of ground, free team for its tillage and cow pasture should be provided. If these things make him a more costly hand, the excess is easily balanced by the freedom from extra labor in the farmer's kitchen, and by the escape from restraint in the home. The best way to

## ENCOURAGE THE BOYS

to remain as farm-hands, after giving them the encouragement Mr. Hall names, is to provide homes for them if they will marry. Better cramp one's family in some other way, if necessary, and relieve them of the drudgery of three hot meals a day for workmen, seven days a week, by using a little money to build a tenant-house or two, and letting a young man start right in life. Regular work at present wages, with cow, pigs and good garden, will keep his family better than most men in cities can keep their families. If well treated he will be satisfied and grow more valuable every year. Such a one has been with me a long time, and twice have I increased his wages without the asking, because he earned more for me. He is not bothered about my family circle, for he has one far dearer to him. DAVID.



## DEVELOPMENT OF SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

Recently, while journeying by rail in the interior of this state, I happened to find myself seated next to one of the most prominent owners, and also most extensive raiser and feeder of sheep in my state. And inasmuch as he is chief owner in an extensive ranch stocked with thousands of sheep in Montana, and annually buys fifty to sixty thousand sheep and lambs in this state, which find a market at the abattoirs in the vicinity of Boston, his opinions and advice on lines of stock husbandry, and particularly on sheep husbandry, in its varied aspects at the present time, as a business in which to embark, are entitled to more than a passing thought.

After considerable conversation on stock matters in a general way, I alluded to the isolated cases where some of our farmers had followed the keeping of sheep as a regular business in the stock industry, and had apparently made the business remunerative, and finally propounded to my drover friend a few questions. First, I asked:

"In your experience as a breeder and feeder of sheep, also from your wide and extended observations among successful sheep raisers, what is the basis on which success principally rests in sheep husbandry in New England to-day?"

His reply was something like this:

"There are several important considerations to be thought of, and perhaps of about equal importance; but if one is to be named before another, it is, in my opinion, the breed. And here let me say, the same characteristics of breed would not be adapted to every locality in New England, and further distinction would be made for extensive operations on the western ranch.

"The eastern sheep raiser," he continued, "keeps smaller flocks than the western breeder. Physical conditions of soil and the climatic influences of the western country favor this. Our New England soils generally, with a climate where cattle are housed six months of the year and fed from the store of fodder secured in the summer, can make it more profitable to foster a different breed of sheep—those which are more meaty and from larger carcasses, produce nearly as much wool per head as the Merino crosses, near or remote, which we find in the West.

"No finer and handsomer fattening sheep are raised than are found in Aroostook county, this state, in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's island; in fact, these sheep are all related, as many of our Maine sheepmen get their rams and breeding ewes from the latter island. These are largely Southdown, Cotswold and Shropshire. The ewe lambs from Aroostook pastures, mated with the weighty bucks from the provinces, give lambs which mature fairly early and weigh heavily.

"To give a practical illustration: A Kennebec farmer sent ten early lambs to Boston, and received a check for \$116 in return. He has a flock of sixty sheep, and says he can make about that number pay him better than one hundred would proportionately. He had fifteen more lambs, sent later, which netted him \$10 apiece.

"A Pembroke farmer sold twenty lambs which brought him more cash than some whole flocks of ordinary sheep would sell for in the fall.

"A short time ago a York county farmer sent six lambs to market, and received \$52.50 for them.

"The possibilities of sheep husbandry as a national industry," continued my friend, taking a broader range in his remarks, "have not been appreciated as they should be, or as they will be in the future. The United States grows only four ninths of the wool we manufacture. Millions of pounds of 'shoddy,' in the shape of old rags and worn-out woollen garments, are brought from over the water, which is mixed with a little of something to hold it together, and sold to the extent of millions of dollars. Notwithstanding the low price of wool for the past few years, Canada sends wool and mutton to the United States, pays duties on them, and then has a profit left. Are not we Yankees as smart as our Canadian neighbors?"

"It is no credit to New England farmers that Canadian sheep farms supply our largest market to the extent of thousands of lambs each season. The most of New England has all the facilities for raising sheep that Canada possesses, and our farmers neglect one of the most profitable sources of income that would at the same time enhance the value of their farms, by neglecting to foster this industry of sheep raising."

"As to the breeds, what do you think of the Shropshire as a breed for New England?" I queried.

"The Shropshire is one of the most popular breeds of England," said he, "and large importations of this breed have been made into this country. Wherever pure-bred bucks of this breed have been judiciously crossed upon the best class of ewes of the stock farms found all over New England, the result has been an improvement upon the old stock.

"Our farmers make a mistake in breeding. No matter how good the males they breed from, they will not make much progress in breeding up to a higher degree of excellence until they take more pains in selecting their ewes. Sheep are as susceptible to improvement as any stock, and the short time it takes to grow a ewe to an age for breeding, renders this class of stock one of the best to make improvements upon.

"It is too often the case that the farmer will let the drover or butcher make his own selection from the young ewes, and the farmer keeps the rest to propagate from. Reverse this policy and there will be signs of improvement among the flock at once."

"What, in your opinion, is the best course for flock owners to pursue in view of the low price of wool and the somewhat discouraging prospect before us? To raise wool at twenty-two cents a pound is a rather discouraging feature of the business."

"Systematic and profitable sheep husbandry," said he, "is based on several fundamental principles. There are several lines to the industry which must be gathered up and kept well in hand. One of these is wool; another is mutton, based upon winter feeding of sheep; another is early lambs and the lambs for a later market. These are the three objective points in the business to keep in view.

"Then the question comes up how to best subserve all these ends. Into this part of the problem comes the choice of breeds, systematic lines in breeding for the special purposes desired; intelligent practice in conformation to the lines determined upon, and special pains in the selection of breeding stock raised, and that selected from stock from abroad, adapting the same to attain a standard of excellence marked by the breeder, and continuing on that line with strict adherence to a settled line of policy. So, in feeding for market mutton, have a well-defined purpose and carry it out, being governed by circumstances of feed, prices and market demands for sheep products."

Maine.

L. F. ABBOTT.

## WAYS AND MEANS.

The native Jerseyman has a wide reputation as a trader and for his peculiar ability to turn up the needed dollar by means of a "dicker." Recently several illustrations of these points came under my observation and impressed me very strongly.

Richard Doe has ten acres of land six miles back from the railroad which touches the famous summer resorts of the New Jersey coast. He has tilled his little plot to the best of his knowledge, and in winter as willingly accepted any work by which an extra dollar could be added to the family purse. For several years it has been hard work trying to make ends meet, for there were many little mouths to fill, and Doe's soil was not calculated to produce large crops or many of them.

Happening into a produce market at one of the said summer resorts a year ago the past summer, he overheard the remonstrances of a lady customer against the high prices charged for exceedingly poor fowls. A thought struck him, and after the lady left the store he ventured to accost her, and found that she was perfectly willing to pay a good price for young, plump fowls, and during the season (ten weeks) used from six to eight a week. Richard at once engaged to bring her a sample of his stock at a price per pound which he knew would bring him a good profit, if he could get the fowls. That was the rub, for he had jumped at the chance to "trade" without knowing just where he was to obtain the stock to supply the demand. His own poultry-yards were large, but alas! the inhabitants were few, and Richard drove slowly homeward, wondering if he had not, after all, allowed his disposition to trade to run away with his judgment. Doing his chores our friend pondered the question, but found no solution. At the supper-table Mrs. Doe remarked:

"Mrs. Brown was over to-day, and she says they have got over two hundred chickens, but the pesky things is eatin' their heads off, and she guesses she'll have to kill and eat a lot of 'em, to get rid of 'em."

Richard's brow cleared at once, and straightway he called on his neighbor Brown and was soon deep in another dicker. The next week Richard supplied his one customer as agreed upon, taking a dozen extra fowls to town, hoping he might sell them, and he did without difficulty. Gradually he obtained more customers, and as his trade increased, he would spend two days each week among the farmers back of him, buying up at low figures young fowls. If they were poor, Richard took them home, and inclosing them in a small yard, soon got them in marketable condition. Once or twice he bought in the city market crates of young poultry which had been consigned to a commission merchant for sale, but were too poor and scrawny for that purpose. A few weeks in Richard's hands changed this state of affairs, and they were turned off plump and clean at a good price.

Another case was that of a man on a small farm who devoted his area to growing the best and finest species of fruits and vegetables possible. All were attractively packed and displayed in baskets clean and mostly new. This man had no difficulty in obtaining a price sufficiently in advance of that asked in the open market for ordinary specimens, to pay him well for all the trouble and expense in growing and assorting his wares.

In both cases the results simply go to prove the strength of the assertion, that a superior product will pay a price beyond that obtained for an average one sufficient to pay the cost of producing and marketing it, with the advantage of a ready sale.

G. R. K.

## PLANT TREES.

Twelve years ago I transplanted three hundred white maple-trees on five acres of land to make a sugar-camp. To-day some of those trees are nearly large enough to tap. I sold that farm last year, and in the near future my customer will enjoy the maple-sugar camp I planted for him. He also has five hundred large, first-growth trees adjoining the field I planted, so he will very likely receive an income from this source alone to the end of his life.

I have another farm of two hundred and twelve acres, with a highway running through the farm, cutting off sixty-five acres. Upon this sixty-five acres is a good sugar-camp of eight hundred trees, in a woods lot of twenty-five acres, in perfect condition. The one hundred and forty-seven acre part lies in one body, one hundred and sixty rods deep and one hundred and forty-seven rods road front, and is all cleared land. I have just plowed up twenty acres on the back part of this tract, and next spring I will plant it in trees. I will transplant six hundred maple-trees, and sow seed in the plowed field for other timber. I will then fence off this new timber lot, and never permit farm stock to feed down the growth of new timber. In twenty years from now these new woods will have a dense growth of forest timber.

Long before that time I can make three good farms of this one of two hundred and twelve acres. The hauling of manure and other fertilizer the whole length of this present farm is a serious obstacle to good farming, and it defeats any man in getting from Mother Earth the possibilities she is so happy to yield.

I have seen tree-planting done here for twenty years past with excellent results. Large, handsome trees in front of our city residences are the rule. This little city now looks like a dense woods from a little way off. Maple and elm trees grow so fast they are now far above the tops of our houses, with twenty years' growth only.

It is possible to retimber all this vacant land to good advantage, and the growing of timber can be made as profitable as any other farm crop. I planted a fence row of nice chestnut-trees one year old, from the seed; got my plants at our Painesville nursery fourteen years ago for one cent apiece. To-day these trees are large, nice and thrifty, bearing fruit and plenty large enough to cut for second-growth fence-post timber, and will soon do for the hand-somest finishing house lumber in the known world.

Few farmers realize the great importance of tree-planting as a regular farm industry. Many more who have robbed their farms of all the original forest timber now

have no care for the future, but are content to die without paying up to nature the debt they owe. For one I would be glad to see compulsory tree-planting made the law of every state in this Union, and that a certain per cent of all farm lands should be devoted to timber. It seems as though self-interest would prompt tree-planting when necessary, but through neglect or stubbornness of man he cannot be moved to do good work except by a flood of persuasion.

H. TALCOTT.

## TRAINING THE HORSE TO OBEY THE VOICE.

There are many things that should be carefully observed in the education of horses that are entirely omitted. Too much dependence is placed in the bits, lines, strength of the harness, the use of the whip and the ability of the driver to control the horse by sheer brute force. Hence there are so many fatal accidents.

The horse is a sensible and sensitive animal, possessed of many attributes, among which fear often predominates. On the road a horse sees or imagines danger, and the ignorant driver, instead of allowing time for the horse to take in the situation and satisfy himself that he is mistaken, plies the whip in the most vigorous manner. The sensible horse always resents such treatment, and scared and angered, dashes off in fright and fury. If the harness is strong, the bits reliable, the driver able to guide and control the horse, all may be well; should something give way the results are serious.

A safe horse must be one with sense enough and so trained that in emergencies it does not become frightened and uncontrollable. It may require some patience and tact to talk a horse out of running away or kicking things to pieces, but this should be possible with a safe horse. A horse must be taught to stand still when it is desirable either for getting in or out of the wagon, or to mount or dismount under the saddle. The horse should understand that it is not to start until the word is given. It is of the highest importance that the horse should be taught to stop for the word whoa, whether on the farm or on the public highway. It might be considered ridiculous for the driver to be calling out gee, haw, whoa, get up, etc., to a team of horses on the boulevard, but it would be a wonderful safeguard to have a horse so trained that he knows what to do when spoken to by his driver in a firm, quiet manner. Horses should be taught to go down a hill in a slow, careful manner, and to stop and hold the wagon whether going up or down a hill. In no case should a horse be allowed to cross a bridge in any gait but a walk. This should be drilled into a horse, so that in case it should be running away, it will come to a walk when a bridge is to be crossed.

It is the reckless driving of horses, the depending on the man, and what is called good luck, that causes so many disasters and fatalities. It is time to train drivers of horses as well as the animals. It is not every man who can hold a pair of lines and a whip that is fit to do so.

R. M. BELL.

## FRUIT-TREES IN THE NEW SOUTHWEST.

In the new country just opened to settlement many will be anxious to get fruit-trees started. It will be well to plant peach-trees and small fruit plants, especially grape-vines, but we would advise waiting at least one year, and for best trees, two years before planting apple-trees.

For this latitude and climate I would advise late fall planting. I did not plant any the first year, and for the second season spent a great deal of time in working the soil; but my planting of all kinds of trees has not been satisfactory. The growth has been slow, and I think that trees planted the present fall will be likely to overtake them in growth by the close of next season.

As the new settlers are from every state in the Union, they must not expect that the varieties, methods of planting, cultivation or pruning in vogue at the old home will be advisable here. First, get those varieties that have proved best in southern Kansas, which adjoins these new lands. Then select very low-topped trees, and let the pruning be done with this end in view. Mulch heavily, if you can get it, which I could not, and keep the ground thoroughly cultivated during the entire season, that all moisture possible may be retained. Grow only small plants in the orchard, and such as will shade the ground well and not absorb moisture to the detriment of the trees.

This will make a grand fruit country, but we advise study and close attention, for a small planting for the first few years, rather than large plantings, before conditions and requirements are well understood.

J. M. RICE.

Oklahoma.



## Our Farm.

### GARDEN AND FIELD NOTES.

**P**OUULTY AND THE GARDEN.—Sometimes we think this is a poor combination, especially in the time of seed sowing in early spring, when the fowls just delight in scratching and digging in the nice, clean beds of mellow soil. There is only one way to prevent the trouble, and that is to keep fowls out of the garden. If you shut them up for a few weeks, until the seeds are well up and the ground has become settled and packed, that usually is all that is needed. For the greater part of the season, poultry may be at large, and will seldom do much damage in the garden, especially if the latter, or parts of it, are at some little distance from the poultry-house. Of course, you must keep the hens out of the strawberry-patch in June, and out of the tomatoes whenever they are bearing fruit. I always make provision for this by planting my tomatoes at the side of the farm farthest away from the hen-roost. At plowing times, both in fall and spring, I rather like to see my poultry in the garden, following the freshly-made furrows and industriously picking up worms, bugs and insect larvae or pupæ. They quickly snatch up anything in that line coming in sight.

The garden, on the other hand, is at all times a help to poultry; there is always some waste product that is suitable for poultry feed. If hens are kept more or less in confinement during the summer, the surplus lettuce, for instance, comes very handy; the fowls devour it greedily, and it seems to keep them in good health and to stimulate egg production. Almost every green surplus material, even weeds, such as purslane especially, can be utilized in the same manner. Then comes waste cabbage (outside leaves, cracked heads, etc.), sweet corn refuse, small potatoes (to be boiled for the chickens), carrots, beets, turnips, etc., to be chopped up, mixed with bran or meal and served twice a week during the winter. All these things are great helps in poultry keeping.

This is not the whole extent of the benefits that may be derived from the garden spot or early potato ground for poultry. I have made a trial this year, with rape fodder plant, recently so much talked about in the columns of the agricultural press, and especially forced upon the notice of the American farmer by Prof. Thos. Shaw. Early in September I plowed a piece of the early potato ground, perhaps one sixth of an acre, and sowed one pound of rape-seed broadcast. The seed is cheap; I think I paid, in retail, 15 cents per pound. The plants came up thickly and grew vigorously. They look somewhat like cabbage plants. In October the ground was covered with a mass of verdure, and my flock of poultry (about one hundred and thirty) began to feast on the end nearest to the poultry-house, seemingly preferring it to the rye pasture close by, and certainly to the foliage of the strap-leaved turnip, a patch of which was sowed alongside of the rape and at the same time with it. The fowls have kept on feeding, gradually moving into the patch and eating as they went along. I always take good care of my poultry. I am a hearty eater myself, and willing to feed my stock well. But I could see very plainly that my fast-growing capons and pullets, as well as the older fowls, required less grain while thus bountifully supplied with rape-greens than they would have needed otherwise. Without excessive grain rations, my fowls are "fat as butter," and have grown wonderfully fast. Even as late as November 24th they were out in their fresh, green pasture when the weather permitted. The rape, where not yet touched, was about eight inches high, and would afford good pasture for cows or sheep. Hereafter, I shall sow a patch every year, but a few weeks earlier, both for poultry and cow pasture. The plant seems to be about as hardy as turnip or cabbage. Like these vegetables, I believe it is a biennial, and therefore will not be liable to become a weed pest.

**NEST-EGG GOURD.**—The garden furnishes still another supply for the poultry-keeper. I have a whole basketful of nest-egg gourds, which make as nice and serviceable nest-eggs as any one could buy at five cents apiece, and all were grown on two or three vines in some waste spot. Indeed, these gourds resemble real eggs more closely than most of the commercial

porcelain eggs. They are light, and therefore not liable to break hen's eggs dropped in the nest with them. Lastly, they do not cost anything. The vine laden with eggs is decidedly ornamental, too, and it seems here are advantages enough to induce any one who has a garden and keeps poultry, to plant a few seeds of the nest-egg gourds every year. I shall not fail in this, hereafter, for I know that some substitute for a real live nest-egg is a necessity during the cold season, and there is nothing better than this gourd. I have, before this, bought dozen after dozen of porcelain eggs and "medicated" plaster Paris eggs, etc., but there is only one or two on hand now; they seem to get lost after awhile. If this happens with our gourds, we can afford to raise a new supply.

**NEW TOMATOES.**—Mr. A. A. Halladay, of Vermont, who claims to have found a tomato even earlier than the Early Ruby, and the equal in smoothness and quality to any sort now in existence, writes me as follows:

"I am well aware, from experience, that it is a hard matter to make fruits and vegetables come up to the claims made for them by the originators. Livingston's Buckeye State, for instance, was the poorest among the thirty varieties I tested this season. Henderson's Ponderosa is another of that kind. In fact, the country is flooded with inferior ones. It is for this reason that I have hesitated to offer my new tomato to the public. I have been somewhat amused in reading "Livingston and the Tomato." Mr. Livingston claims that his new tomatoes were the result of "selection," not of crosses. I claim that my new tomato came from an accidental cross (Champion and Beauty) and that by selection I have improved it. I also believe that all of the Livingston tomatoes that are not alike are crosses. I cannot see the slightest difference between New Stone and Royal Red; yet my seed came directly from Livingston."

This will justify some comments. I hope that in our friend's new tomato we have just what he claims, and what we greatly need and desire; namely, a tomato at least as early as the Ruby, and as smooth and solid as Matchless, Ignatum, Stone, Royal Red or any other of a score of similar sorts. Ponderosa and Buckeye State are monstrous tomatoes, without real practical value; but they were sent out by their introducers simply to fill the demand for an extra large tomato, not as a general-purpose variety. Neither the Hendersons nor the Livingstons deserve criticism for sending them out. Buckeye State, I think, is far ahead of Ponderosa, but I shall not plant either of them again. Mr. Halladay seems to labor under a misunderstanding concerning Livingston's modus operandi in getting new tomatoes. Mr. Livingston did not deny, I think, that his new tomatoes were crosses (accidental crosses), but stated that he could not succeed in improving tomatoes by *designed* crosses. Undoubtedly, Mr. Livingston's plan is the correct one. An extra fine, extra smooth specimen fruit may grow, accidentally, on any plant, even of an inferior variety, and such an accident may be without any bearing whatever on the offspring of that specimen. When the entire crop of a plant (originating in an inferior variety) is smooth and fine, it shows conclusively an improvement in blood, no matter whether this be the result of crossing, sorting or what else. The pure seed of a specimen grown on an improved plant will certainly retain its improved character in its progeny. This is an important matter. We have not yet reached our ideal in tomatoes. We must continue to look for further improvement, and the way to do it is by following Livingston's plan (as our friend Halladay has done also), by selecting seed from extra choice plants, not from accidentally choice specimen tomatoes.

JOSEPH.

### WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

On one of the most stormy days of the year, seventeen thousand patriotic women of Boston went to the polls and voted. This is not the first time that mothers, wives and daughters have taken up the broom of reform for the interest of their children and families. Women living near a village or large town can make many dollars every year raising poultry and eggs.

Mrs. James L. Burgess, Nashua, N. H., says she cleared last year from 16 hens, \$36.59 for eggs alone. She could have cared for 160 hens easily, and made ten times as much. She attributes her success to the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay.

I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send further particulars to any one free.

## Orchard and Small Fruits.

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

### IMMEDIATE EFFECT OF POLLEN.

It is a well-known fact that almost without exception our fruits do not develop unless seeds are formed in them. It is also known that some fruits, especially some of the native plums, require the addition of pollen other than its own. In the case of common corn, it is quite evident that the ear requires pollen other than that produced by the tassel of the same stalk, since when one stalk of corn comes up away from the other corn plants, it produces no grain. Such instances might be multiplied. One of the most marked cases of the effect of pollen, which has lately come to my notice, is that reported by Hon. C. W. H. Heideman, who holds the position of superintendent of one of the sub-stations of the central Minnesota experiment station. He reports:

"My attention was first attracted to the possibility of influencing the size and quality of plums by the use of the right pollen by the following fact, which alone is accountable for in no other way except by the direct influence of foreign pollen: A chance seedling was planted on my grounds almost under the leaning top of a tall Weaver plum-tree; for several years the fruit was a large, flattish, oblong free-stone of good quality and very productive. The plum being so much better in quality than the Weaver, the Weaver tree was cut down the next season, and ever since the fruit has been smaller, nearly round and a perfect clingstone; last spring I applied pollen from the Weaver to a few blossoms, and the fruits clearly showed the effect of Weaver pollen."

### INDIANA POMOLOGICAL NOTES.

In a recent article, Prof. Troop, of the Indiana experiment station, writes:

"The list of apples grown here comprises over one hundred varieties, of which more than one half are winter apples. Ben Davis is probably more largely grown than any other variety of winter apple for the market. Rome Beauty, Baldwin, Northern Spy, Rawle's Janet, Jonathan, Stark, Tulpehocken, Vandevere, Winesap and Willow Twig are common all over the state. Of fall apples, Maiden's Blush and Grimes' Golden are the leading varieties. In fact, southern Indiana is the natural home of Grimes' Golden, and while this is in the market, other varieties are not much sought after. In certain localities, Duchess, Wealthy, Famuse, Fall Wine and others are quite extensively grown. The leading summer varieties are Early Harvest, Red Astrachan, Benoni, Yellow Transparent, Sops of Wine, Trenton Early and a few others of local importance.

"Pears are giving better satisfaction in most parts of the state than apples. A list of those more commonly grown would include Flemish Beauty, Bartlett, Clapp's Favorite, Seckel, Belle Lucrative, Beurre d'Anjou, Kieffer, Tyson, Sheldon, Duchess, Louise Bonne, Winter Nelis, Beurre Clairgeau and Beurre Easter." Dr. Hoskins, Refreshing, McCumber and Grand Isle are new varieties of promise, though Refreshing is not a desirable tree, being nearly the shape of an inverted cone.

"Peaches are quite extensively grown, both in the northern and southern parts, especially along the Ohio river. All of the well-known varieties are produced, as well as some of more or less local interest. For some reason, the peach-yellows does but very little injury in this state. The trees as a rule are remarkably healthy.

"Our native varieties of plums are more reliable than the English, although the latter are grown to a considerable extent. Wild Goose is found everywhere, while Robinson, De Soto, Wolf, Pottawattamie and a few others give good satisfaction. Marianna has been found a failure, so far as fruit is concerned, but it makes a good stock on which to work fine varieties. Of the Japanese varieties recently introduced, Burbank is decidedly the best; it is perfectly hardy and the fruit is very fine. Abundance also gives good satisfaction. Satsuma blossoms as early as apricots, and consequently seldom bears fruit except in the extreme southern part of the state.

"Out of a long list of cherries grown at the experiment station, there are none better than Early Richmond, Montmorency, Dyehouse and English Morello of the Morello class, and Late Duke from its class.

"Within the last eight or ten years there have been planted a great many of the Russian varieties in different parts of the state, with varying results. Hardiness

was the main object sought after, and so far as that one point is concerned, they have proved a success. The trees are nearly all good growers and many of them extra good bearers, beginning very young. The main difficulty with the apples, however, is that in our climate they are nearly all summer and fall varieties. None of them, so far as I know, have proved to be late winter keepers, the same varieties which are listed as "late winter" in Iowa ripening here in August. Undoubtedly, the greatest good which will result from the introduction of these hardy varieties will be brought about by crossing them with our native kinds. The Russian pears have not been in bearing long enough to enable one to tell much about them. Sapieganka has produced two or three fine crops of small but very handsome fruit. If picked at the proper time and properly ripened up, it is very good indeed. One strong point in their favor is the healthiness of the trees, not one having as yet shown any tendency to blight. There may be some extra good varieties of Russian cherries for some localities, but for this climate I have failed to find any which will replace our older native varieties."

### SULPHATE OF COPPER ON PEACH AND PLUM FOLIAGE.

In replying to a recent letter to the editor of these columns, Prof. John Craig, superintendent of the horticultural experiment work of Ottawa, Canada, writes with regard to the use of sulphate of copper on peach and plum foliage:

"I have never seen any injury from its application at the rate of two (2) ounces to forty-five gallons of water. A number of our Canadian fruit growers have used it at the rate of three (3) ounces to fifty gallons, on plum-trees the past season, and have not noticed any injury resulting from it; but I should not feel safe in recommending it stronger than two ounces to forty-five gallons."

When used at this strength it is a valuable fungicide, and in dry seasons could often be used to replace the Bordeaux mixture. S. B. G.

### INQUIRIES ANSWERED

BY SAMUEL B. GREEN.

**Best Time to Plow an Orchard.**—W. B. H., Brasher, Mo. I prefer to plow rather late in the fall, for the following reasons: First—It leaves the soil in such shape that it is exposed to and benefited by the frosts of winter. Second—I do not think the frost goes so deep on plowed as on solid land. Third—In late plowing, many larvae of June-bugs and other insects are disturbed and killed by exposure. Fourth—It leaves the land so that there is a good opportunity for the water to soak into the ground. Fifth—It has been found to work well in practice. Now, by plowing an orchard I do not mean going so deep as to break many roots. If this was to be done, it would be far better to plow in the spring, so that the injuries could heal over at once. In addition to the above reasons given for fall plowing, it should be added that when in sod the sod will be partially decayed by spring, and in better condition for a crop. The worst time to plow an orchard is late in summer or early in autumn, when such work may start the plants into a new growth.

**Pecans.**—A. J. M., Silverton, Oreg., writes: "I noticed a reply to a query in regard to pecans. I should be glad to know of whom I can obtain seed of any of the named varieties—Centennial, Round Paper Shell or Guadalupe. Also where I might get the grafted trees. I have been told that transplanted pecan-trees will not thrive; that they will make a sorry growth for a few years, but will after awhile succumb. Is there any truth in the statement?"

**REPLY:**—Most of the nurserymen of the central and southern states sell pecan-nuts and seedlings. T. V. Munson, of Denison, Texas, has several fine varieties of this nut. The pecan, like the butternut, black walnut and hickory, to which it is nearly related, is rather difficult to transplant, but if the work is done when the plants are not over two years old, it may be done very successfully, as I well know from experience. If the seedlings are properly root-pruned early in the beginning of the second year, they may be transplanted when considerable-sized trees. The trouble, ordinarily, with moving this class of trees is that they have very deep tap-roots, unless root-pruned, and these are largely lost in digging and handling. This class of trees should be moved very early in the spring, and need extra care, but the work can be done successfully.

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## SELF-DEPENDENT STUDENTS.

Noted College Presidents Say They are the Best Students and Make the Best Men and Women. Two Splendid Letters. Free Scholarships.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBUS,  
November 18, 1893.

My Dear Young Friends:

I need not tell you that the lack of money has its disadvantages. You know that by experience. You are obliged to do without many things that you would like to have. Perhaps you do not dress as well as you would like to do. Perhaps your room is not as well furnished as you wish it was. And I am sure that you do without many books that you want. Even the things that you do get you have to earn. You earn the money that pays for your board, for the plain clothes that you wear, for the plain room that you occupy, and for the few books that you buy.

These disadvantages of your situation lie on the surface. They are as familiar to you as the faces of your best-known friends. But do you know that there are advantages within your reach quite as great, and even far greater, than your disadvantages? They are not so conspicuous. They do not force themselves on your attention. You may even find it hard to believe that they are possible. But I assure you that you may make them as real as the toils and privations that are now so vividly and constantly presented to you. They escape attention because they are internal. They belong to the mind and character, and time must elapse before they can become conscious or manifest. Indeed, they may never become manifest by any improvement of your outward circumstances. But they need no setting or support in the outward life. They are their own exceeding great reward, and happy is he who, by the surrender of ease and luxury, gains such transcendent treasures.

For more than thirty years I have had personal knowledge of college students who were either wholly or mainly dependent on their own exertions for the means of support. Of my own class more than half paid their own way. Our resource was teaching, and I believe that we graduated with a better education than we would have had if we had devoted our undivided time to the studies of the college course. Our teaching gave us a thorough review of elementary work, and thus prepared us for an easier and more intelligent progress in our advanced studies. It gave us a higher point of view, so that we studied in a more earnest and appreciative spirit. It also illuminated our way, so that we saw more clearly how to study and what to aim at. For these ends teaching is the best form of self-help.

But there are other advantages in earning one's own way, which are not limited to teaching. The student who goes to college at his own expense, is pretty sure to learn one lesson that is of the first importance. He learns by experience, what very few persons ever learn without experience, the value of both money and time. It is almost certain, therefore, that he will make good use of both according to his light and opportunity. He will be an economist. He will allow himself no expensive indulgences or frivolous pastimes; and rarely indeed does a teacher have occasion to censure such a student for being irregular in attendance or negligent in his work.

A benefit that is of even greater value is a certain sturdiness and firmness of character that comes from meeting and overcoming difficulties. He has once dared. He has tested his powers. He has achieved something. He has buffeted the waves and knows that he can swim. Hence, he trusts himself. His boyish timidity is gone. Obstacles do not frighten him. He grapples with them, and if he can, thrusts them aside; if he cannot, he explores, and if need be, fights his way around them.

Experience like this develops a manliness, that commands respect. Many of those who pass through it become recognized as leaders among their fellow-students. I knew one boy who started to college with but thirty-five dollars. He remained six years, paying his way by milking cows and driving a dairy-wagon. He took care of his own room, prepared his own meals, and in every way practiced a careful, not to say rigid, economy. Yet he stood well in his classes, and was one of the foremost among the students, being at one time editor of the college paper, at another president of the oratorical association, and during the senior year president of his class.

One day about twenty years ago, as I was leaving the college for my home, I met a young man on the campus, who inquired for the president. On learning who I was, he said that he had come to see if there was a chance at the college for a poor boy. I told him that a good many such boys had succeeded there, and that his chance was probably as good as theirs had been.

"No," said he, "I don't think you can judge of me by others. I doubt whether you ever had a student who was as poor as I am. I haven't anything, and I have walked two hundred miles to get here."

I felt strongly drawn to him. His fine, expressive face, his earnest, revealing voice, and his modesty and candor won my complete confidence. He wanted to find work. He was willing to do anything that was honest. I went with him to several citizens of the town, and we succeeded at length in finding a place where he would be employed to take care of a horse and a cow and to make the morning fires. He took a room in one of the college buildings and boarded himself. He was without an overcoat, I think, the winter through, but every morning he was up before daylight to do his morning chores.

In the spring he withdrew from college for a term and taught school in a district adjoining the town, continuing in private, however, a part of his college studies. Having by this time proved himself to be a superior scholar, he was employed for the next year to teach some preparatory classes in the college. In connection with this teaching he carried on his studies, holding the first place in many, if not all, of them. In the class-room he was distinguished by his mastery of the subject and by the clearness and penetration of thought which he displayed in the discussions. In the society hall he was pre-eminent in the facility and finish of his literary composition and in the brilliancy of his oratorical power. Among the students he was not only respected, but admired and loved.

In the summer of 1872, just after I had been appointed president of the Ohio university, at Athens, it became necessary to select a tutor for some preparatory classes. My mind soon fixed on a recent student, who had attended the institution a year or two, but who was then teaching in an adjoining county, in order to replenish his exhausted resources. With the consent of the school-board he willingly resigned his position and returned to the university to teach and to study. He took up his heavy burden quietly, and carried it with apparent ease. His work, both as teacher and as student, was of a high order, and his example seemed to stimulate a spirit emulous of excellence throughout the institution. He has now for several years been the president of a college. He is still also a laborious student, and I doubt not continues to diffuse an atmosphere that helps to sustain the intellectual life of those about him.

There are thousands of students in the colleges of the United States who are supporting themselves. Who can estimate how much more intelligent and capable they will be in their future work? Who can estimate how much wealth of intellect and character they will contribute to society? Who can tell how great an influence their example will exert to give confidence and hope to the poor boys of the future who will strive, as they are now striving, to obtain an education?

With ordinary ability and good health you can succeed. A high aim, earnest application, a steadfast purpose, and good management of your material, physical and intellectual resources are sure to bring educational results that will surpass your present power to estimate them. If you persevere and if you direct your course wisely, you are certain to rise to a life of very rich and noble quality, and to lift up by your example the lives of many others. You have a great opportunity. Great opportunity should inspire to great effort. Great effort will insure great, though it may be very gradual, success. May you be faithful in that which you have, and may you attain and achieve all that God has put in your power.

Very truly yours,  
W. H. SCOTT.

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY, ILLINOIS,  
November 10, 1893.

Editor Farm and Fireside:

Dear Sir:—I am always glad to speak a word of encouragement to the boys and girls who are making their own way to an education. As college instructors, we have come to look upon such students with great esteem, for they are full of that

earnest purpose which professors are glad to meet. They never give any trouble, and their experience has developed in them such a feeling of independent manhood and womanhood that we find among them our best representatives.

Students are found in colleges from all sorts of motives. Some are sent; others come because it is considered the thing to do; others wish the sports of college life; but among those who are in college for a serious purpose, and who will get from its opportunities everything possible, are always to be found those who are earning their own way. It is needless for me to say that education more than pays for all the trouble it takes to get it, for this is becoming yearly more evident. Aside from the beauty of culture for its own sake, it should be noticed that the responsible positions of this country are rapidly passing into the hands of college-trained men.

I wish, therefore to urge upon every boy and girl the great importance of a thorough education; to assure them that it is important enough to work hard to get it, and also to promise them that in every endeavor they make toward helping themselves in this matter, they have not only the approval, but the respect of every college faculty.

JOHN M. COULTER.

[NOTE:—The publishers of FARM AND FIRESIDE are furnishing free scholarships to energetic and ambitious young men and women. Send them the address of the school or college which you wish to attend, and get full particulars. Only free tuition and free books are given in mail courses.]

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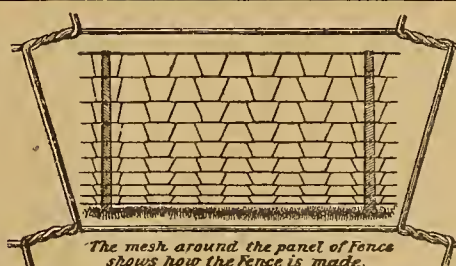
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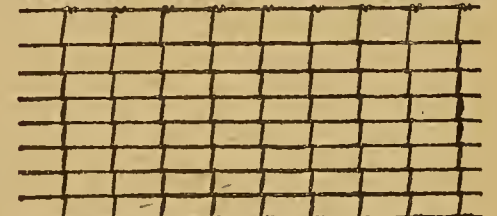
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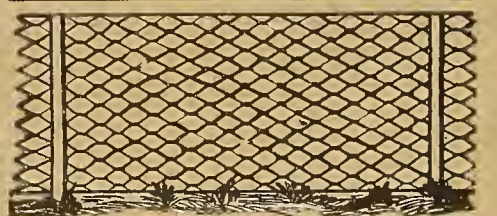


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#### INCUBATORS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

**T**HE incubator man had a trying experience at the world's fair. The building was entirely unsuitable for hatching and eggs were difficult to procure. It is surprising that any of the incubators were even made to hatch a single chick. Despite all the drawbacks, however, the incubators did hatch chicks, and the brooders were kept well stocked.

The test was not one that proved the full value of the incubators, as the conditions were too unfavorable; but they demonstrate that the improvements in incubators have kept pace with everything else. One brooder, with a small pen for a yard, and which received no sunlight whatever, being heated with only one lamp, was crowded with chicks, which grew up to full market size, although they had never been outside of their little pen. The loss was very small. This success may be attributed to the care bestowed by the attendant, who knew that his sales at the fair depended on his success in raising the chicks; but it is only fair to presume that the required attention should always be bestowed by all who raise chicks in brooders.

We recently visited a successful poultryman, who has no difficulty whatever in raising chicks, and in answer to an inquiry he replied that he had only one reason to give, which was that he got up at four o'clock in the morning to notice if his fires were all burning properly, and also if the brooders were warm.

Success at the fair was because the chicks were kept warm, although they were exposed to cold drafts from time to time. One night, after the incubator attendants had retired, a Columbian guard, in the supposed performance of his duty, to avoid danger from fire, turned out all the lamps, as he labored under the belief that they had been overlooked, and he was not aware of their object. Fortunately, his mistake was discovered in time, or there would have been no chicks hatched in the poultry department.

One lesson to be learned is the fact that attention is necessary, and that if it is bestowed, good results will follow. The majority of those who use incubators depend too much on the regulator. The desire to hatch and raise chicks with as little labor as possible has been the cause of nearly all the failures. An incubator may be automatic, but it has no brains. Intelligence is required, and it will bring success. There is no incubator made that will hatch for an inattentive manager.

#### MANAGEMENT IN COLD WEATHER.

Fowls are very helpless when the snow is deep, locomotion being very difficult. They must then be confined on a limited space, and there is no advantage in giving them liberty. When the snow melts, the mud and slush are also impediments, the quarters being made damp from the mud carried in by the birds. It is a severe ordeal on the fowls, which are naturally of active habits, and no eggs can be expected from the hens if they are thus exposed. It is expensive to provide large buildings or covered runs, and the majority of farmers expect the hens to provide for themselves to a certain extent, though some farmers give their fowls better care and attention.

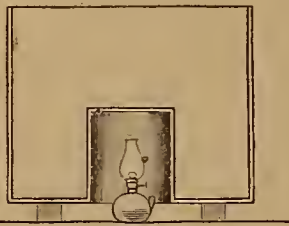
The farmers lose more than they gain by being too economical with their fowls in winter. There is no reason why the hens should not lay during the severest weather, and some farmers get quite a supply of eggs at all periods of the year. Eggs are often worth three or four cents each, and a flock of fifty hens, laying three eggs a week for each hen, add a larger sum to the treasury than any cost that is likely to be incurred. If the number of eggs per hen is reduced to two per week, the loss is considerable. One egg extra each week from each hen may be the turning point to profit, and any expense incurred in order to get as many eggs as possible will be rewarded in some manner.

Management does not consist in the method of feeding only, nor does it depend on the kind of food entirely. The point is to keep the hens comfortable and to induce them to be as busy as possible. It is work that makes the hens lay in

summer, and work is essential to secure eggs in winter. It is a little extra labor on the part of the farmer to cut a lot of straw into short lengths and cover the floor to the depth of an inch or two, but such labor would be well bestowed, as the cut straw would be enjoyed by them. Leaves also answer the purpose well. The hens will work in litter if a small proportion of grain is scattered in the litter. Exercise keeps the hens warm and gives them greater appetites for their food, as well as keeping them in good laying condition. Eggs can only be had when the farmer is willing to work, and to aim to place his hens in a condition most favorable for laying.

#### WATER-WARMING CONTRIVANCE.

The object of the illustration is not to show any particular design of a water-vessel, but to suggest a method by which the drinking-water may be prevented from freezing in winter. Any tin vessel will answer, and it may be round, square, or of any shape or size. An ordinary little night-lamp, with a small wick, and kept at a low flame, will serve the purpose of warming the water above the freezing point. It is not desirable to warm the



WATER-WARMING CONTRIVANCE.

water higher than fifty degrees above zero; but if warmer no harm will result, as it is sufficient to only prevent freezing.

The water-tank may have an aperture in the side or under the bottom. If under the bottom of the tank, there must be an inch space between the bottom of the tank and the floor, so as to permit of air reaching the lamp. A small piece of wire in front of the lamp, if it is set in the side, will protect it against interference by the hens. We trust that some of our readers will improve on our device and send us their designs.

#### HIRED HELP.

It is very difficult to secure a capable man to assist in the management of poultry when it is made a business, and especially in raising broilers. The eye of the employer must be everywhere, and regularity is essential. The cause of this lack of help is due to the fact that it is seldom that the hired man is required to give his attention to poultry, such matters being left to the female members of the family. Now that poultry is receiving greater attention, and incubators are coming into use extensively, there is a new field opening up for the hired man, and if he will make himself familiar with the details of management, he will find that his services will be in greater demand and higher wages waiting for him.

#### HOLIDAY PRICES.

It is useless, perhaps, to attempt to induce farmers to hold back their poultry from market until after Christmas, for past seasons show that the heaviest shipments are in November and December. There are more buyers, but the supply is correspondingly large. After the first week in January prices go up rapidly, and customers are not easily supplied. Broilers are then salable, and bring good prices. Capons come into market in April, and ducklings are highest in May. The best prices for broilers are in April and May. The prices during the holidays will be low for poultry, but eggs will sell high, as they are usually then in great demand.

#### FREEZING OF EGGS.

It is impossible to avoid a certain amount of loss from freezing of the eggs during very cold weather, but this may be avoided to a certain extent, by placing the nest-boxes in warm locations. Use only deep boxes; and do not be afraid to have plenty of hay in them. Collect the eggs as frequently as possible, and keep the eggs in a temperature not lower than forty degrees above zero. When shipping them to market, pack them carefully to avoid freezing on the journey.

The Burlington Route carried 2,300,000 to Chicago, during the Fair, and from local points near Chicago carried 2,700,000, making a total of 5,000,000; this immense number of people traveled without any accident of any kind and without serious delay.

#### COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Although some may have difficulty with commission merchants, it is safe to claim that much misunderstanding results from a failure to comply with the agreement on both sides. When the farmer receives the circular of a commission merchant, and finds eggs quoted at from twenty to twenty-five cents per dozen, he will, in nearly all cases, expect to receive twenty-five cents per dozen, ignoring the fact that there was a lower price, and that eggs differ in many respects. The highest prices quoted are for strictly choice goods. It is not always that the merchants receive the best from farmers, and they are therefore compelled to sell at a lower price than the farmer expects to receive. If the farmer sends strictly fresh eggs, he may not have them attractive, and they may not be clean or assorted. The merchant cannot induce customers to believe that an article is choice unless it is attractive.

The same rule applies to poultry. We doubt if any farmer ever shipped a lot of poultry to market in which all were alike, as there is a difference in hens, even of the same breeds. Some will be very choice, but some will not be so good. The highest price quoted will be obtained only for the choice. The others will bring a lower price.

When farmers receive quotations they should make an allowance for quality, and consider that there are several prices instead of only one. By so doing they will save themselves much vexation and permit them to be on more amicable relations with merchants. The commission merchants should also remember that when a farmer ships to them he places his confidence in them, and they should therefore aim to please him to the fullest extent in their power.

#### PAPER ON THE WALLS.

Wall-paper, brown paper, or even old newspapers will greatly aid in keeping a poultry-house warm. Make good flour paste; place two or three layers of paper on the wall. If you will then apply one or two coats of thick whitewash, the paper will become quite hard, and will last well through the winter. It should be removed as summer comes on, however, in order to avoid providing a harboring-place for lice. After pasting the paper on the wall, and applying whitewash as suggested, cheap muslin may then be tacked over the paper, using tin caps or leather-headed tacks, which will effectively prevent it from being torn.

Paper is a non-conductor of heat, and two or three thicknesses make a wall airtight. It is also easily adapted to uneven surfaces, and is so cheap that its use is within the reach of all. We know of nothing that will give so much benefit in proportion to cost in a poultry-house as paper, and it saves food by keeping the hens warm, thus adding to the supply of eggs. It is also an excellent protection against unseen cracks or holes in the wall.

#### VERMIN DESTRUCTION.

The rat is the principal enemy to contend with in winter, as it makes secure winter quarters where neither dog nor cat can reach it, and rats will prey on the chicks and ducklings whenever an opportunity affords. Poison and traps are often useless. The best method is to endeavor to have the grain where it will not be easily reached by them, and to aim to compel them to go some distance from the hole for food, in which case the cat will reach them. Cats should never be fed at the house, but made to remain at the barn. If one or two rats are killed, the others will become alarmed and leave the premises.

#### TURKEYS FOR NEXT YEAR.

Before selling off the turkeys do not forget that success next year depends on the stock retained for breeding purposes. If you have a good hen that produced a goodly number of eggs and hatched large broods, being also successful as a mother, retain her; and if your gobbler has produced strong offspring, keep him another year. If you sell, let it be from the young stock. Old turkeys that have been tried and proved satisfactory should never be sacrificed unless very aged.

#### INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

**Cholera.**—J. E. P., Saline, Mich., writes: "Does the cholera appear in the winter as well as in the summer? My fowls have been sick for a week with what appears to me to be cholera, but none have died as yet."

**REPLY:**—It is probably indigestion, due to overfeeding. Cholera usually terminates fatally within forty-eight hours. It is not very prevalent in winter.

**Ducks.**—M. S., Parkersburg, W. Va., writes: "How many eggs will a duck lay? Do ducks lay more eggs than hens?"

**REPLY:**—Ducks lay about 150 eggs each in a year, on an average, which exceeds the average of hens. They also lay more regularly, and produce their quota in a shorter time than hens.

**Floors.**—S. G. G., Turner Junction, Illinois, writes: "Which do you recommend for a floor in a poultry-house, boards or cement?"

**REPLY:**—Boards make the best floor, but rats may get under it, consequently cement should be preferred. Cement floors are cold, however, and should be covered with leaves or cut straw, in which case the hens will be comfortable.

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## CAPONS FOR PROFIT.

## III.

**THE OPERATION.**—The first, and an absolutely necessary thing to do, is to catch the cockerels to be operated on, and shut them up in a convenient coop, so that they can easily be gotten hold of when wanted. Do this in the evening, and then leave them for about thirty-six hours without food or water. The intestines should be fairly empty in order to enable the operator to use the knife without fear of cutting into them, and to give a good chance for work and for seeing what one is about. The long fast will not hurt the chicks, but only make them terribly anxious for the next meal.

On the morning of the second day, when the sun is two or three hours high, and the sky nearly or entirely cloudless, the operation may begin. The expert can manage to get along without much direct sunlight, but the light cannot be too good for the beginner. A clear day is absolutely necessary for a first trial, and if the day should be dark, the cockerels may be given a *very small quantity* of soft food, to carry them over to the next (supposedly clear) day. Artificial light, with reflectors, etc., as used by some experimentors, is not available for the ordinary farmer and beginner in caponizing, and not needed on an average fair day.

Set the caponizing-table in a convenient spot and in direct sunlight, or on a clear, hot day of midsummer perhaps under the rather open branches of some solitary tree, the foliage of which permits the passage of occasional rays of the sun, giving a slightly subdued or modified but direct sunlight.

In all these things, of course, the judgment of the operator should be consulted.

Spread the tools out on the cleat-inclosed part of the table. On another table, stand, barrel or box, close by, have a dish with warm water seasoned with a few drops of carbolic acid; also a larger piece and half a dozen small pieces of sponge. The latter may be of about the size of robins' eggs or hickory-nuts.

Now pick out the first victim. Let it be a rather lean bird, weighing not more than two pounds, nor much less. Twist or wind the twine loop around the wings close to the body, and standing in front of the table, with the cleat-inclosed end to the right, fasten your victim on his left side upon the table, as shown in Fig. 1. Next to the hip, and where, in a lean bird, the ribs show quite plainly, you find a spot (marked with a cross in the illustration) which, because usually covered by the wings, is almost bare. There may be a dozen or so of pin-feathers. These should be pulled out. Take hold of them between thumb and index finger, not one by one, but as many as you can take, and deftly pull them out. Don't be nervous. Go at it as if you meant business. If you are quick and determined about it, the removal of these few small feathers does not cause much inconvenience to the bird, for the latter never makes any fuss over it.

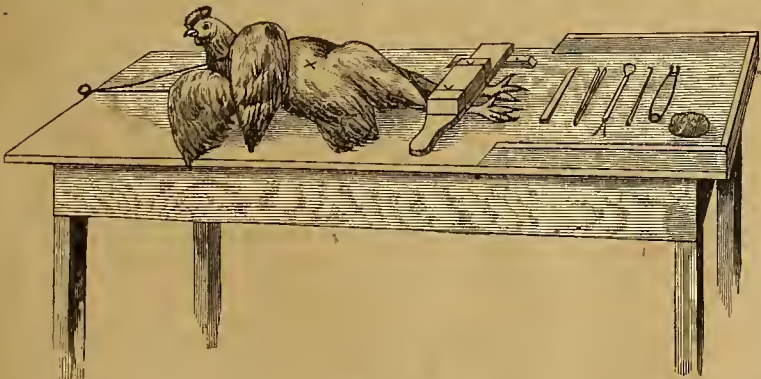


FIG. 1.—OPERATING-TABLE.

The spot thus cleared need not be more than one and one half inches in diameter.

At this stage of the proceedings I take the sponge out of the water, squeeze most of the water out of it, and then wipe it over the chicken's side. This is not absolutely necessary, but it moistens the feathers around the bare spot, and keeps them better out of the way.

Now comes the incision. The right place to cut is between the last two ribs; that is, the two ribs next to the hip. In a lean chicken they are easily recognized, and often they are very prominent. They extend from the back-bone for an inch and a half or two inches in a slight curve, then take a sudden turn upward toward the breast. Usually the "joints" in the two ribs appear plainly and prominently. Just look for the two slightly raised, whitish,

almost knob-like spots. Often the two ribs lie quite closely together, and perhaps the end of the muscle—a flat layer of flesh—extends over them.

Take the knife (lance) in the right hand, as shown in Fig. 2. Then with the left hand, reaching over the right, push the skin and muscle from the bared spot toward the hip and hold it there. Observe the two whitish little spots which form the joints of the last two ribs, and set the point of the knife right between them, making an incision by a quick dip, at the same time slightly drawing the knife between the two ribs toward the back-bone. The length of the incision should be about one inch. With the intestines nearly empty, there is no danger of injury to them, even if the point of the knife should dip half an inch deep through the ribs. Minor blood-vessels usually extend in the skin across where the incision is to be

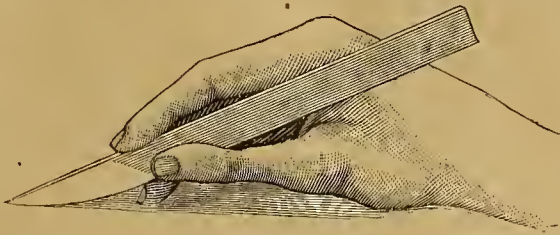


FIG. 2.—LANCE.

made. If they are cut, a few drops of blood will be spilled; that is all. But in pushing skin and muscle toward the hip, and drawing it tightly, you may at the same time aim to get the blood-vessels somewhat out of the way of the knife. If this is done, the knife often does not draw a drop of blood. If the wound bleeds badly, the moistened sponge may be pressed upon it for an instant to absorb the blood. Making the incision, of course, will cause a momentary pain to the bird, but it is no more than any living thing has to endure a good many times in life, and will do so without complaining.

After the incision is made, lay down the knife and take up the spreader, all the while holding the skin back toward the hip with the left hand. Press the spring of the spreader together until the two free ends meet, and then insert them in the opening and let go. Also release the skin yet held with the left hand. The spreader will push the ribs apart, leaving an opening to the fowl's inside from one half to three quarters of an inch wide. If the cut was not large enough, you can remedy it by a slight touch of the knife to one or both ends of the incision.

From now on in the proceedings you will need good light. Shift the table about, or turn it as required, so that the best light will reach into the opening and upon your work. Looking down through the incision, you will notice a thin, translucent film or membrane, which covers the entire internal organs. The little blood which may have dropped in from the outside wound and clotted on this membrane, is most easily removed by picking up, with the tweezers or forceps, a little piece of moistened sponge, introducing it into the opening, and pulling it out again with all the blood adhering to it. The membrane now appears clean and translucent.

Then take up the steel hook and carefully pick this membrane to pieces, always holding the sharp point of the hook upward, or in the direction of the back-bone, in order to avoid touching the organs that may be crowding against it from below. The tear through the membrane must be large enough to expose, under good light, the internal organs to view. When bowels are nearly empty, you will plainly see well toward the back-bone, the upper testicle, a yellowish body of about pea size (of course, larger in older cockerels), perhaps somewhat elongated, or in the Brahma, etc., quite long, almost wormlike. Sometimes both testicles come in plain view, especially if you push the intestines aside, with the probe or with a similar tool. Sometimes, again, it happens that the intestines crowd upon the upper testicle and hide it from view. Then introduce the probe and push them aside, and the testicle will come in full view. Its light color (although often it is partially dark-colored, almost black) makes it plainly visible.

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You are now coming to the object of all this proceeding; namely, the removal of the testicle. Take up the cannula. The single horsehair should previously have been adjusted to form a loop of about or nearly three eighths of an inch in diameter. Slip this loop over the testicle, and between it and the big artery which may be seen alongside of testicle. If at first you don't succeed, try again. It may require several trials, but don't lose patience. It will go all right at last. In especially bad cases you may take wire in place of the horsehair; but the latter is usually to be preferred, and if the testicle is in normal condition, a little perseverance will surely lead to success. When you see that the loop has properly caught on, draw up on the loose ends of the horsehair, at the upper end of cannula, so that the loop is all pulled in, and the testicle tightly drawn up to the end of cannula. Hold the cannula with the left hand, twisting it back and forth about half way around, at the same time pulling continuously and strongly on the ends of the horsehair with the right hand, thus cutting and twisting the testicle off its fastenings. When you feel it give way, pull it up with the cannula and horsehair, and if some of the strings still adhere to it when you get it up through the opening, cut them off close to the testicle with the knife.

The thing to be avoided is injury to the big artery. If the blood-vessel should form a kink, and the kink be drawn into the horsehair loop, the artery will be torn, and the fowl will bleed to death in a few minutes. This, however, does not often happen.

Now one side is done. All that remains to be done is to see that no feathers or other foreign substance is left inside the opening; then take out the spreader, let the skin and muscle slip back over the incision through the ribs, unfasten the chick, and—turn him around on the other side for another operation.

I have described the job in all its minutest details. To perform the operation does not require one tenth the time that it takes to tell it. In the first attempt you may possibly spend a quarter of an hour or more. What does it matter? Take your time. The fowl, while not especially comfortable, is not actually suffering. He feels slight actual pain only during the moment when the incision is made, and perhaps during the removal of the testicle. After you have operated on two or three birds the task becomes an easy one, and the operation will not take many minutes. The difficulty is only in the first attempt.

What next to do will be told in another article.

T. GREINER.

## FODDER-CUTTERS AND POULTRY.

Some fodder-cutters will reduce hay and fodder to very short lengths. In fact, we have had them to cut as short as one fourth of an inch. If good hay, corn fodder, or any kind of provender, is cut to half-inch lengths, the hens will pick over the cut food and find quite an amount of palatable portions, and they will eat it dry, but the better plan is to scald the mess and sprinkle meal over it. A pound of clover hay will offer the most suitable and economical ration that can be provided a quite large flock in winter (excepting meat and bone), as it is not only nutritious, and assists in making a variety, but also enables the hens to secure bulky food, which is very necessary to thrift and egg production.

## INHERITED DEFECTS.

We doubt if any creature domesticated on the farm is subject to so many diseases as the fowl, and it transmits its defects to its offspring with great certainty. We have seen a male with a lopped comb endow all of his sons with the same peculiarity, although such chicks were hatched from eggs laid by different hens. The roup is passed from parent to offspring when it becomes a constitutional disease, and lack of vigor causes degeneracy. The remedy is to use only healthy and vigorous stock for breeding purposes.

## SHERIDAN'S Keep Chickens Strong



## Condition POWDER

and healthy; it gets your pullets to laying early; it is worth its weight in gold when hens moult; it prevents all disease, Cholera, Roup, Diarrhoea, Leg-weakness. It is a powerful food digestive. Large cans are most economical to buy.

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## Queries.

READ THIS NOTICE.

Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, and relating to matters of general interest, will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should enclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

**Old Pasture Land for Oats.**—J. W. L., Williamsburg, Ohio, writes: "Would an old pasture-field that has been standing for years—in fact, until there is no grass on it except a little wild stuff—be fit to sow in oats next spring, if it is plowed in February and oats drilled in with fertilizer as soon after as possible? The land is a very heavy, poor clay."

**REPLY:**—Although it is not a very promising field for oats, you cannot probably do better than to follow your plan. Plow early, prepare thoroughly, fertilize well and sow clover with the oats. Drainage and clover will make a garden out of heavy clay soil.

**Ashes for Lawns.**—E. M. S., Portland, Oreg., writes: "Is there any value in wood ashes applied to lawns? The fuel used here is oak, ash, pine and fir? Can it be applied at any time, fall or spring, and how much to the one hundred square feet? Will ashes destroy moss in lawns? This climate being very moist, moss grows in such quantities as to eventually ruin a lawn. Would you advise using any manure or fertilizer in connection with the ashes?"

**REPLY:**—Hard-wood ashes applied to soils deficient in potash produce good results. Apply broadcast in the spring or fall at the rate of ten bushels per acre. You must determine by experiment whether ashes will benefit your lawn. Nitrate of soda, three hundred pounds per acre, applied in the spring, is a valuable fertilizer for lawns. Encouraging the growth of the grasses by such fertilizers is the best way to get ahead of the moss.

**Lime and Manure.**—G. V. M., Havre de Grace, Md., writes: "I have read what you say about lime, in the issue of October 15th; namely, that it is seldom needed as plant-food, and its action is only temporary, tending to exhaust the land. I have always looked upon lime as a permanent improvement. Is it advisable to put lime on young clover, and not plowing it under for two years, or to let it remain on top only one year and then plow it in? What would you advise me to use for permanent improvement of the soil? I live one mile from a town of 4,500 inhabitants, and can get almost any kind of manure."

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—With good and effective manure (stable manure) so near within reach, nobody has any cause for asking what to use to improve the soil. "Lime without manure makes the father rich and the children poor," is an old saying. It is not quite true; for lime alone, on the average lands of the East, will not even make the father rich. The free use of stable manure, when you can have it (probably at little expense) near you, and of clover rotation will give you the permanent improvement of your soil which you desire. Or, if you cannot get stable manure enough, use a little phosphate, and perhaps kainite or muriates, if your land should need potash, in place of the manure. But do not omit the clover. Seed down the land to clover at least every fourth year, and you will be all right.

**Fertilizers for Grass, Asparagus, Etc.**—J. C. W., South Sudbury, Mass., writes: "(1) What is the best quick-acting fertilizer for top-dressing a field seeded to grass? At just what stage of growth shall I apply it as a starter, in addition to the regular manuring? (2) At just what stage of growth shall I apply nitrate of soda to asparagus and rhubarb beds?—Is there any truth in the report that elm-tree roots will give well-water a putrid smell? No possible chance for vault or sink drain to cause it."

**REPLY BY JOSEPH:**—(1) Apply a few hundred pounds of bone-meal per acre, now or any time during the winter, or in place of the bone-meal some superphosphate; then in early spring, fifty or one hundred pounds of nitrate of soda. Sometimes wood ashes give good results. (2) For asparagus and rhubarb beds, apply nitrate of soda (two hundred to three hundred pounds per acre) after the ground has thawed out in early spring.—I do not believe that live roots of elm or other trees will affect the water in the way mentioned. Dead wood (wooden pumps, boards, floating sticks, etc.) often give well-water a woody smell and taste, but not a putrid one. If your well has a putrid smell, there is a cause for it. It may be that toads, frogs, mice, moles, rats or other animals have fallen in and are decaying in the water. Water with such a smell is not fit to use, and the sooner the well is given a thorough overhauling and cleaning out, and the cause of the smell removed, the better for the people who have to use the water.

GET RID OF ONE COLD before you contract another on top of it, or you may securely establish the seeds of a serious Lung Complaint before you are conscious of danger. Better prudently resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expecto-rant, an effective cure for Coughs and Colds, and helpful also for its healing influence on the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

## VETERINARY.

Conducted by Dr. H. J. Detmers.  
Professor of Veterinary Surgery in Ohio State University.

To regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE, answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired, the applicant should enclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Subscribers may send their veterinary queries directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 35 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

**NOTE.**—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column, must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered under any circumstances.

**Ringbone.**—A. M. B., Gentile Valley, Idaho. You will find what you inquire about in FARM AND FIRESIDE of December 1st.

**Dry Scabs on Their Noses.**—J. Ch., Wiscup, Pa. If your colts have dry scabs on their noses and are not otherwise ailing, you may remove them with a little glycerin.

**Wounded by a Barbed Wire.**—J. N., Eustis, Neb. To the wound you complain of, being an old one and producing so-called proud flesh, you may apply the same treatment recommended to D. M., Derringer, Wash., in this issue.

**Scrotal Hernia.**—H. C. B., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. The treatment consists in, and a cure will be effected by, castrating the colt with castrated testicle. This means that the vaginal membrane must not be opened until the clamps have been put on. It is not necessary to describe the operation, because it must be performed at any rate by a competent veterinarian, and he will not need any instructions how to do it.

**Actinomycosis.**—M. H. D., Ruthven, Iowa. It sometimes takes two or three months until the tumors drop out, but it may also be that in your case the tumors are not in the connective tissue, but in the jaw-bone. In that case the treatment will be of no avail. Finally, it may also be that you have applied too much of the arsenious acid compound, so that healthy tissues have become destroyed. The treatment is all right if properly applied.

**A Barren Cow.**—M. W. M., Monroe Centre, Ohio, writes: "Is there anything I can do to get a farrow cow with calf? She has been farrow for the past three years, and has been regularly served every three weeks the past six months. She is ten years old."

**ANSWER:**—Nothing can be done, unless you know what causes your cow to be barren, and the cause is one that can be removed, which, in your case, is not probable.

**Warts.**—R. C. P., South Pittsburg, Tenn., writes: "I have a colt, two years old, that has something on his nose resembling seed-warts. The nose is almost covered with them."

**ANSWER:**—Such warts as you complain of usually disappear after some time, without any treatment. If you want to do something, though, you may paint them over by means of a camel's-hair pencil with a concentrated solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, or else a few times with strong vinegar.

**Either Tuberculosis or Lung-worm Disease.**—B. D., Oxford, Ala. Your heifers, it seems, suffer either from tuberculosis or from lung-worm disease, against which diseases nothing can be done. Lung-worm disease will be prevented if young cattle (older animals are seldom affected) are not allowed to graze on low and wet ground, or to drink out of ditches or pools of stagnant water contaminated with the worm-brood. The two symptoms you give are not sufficient for a definite diagnosis.

**Big-jaw.**—G. W. S., St. Andrews, Florida, writes: "I have a mule that has the big-jaw. Tell me what will cure it."

**ANSWER:**—So-called big-jaw in horses and mules is not always the same disease. It may be due to some external violence, and be of the nature of an exostosis; but if the swelling of the bone is extensive, it is, in most cases at least, of a far more serious character, and either actinomycosis—incurable in a jaw-bone—or due to the development of a malignant growth in a maxillary sinus, and equally incurable. Curious teeth, also, may cause more or less swelling of the jaw-bone, but the swelling is seldom very extensive, and the treatment consists in the removal of the cause.

**Skin Disease.**—S. R., Kenton, Ohio, writes: "I have a horse that is covered with a sticky, white dandruff. It cannot be brushed off, as it is too gummy, but will rub off on the harness, or the hands, or a damp cloth. By taking an old case-knife and scraping the hair it will come off in great flakes. About four years ago I first noticed it on his withers. It has spread all over him."

**ANSWER:**—Your description leaves me somewhat in doubt as to the nature of the skin disease of your horse. You may apply the same treatment recommended to T. W. D., Philo, Ohio, notwithstanding that your case is probably somewhat different. Avoid using internal and external quack medicines. They can do no good. Good grooming is essential. Some horses are more difficult to groom than others, because their skin is naturally more greasy, on account of a greater development of the sebaceous glands.

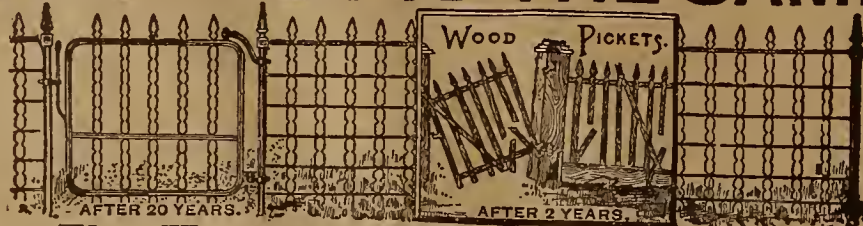
**So-called Black-leg.**—F. A. G., Hutchinson, Kan., writes: "There is a disease, which my neighbors call black-leg, with which young cattle die in the spring, after they have been out on pasture for about a week. I have lost several calves from eight to twelve months old. They become lazy, lie down, and if compelled to get up, soon lie down again and die in a few hours. Older cattle are not affected that way. Can you tell me what is the cause and prevention of the disease?"

**ANSWER:**—The only thing you can do is to keep your young cattle away from such places where it is known that so-called black-leg occurs. It is a disease caused by a micro-organism, which enters the animal body through small sores or lesions. The disease itself, once fully developed, must be considered as incurable. Places where animals have died should be disinfected, and the carcasses of the dead animals should either be cremated or be buried at least five or six feet deep.

**Probably Pustulous Eczema.**—T. W. D., Philo, Ohio, writes: "My three-year-old colt has small eruptions over its body. They apparently form like a boil, and form a pus, which gets hard and dry. When pulled off the hair comes with them. The place from where they are pulled forms something like dandruff, and heals up. She also is in the habit of belching. Can anything be done for either or both? She has been driven until she was quite warm. Would that cause either complaint?"

**ANSWER:**—The skin disease you complain of seems to be a pustulous eczema. If the weather is not too cold, a few thorough washings with a warm solution of corrosive sublimate in water, in a proportion of one to

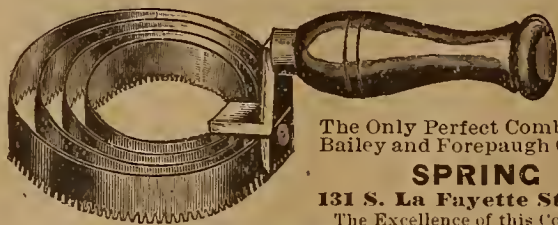
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three hundred or four hundred, will effect a cure.—If your horse belches, you either feed something that has a great tendency to ferment, or your horse very likely is a wind-sucker, and has acquired an incurable bad habit.

**A Diseased Udder.**—G. R. D., La Grange, Mo., writes: "About six weeks ago the teats and bag of my cow became sore and seabby. I treated with carbolic acid and salve, until all seemed well. About one week ago she had a second attack, and now the udder running from the bag forward underneath is swollen and raw from licking. She has a number of sores, and scratches herself continually. The skin seems healthy, and she has a good appetite. After her first trouble, one side of the bag swelled, and she gave clotted or stringy milk, which nearly dried her up. She has never been exposed to dirt."

**ANSWER:**—The clotted milk must be removed by frequent and thorough milking, and the sores, very likely, will be brought to healing either by applications of a three-percent solution of creoline (Pearson's) in water, if the weather is not too cold, or by applications of a mixture of lime-water and sweet-oil, equal parts. The applications should be made twice a day.

**Thrush—Lameness.**—E. L. K., Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "My horse has gone lame in his right leg or shoulder. When he is standing in the stable he sticks the right leg out and seems to rest all his weight on his left front leg. His feet are in bad shape—his hoofs very hard and the frogs in both his front feet seem to be rotten and have a bad smell. I can pull the frog out with my fingers. Both front feet are in that fix, but he is only lame in his right front leg."

**ANSWER:**—In the first place, your horse has thrush. Pare away all loose and rotten horn. This done, lift up the horse's foot in such a way that the sole inclines toward the toe; then pour some pure carbolic acid (ninety-five per cent) in the crevices of the frog, and where frog and sole are diseased, but see to it that the carbolic acid does not come in contact with the skin. After this has been done, keep the horse on a clean and dry floor. It may be that it will be necessary to repeat the same treatment in a day or two. As to the lameness, it is impossible to decide from your statements whether the same is caused by an overstraining of the flexor tendons and suspensory ligament, by contraction of the hoof, or by navicular disease. It requires a careful examination to decide.

**Worms—Corked Himself.**—D. M., Derringer, Wash., writes: "My horse passes white worms about an inch long. He seems hearty, eats well and is in good condition.—The same horse corked himself about a month ago, cutting his front foot on the first joint above the hoof, about six inches long. I have not worked him since. The wound seems to have healed, but it seems to be growing up much higher than the skin. Some say it is proud flesh. If so, what will cure it? It has a red appearance, and will come off by scratching it with the nails."

**ANSWER:**—If your horse is doing well and in good condition, and the worms are passing off, leave well enough alone.—As to the wound, unless it has resulted in a so-called quitter, it will probably be sufficient if you first apply a little finely-powdered sulphate of copper to destroy the so-called proud flesh; and this done, dress the wound twice a day with iodoform and absorbent cotton, and keep the leg bandaged from the hoof up to the knee. The bandage, of course, has to be renewed twice a day, when the wound is dressed; it will prevent and reduce swelling. Instead of iodoform alone, you may also use iodoform and tannic acid, 1:2 or 3.

**Itching—An Old Wound.**—W. B. F., Galena, Md., writes: "My horses have been rubbing their manes and tails every spring for several years, but stop soon after going out to pasture. Their tails get dirty and sometimes have scabs on the end. I have used coal-oil on them, which always cleaned them and stopped the rubbing. The hair is getting thin in the tails. Will coal-oil cause it? The horses now seem to itch more or less all over, but are most affected in the hindquarters and hollows of the leg just above the hind knee. Small scabs are forming in places. Sometimes they switch their tails as though flies were biting them. Have been pasturing all summer, sometimes in a peach orchard.—I had a mare that got cut about two months ago, with a disk harrow, on the hind leg from the pastern-joint to the frog. At the joint, the cut was about three fourths of an inch deep; lower down, not more than one fourth of an inch. I washed it every day with warm water having a little carbolic acid in it, and then saturated a piece of raw cotton in the water and bound it over the cut. When it began to heal, the cut opened and the flesh pushed out in a mass nearly as large as my fist, and does not seem to have gone down any yet. The swelling is as large where the cut was slight as where it was deep. The animal is not lame when walking."

**ANSWER:**—As to the itching skin affection of

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your horses, it may be that you allow your chickens to have free access to and to roost in the stable where you keep your horses, and that the trouble is caused by chicken-lice. If so, keep the chickens out and provide another place for them. Besides that, use the brush in a thorough manner at least once a day. The affection surely is not mange, otherwise it would not disappear in the summer. Coal-oil is too severe, and apt to destroy the roots of the hair.—Concerning the old sore, apply the same treatment recommended to D. M., Derringer, Wash., in present issue.

**Probably Distemper.**—A. V. F., Gering, Neb. What you describe seems to be common horse-distemper, an infectious disease which principally affects young horses and colts. It seldom becomes dangerous, if the animals affected receive good care, are not exposed to inclement weather, are kept in a good, clean and well-ventilated stable and fed with food easy of digestion. If abscesses are forming beneath the jaw-bone or in other places, the ripening of the same should be promoted by applying warmth and moisture, or warmth alone, or else by one or two applications of oil of cantharides, and then be lanced as soon as plain fluctuation appears. After the abscesses have been opened, nothing further is required but to keep them clean with some antiseptic fluid; for instance, by washing with a three-percent solution of either carbolic acid or creoline. If the morbid process localizes in the respiratory mucous membranes, expectorants, in shape of an electuary if they have to be given by force or in shape of a powder if the same are taken voluntarily with the food, may be given until the cough becomes looser and the discharges thicker. The following is a good combination, which will answer in a good many cases: Tartar emetic, half an ounce; chlorate of ammonia, one ounce and a half; and some vegetable powders, such as powdered licorice-root, powdered marsh-mallow root and powdered anise-seed, of each two ounces, the whole to be divided into ten or twelve equal parts, and one part to be given three times a day. An addition of a little water will be sufficient to convert the powders in an electuary. If writing-paper is not too expensive in Nebraska, please, if you write again, do not write crosswise over the lines written, but use a little more paper; otherwise, such a letter that requires a long time deciphering may find repose in the waste-basket. Correspondents, at any rate, should leave some space at the top, and write only on one side of the paper. A letter like yours can never go to the printer.



## Our Fireside.

## A NOTCH ON A STICK.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

CHAPTER VII.

A PLEASURE TRIP AND A RESCUE.



Obed went about his work the morning following the ball in a half-hearted way, and with a feeling that the good things of life were not at all evenly divided.

"Now, there is this fellow Robert Roseborough," he

argued, as he drove about the grove in a mechanical way, "he has everything necessary to success. I have nothing; it is my father's fault. But is it my father's fault that he was born in the obscure hills, without so much as an opportunity for knowing what is necessary, and still less of obtaining it had he known?"

He worried over it all day, and all day he was tormented with the thought that Elise was fond of her cousin and he of Elise. He could hear their voices now and then, where his route lay near the palms, blending in song or laughter, and the comparison that had become such a habit with him of late, would suggest the difference between himself and the more fortunate cousin. The more he thought of it the more rebellious and unbappy he became. At noon he fed the mule, and then went up to the house and asked Elise to excuse him from his lessons.

"Why, Obed," she said, "are you sick?"

"No," he replied sullenly, "I ain't sick. I want to—to see my mother."

For an instant she was half inclined to be angry, for she felt that he was for some reason dodging his lessons. But knowing that those visits to his mother resulted only in good to Obed, she accepted the excuse in seeming good faith, saying pleasantly:

"Very well, Obed, but he sure you are on land to-morrow, boy," with a touch of the humor that seldom failed to restore Obed's good temper. "And you can double on the task, if you please, and see how you enjoy that, sir."

But Obed was not to be cajoled into good humor; he went off in a sulky mood, which all the efforts of Elise could not relieve. He had not really intended going home, but since he had led Elise to think so, he decided that he would run over and have dinner with his mother and the boys.

"For I won't tell a lie," he told himself, "not for all the kitten-pawed soft-beads this side o' Texas."

The thought had no sooner found expression, however, than he recognized it as unjust to Robert and unworthy of himself.

"He ain't done anything to me," was his thought, "and if he likes Miss Elise it ain't no more than natural. And he gave me that book on sores. It ain't the giving that I value, but the gift. I needed that book, and I couldn't have bought it with all the money on earth, because I didn't know as there was such a book in the country."

He was busily framing a resolution to be more generous—a resolution already made so many times, so many times broken—when he saw young Roseborough unlocking a skiff, in the act, as Obed supposed, of preparing for a row upon the lake.

He wore a jaunty little yachting-suit of soft gray, and was whistling an air from a favorite light opera when Obed passed by, and being busily engaged with the boat, he did not see Obed until he had passed beyond speaking distance.

But Obed had seen him, and had been guilty of a most ungenerous thought; it could scarcely be called a wish, inasmuch as he had instantly put it aside with a feeling of contempt for having so much as allowed it to take form in his heart, that "the boat might go to the bottom of the lake for all he cared."

"Fool! not to know the wind is rising, and that the lake will be on a regular tear if it doesn't lull before sundown. Serve him right if he never gets back; serve him right for being such a fool."

He did not notice that the yacht was miss-

ing, nor know that the squire and his daughter had gone across in it to lunch with a neighbor on the other side. But he did know that Robert was totally unacquainted with the lake and its moods, and that the least he could in all honesty do, was to go back and warn him not to go out in the skiff until the wind should lull.

But an evil mood was upon him; he trudged on home, by the road rather than through the grove, as was his habit. He wished to "walk off" his ill humor before he should meet his mother.

They were at dinner when he reached the house, but his mother rose at once to set a plate for him, while Bennie slid down from his chair to "run an' fetch a cheer fur yer brother; he's mighty tired," a command only too cheerfully obeyed, for little Ben and Jack asked no loftier honor than to wait upon "Oby."

His chubby face was all smiles when he brought the chair and carefully, slyly (knowing there would be opposition) placed it a trifle nearer his own seat than it was to Jack who occupied the place on Obed's left, while Bennie occupied the right.

Obed's seat was opposite his mother, "Yer pa's place, son," she was wont to remind him in a proud, tender way.

Obed felt his ill humor vanishing before the pleasant atmosphere of affection that pervaded his home. He noted his brother's sly maneuver to be near him; he saw also the little brown hand extended from the other side to draw the chair back to its proper place, midway the table. This devotion of his



HE SAW HER SITTING IN THE HAMMOCK.

brothers was peculiarly sweet to him; it appealed to every good and tender impulse of his soul. There was very little, even of his bare, uncrowned life, that he would not have relinquished in the interest of these two helpful, loving little hearts that beat so loyally for him.

"Hello, kids!" he said, giving each brown chin a chuck as he dropped into the chair between them. "We'll set a trap for a wildcat to-night, I'm thinking, if somebody's eyes can keep the winkers off until work hours are over."

Instantly two pairs of eyes were opened wide. Sleep? Who dared insinuate that those bright orbs had ever been guilty of heaviness? How they flouted sleep. Obed laughed; but the mother made use of the promise to effect a long-desired end.

"Ye'll git mighty sleepy now if yer go trompin' over the kentry this evenin', like yer do most days. Ye'll hev ter stay at home with mammy an' rest yerse'ves up, if ye're aamin' ter go trap-settin' with yer brother."

And the suggestion proved far more effective than all the threats of alligators, snakes and Indians that had been brought to bear to keep the boys from "running away," a pastime to which they were much addicted.

Obed ate but little, and in spite of his efforts to appear gay, his mother's partial eye was not to be deceived. When the little boys had finished eating their dinner and left the table, she carefully crossed her knife and fork upon the plate, then in a voice of tenderest concern said:

"What air it, son? What air troublin' of you-uns?"

Instantly the truth was out.

"Pears like I have lost my senses," said Obed. "Seems like I ain't got no power of reasoning left. I was making a fool o' myself because that soft-pawed chap up yonder seems to bave more duds and more jaw than have come to my hand."

"De Lor, son!" exclaimed the mother, as if the unriddling of the trouble might be the very simplest thing under the sun. "He air jist a poor orphant boy, and hev lost his pa and ma, too. You ought ter be mighty good ter him, Oby, seein' he ain't so prospered as you-uns. You-uns bev got yer ma and yer little brotbers. I reckin you sets some store by we-uns, son?"

"Well, I reckon!" said Obed, tilting his chair back in order to reach a little sun-browned ear that offered most tempting. "I reckon!" The next moment he was gone. Something had occurred to him—something which sent a flush of shame to cheek and brow.

The wind had been steadily rising, and the clouds that had been slowly gathering were now heaped in sullen masses, through which an occasional flash of forked lightning darted with fiendish brilliance. The lake was a seething cauldron that roared and hissed and shrieked.

That boat? The little light skiff that he had seen go out? What of it? He had a guilty feeling that he had sent the boat out, knowing the danger, and that he alone was responsible for that which might concern it.

He ran down to the wharf to see if Robert was truly out on the lake; perhaps he had been frightened needlessly. But no, there was but one skiff chained to the wharf! One tiny, shell-like boat that rocked and tossed and was beaten by the waves, that rose in white-capped fury to lash their helpless prisoner.

Obed was a magnificent oarsman. He had an idea that the youth born and reared in a city could not by any possibility know anything of rowing other than the poor skill required to row a canoe down the little rivers, as he had seen them do in Tennessee.

Athletics, schools of training were a dead letter to Obed. He felt it his duty

To the Long island, fair days it might be seen, a long, dark strip stretched like a great cable upon the blue, sunshiny water. But on a day like this all things upon the lake were of one hue, save the white crests of the leaping waves.

Obed went against the wind, hugging the shores, and keeping well into the shelter of the great points, that made a kind of harbor against the fury of the gale.

Obed's plan was to cross the lake at a point above the island, and to trust to his strength and skill to land at the low, cleared point, the only point at which it was possible for him to land, at the extreme end of the long strip of land familiarly known as the Long island. The waves would float his boat, if he could only manage to steer it.

He reached a point, still hugging the shore, in a direct line with that upon which the adventurers were supposed to be imprisoned. Suddenly it occurred to him that if Robert Roseborough was such a skilled oarsman, why had he not returned with Elise before the gale rose to such a fury? It had given ample warning—the clouds had been gathering all day.

Thinking of it, he grew alarmed; something must have happened to prevent their return. If so, why had they not hoisted a signal of distress? He strained his eyes, eagerly searching for the signal that he had forgotten. Sure enough, there it was—a white rag of some description hoisted upon a pole, fluttering wildly in the wind.

The discovery gave him new strength; every muscle of his body seemed to respond, to gladly respond to the demand made upon it.

At last the skiff stood at angles with the point at which he wished to cross. He was a half mile above the island. If the waves did not break the boat to pieces, he calculated that he would hit the island not far from the landing at which he aimed.

But to cross! His arms were already sore, his strength spent. The seething water rose, at his first effort to push out beyond the more sheltered track he had followed, and lashed him until he could scarcely ply the oars. Again he made an effort, and again the boat was heaten back by the waves that caught her astern, driving her, rocking and dipping, back against the shore.

Baffled and perplexed, he waited a moment to recover breath for another trial. Would it be useless? Would he ever be able to reach the island? For one instant hope forsook him; the next he lifted his eyes to the signal of distress and bent his strength to a new attempt to reach those in distress.

No sooner had the boat been turned about than a great wave bore down upon it with a low, jubilant hiss, whirled it back against the shore with a force that sent Obed upon his knees, while an oar went spinning out into the boiling water, to be instantly carried away, out of sight and reach forever.

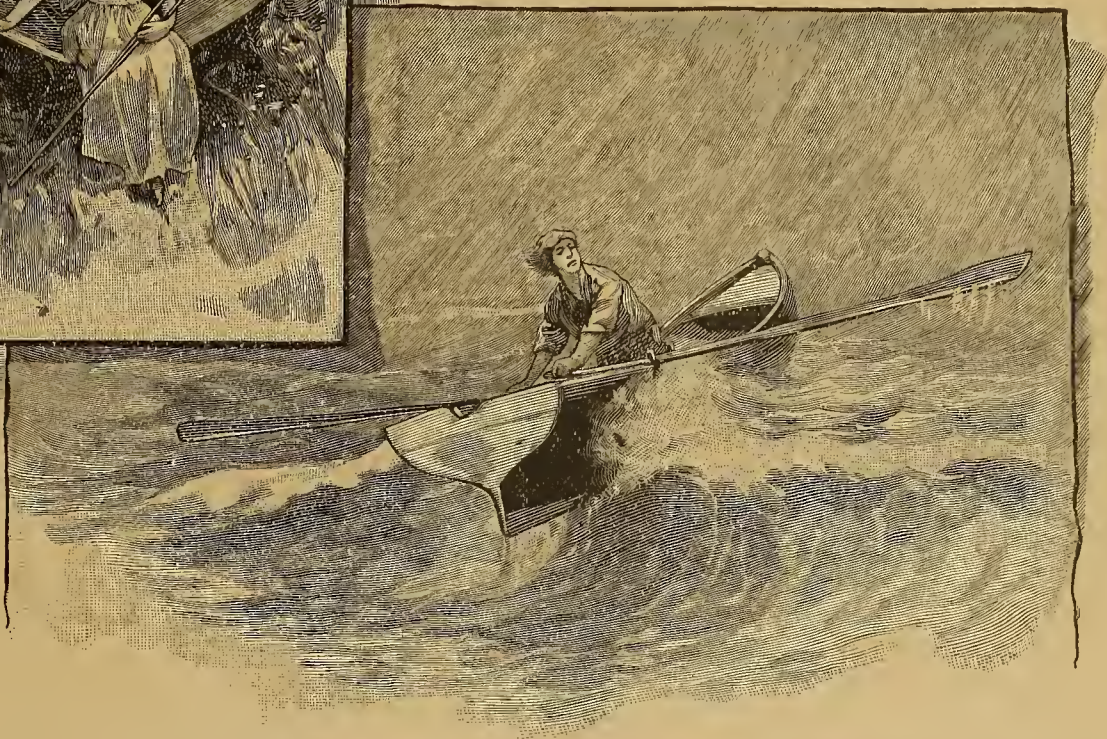
With that quickness that is born of

necessity, Obed seized the remaining oar with his left hand, while he reached with his right for the extra oar he did not forget, even in the moment of his peril, to be thankful that he had thought to provide.

Weary? Nigh unto death. The oars were like lead in his hands. His arms ached to the very sockets. But so long as that white terror dangled in the wind, so long would he battle, unless the water should gain the victory by strangling him; nothing else could prevent his fighting, even if he never reached the island.

Not for one instant would he falter while that signal beckoned. Two lives were at stake over there—two lives that were worth much to the world. Two lives, the saving of which was well worth a risk to his own life. He thought of his brothers and of his mother, wondering how they could manage in case he never came back. He knew his mother, and understood how she would feel about it. She would miss him sorely, but her pride in his act would comfort her much. She would dry her tears to bid the little boys be like him, her son "Oby, him as ware drowned tryin' ter save Miss Elise."

Those would be the very words she would use. And as for the boys, the squire would not allow them to suffer. What a grand man the old squire was, anyhow. And his daughter, how beautiful, how stately and gentle. A thousand recollections of them came crowding up for recognition as he beat his way out into the lake. He was gaining, too; the last wave had taken but little from his progress. Yet every stroke he made seemed to carry his life out with it. Still he struggled, looking to the white signal when strength seemed ready



A GREAT WAVE BORE DOWN UPON HIM.

to go to Robert's assistance. It was a risk, a terrible risk, but it must be run.

While he was unlocking the boat Julie came running down to him, wringing her hands and weeping.

"Oh, Mr. Obed!" she cried, "Miss Elise—Miss Elise is out with Mr. Robert in the canoe."

"What!" exclaimed Obed, "out on the lake in a wind-storm like this? Where is her mother?"

"They are all gone away in the yacht. Reuben had to go to fire the engine. You know the law requires two men on the yacht. Oh, Mr. Obed, can't you do something? There is nobody on the place but us women, and Miss Elise out in the storm."

Obed was slipping the oar-locks into their sockets.

"Hand me that oar, Julie," he said, pointing to the rack upon which an extra oar always lay in reserve.

Quick as lightning the girl obeyed; the long pole rattled against the bottom of the boat. Obed tossed his coat to the girl, who seized it eagerly, as something necessary to the safety of her young mistress.

"Do you know in which direction they went?" said Obed, his hands upon the oars.

"To the Long island," she replied, "to look for Indian relics."

"Can—her cousin row?"

"Like a sailor."

"Thank God!" said Obed fervently. And as he gave his back to the wind he felt that a burden had been lifted from his heart. If he never came back, it would not be so hard to go down with the knowledge that his rival had been allowed to go out upon the lake without at least a chance for his life.



to go. On, on, now up, now down, tossed, rocked, now balanced upon a gigantic wave, now plunged beneath it, until weary, broken, drenched to the skin and numb with the constant lashing of the water, at last, at last, he allowed the boat to drift. It bore straight down upon the island, requiring more skill than strength to keep it to the course he wished.

He forgot his fatigue and the chill that was upon him; he was thinking only of the two upon the island. Where were they? He had discovered no sign of them other than the signal, which he could plainly see now, as he drew nearer. There was no sign of them other than this.

Afraid to loose for a moment his grasp upon the oar, he still watched intently for some intimation that they saw him, or that they were safe.

Then it occurred to him to shout. He did so, as lustily as possible, but he felt that the shout was a vain one, inasmuch as he was denied the use of his hands with which to form a trumpet.

The next moment, however, he almost dropped his oar for very joy. The shout was answered—a long, loud halloo, repeated three times—the blindest, best sound his ears had ever heard.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Thank God, they are there!"

The next moment he saw young Roseborough run down to the point and wave his hat vigorously, while Elise, farther back, but in distinct view, stood upon the trunk of a fallen oak, and lifted a blue signal, which Obed at once recognized as the little blue sunshade.

He gave himself entirely to the task of landing his boat. Elise and her cousin were safe; he need fear no more for them. His idea now was to reach them.

It was not a difficult matter now, since the waves were bearing him directly down upon the point at which he had all along been toiling. Moreover, the wind had lulled to some extent, and the rain set in; great, driving sheets at first, that became a slow drizzle by the time the canoe touched the land.

Obed sprang out almost into Robert's arms. "Hello!" he shouted, "any lost kids on this island? Kids by name, angels by nature; seen 'em!"

A shout from Robert and a weary, half plaintive reply from Elise assured him that the lost articles had identified themselves.

"Oh, Obed!" said Elise, "I am so glad you've come. Our boat got away from us, and I am all drenched with the rain, and so is Robert. And Julie will be so frightened. She begged us not to come out alone, but Robert is such a good rover, and we had so much fun eating our lunch here under the trees, until the gale came and carried off our boat; and we were obliged to use our lunch-cloth for a signal to let somebody know we were in distress. We thought perhaps the yacht would pass and we could hail her or—Cousin Robert, what is the matter down there that nobody speaks to me, and what are you doing to Obed?"

She had talked on hurriedly, scarcely noticing that Obed, in springing from the boat, had suddenly reeled, and before she had ceased her complaint, had fallen forward into her cousin's arms.

When she saw the white, rain-beaten face lying against Robert's shoulder, and realized that it was Obed, strong-hearted, brave-souled Obed, she forgot her own misfortunes in her fear for him. She saw young Roseborough's strong arms receive their burden; she saw him place the exhausted boy on the ground, then spring forward to seize and make fast the canoe.

"Oh, Robert," she called, "what is it? What has happened to Obed?"

Whether the sweet voice, full of a gentle fear for him, reached the unconscious ear, or whether it was the beating of the rain upon his upturned face that aroused him, Obed slowly opened his eyes, to find Robert Roseborough bending over him, in the act of applying a small silver flask to his lips.

"Hello, old boy!" he said, "take a swallow; brace you up. Nothing but wine; part of our lunch. Now then, go back, Elise; don't try to come down here; he is all right."

"Is he hurt, Robert?" Obed heard the sweet voice ask. "Is Obed hurt? And can't I do something?"

"No," said Robert; "he is just all worn out with his battle against the waves, and we must get him home at once. Hello, now! What are you trying to do?"

Obed was endeavoring to get upon his feet, but with every effort fell back exhausted upon the arm Robert extended to help him.

"Don't try it, Martin," said young Roseborough. "Just take another swallow of the wine, and then let me help you into the canoe. I can put Elise in afterward, and then I must get this tea party in out of the weather."

Obed was too much exhausted to do otherwise than obey. He had an indistinct impression of being half led, half carried—how strong the arms that supported him—down to a canoe. Of a soft coat and a silken pillow, one wrapped about his shoulders, the other tucked beneath his head. He felt, rather than saw, when some one was placed near him where he lay prone upon the bottom of the boat, from which he fancied some one had bailed the water.

He remembered something about a pair of strong arms—such muscle! such power! The great waves had found a master. And once

or twice he fancied a small hand was put out to draw the gray coat more securely about his chill, wet shoulders. And he thought some one whispered "Poor Obed! Poor, dear, brave Obed!" And when he tried to open his eyes to see if an angel might have come earthward on the wings of the gale, he found the sky above him such a deep, dead, dripping blue, and so very near he thought it must be falling. He had an indistinct idea of smiling, and of thinking he had mistaken the poor, wet parasol for a firmament on a downward expedition.

He thought young Roseborough said something about "courage" and "generosity" and "grit," but he could not quite recollect what it was. But he knew when Elise spoke; he heard every word with maddening distinctness.

"Dear Robert, do hurry!"

How loud that "dear" sounded. He fancied for a moment that he was mistaken, and that a clap of thunder had sounded in his ears.

"Mother will be so frightened; we must get in before the yacht. And poor Obed; I feel so uneasy. Can't you pull a little harder?"

"I will do my best, dear," was the quiet, assuring answer, after which Obed remembered no more until Elise again urged her cousin to get to the wharf before the return of her mother.

"Why, darling,"—how distinct were the softly-spoken, caressing words—"aren't you a little too impatient? You know, Elise, dear, that the simple fact that you have been exposed to the weather for the last few hours is sufficient cause for all haste on my part, to say nothing of our brave friend lying there half dead in the bottom of the boat."

Again Obed felt the hand drawing the coat about his shoulders. He sighed, such a deep, heart-broken sigh that Elise cried out in terror, and that was the last poor Obed knew of the adventure.

"Be calm, Elise," said Robert; "we are almost at home now. But I must tell you that the yacht is there at the wharf. She has evidently just put in, for the fire is still burning and some one is at the rudder. They have given the alarm at the house, and the yacht is making ready to go in search of us. Ah! Now they have seen us. I see my uncle; he is waving an umbrella, and Cousin Elizabeth is watching us through the glasses. Reuben is leaving the yacht; they know we are safe. Ah, there is the whistle. Can't you wave that umbrella—I can never again call it a sunshade—to let them know we are not at the bottom of the lake?"

But Elise neither spoke nor stirred; she was watching the still, white face lying against her silken hammock pillow. Something hitherto unfelt, and still unrecognized, stirred within her heart a feeling which, once awakened, may never slumber again.

When Robert Roseborough called to her a second time to wave a signal to the anxious group waiting upon the wharf, her only reply was to adjust the dripping parasol to a position that would more effectually shield the face upon the pillow from the merciless down-pour of the rain.

When at last the skiff touched the landing and Robert had tossed the chain to Reuben, who had briskly set about making her fast, Elise, drenched, numb and utterly exhausted, called to the squire, who waited upon the last step to receive her:

"Grandfather, send some one down here at once for Obed. He is lying in the bottom of the boat, and I think he is dead." And as Robert lifted her from the canoe, she dropped her face against his shoulder and burst into tears.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### BACK TO TENNESSEE.

Jaybird sett'n on a white-oak limb,  
Ole Clem Green;  
He winked at me an' I winked at him,  
Ole Clem Green;  
Jaybird skipped to a tall post-oak,  
Opened his jaw, an' thus he spoke:  
"Ole Clem Green."

The familiar falsetto was ringing through the grove as Obed guided the yellow mule from tree to tree. Squire Roseborough, crossing from a strip of hammock land into the banana grove, heard the song, but with no other sign than a half smile, passed on, without the frown with which he had been accustomed to receive Obed's vocal accomplishments.

The squire was growing more tolerant of his fellow-statesman. Elise's faith in her protégé had inspired a kind of family interest at last, and caused the stern old grandfather to exercise more patience with the untrained strippling than he was given to indulging. Then, too, there was something about the boy, under all his careless indifference and light humor, that was slowly and surely coming to the light.

He had worked well since he had been given the care of the mule, and aside from the hour spent with Elise at noon, he was seldom absent during work days from his place in the grove.

This pleased the squire not a little, for since the warmer weather had set in many of the hands had quit; some were ill, some tired of work, some too indolent to work longer than was absolutely necessary. And it is never necessary to exert oneself to any very great extent in Florida, where the forests offer all manner of game and the lakes are full of fish, the marshes of wild birds, and the trees afford

always the most delicious fruits to the hands that will take the trouble to pick them.

Many of Squire Roseborough's hands deserted him before he had finished with his shipping, although he told his daughter that he could manage to get all the fruit off before the season was quite over with the force he had, provided that force held out, as he believed it would.

But the very next morning two of the best packers were reported absent, one from sickness, while the other had taken the morning steamer for home, some fifty miles distant.

The squire was greatly harassed by this unexpected weakening of his force.

"I shall lose at least one fourth of the crop," he said at breakfast the morning the men were reported "off." "I shall lose one fourth. There are but three expert packers on the place; the others are green, inexperienced hands that I have picked up here and there, anywhere I could find them. Now, I could take Riley from the sizer and put him to packing in Norris' stead, if I had anybody to size. That is as important as anything else."

It was about twenty minutes later that Obed presented himself at the door and asked to see Squire Roseborough.

"Come, in here, Obed," the squire called to the boy at the front hall door. "Show him in here, Riley. I am at breakfast, but we can talk while I eat, and there isn't any time to lose from the packing-house this morning. Well, Obed, what is it to-day? No more rabbits, I hope, sir."

"No, sir," replied Obed, as he stood in the door, awkwardly thumbing the brim of his big hat and trying to look at Elise and at Squire Roseborough at one and the same moment. "I reckon there won't be any more complaint from 'old Molly.' It is about the mule this time."

"Oh, the mule; hang the mule!" roared the squire. "Is everything going to play out just because I am in a situation to spare nothing? Are there no horses on the place, sir?"

"The mule got a bad hurt yesterday," Obed went on, ignoring the squire's outbreak. "Cut by the barbed wire fence. I tinkered on her some last night, and she was able to pull pretty well this morning. I went out by day-break this morning; two of the pickers agreed to go with me, and worked until the mule went lame. Then I quit. I won't work no lame critter if I knows it, not for nobody. I put some ointment on the sore and took her to the barn. And I've come up to say as there's oranges enough at the packing-house to run two days with the skimpy gang you've got packing. And that if you want Riley to pack, I'd like to take his place at the sizer."

Elise nodded her approval of the step, bold as it was, and for a moment Obed fancied the squire, too, was not ill pleased with the proposition. He hesitated a moment, his hand on the silver spoon with which he was in the act of stirring an egg into a cup, then he demanded bluntly:

"And how long, sir, do you suppose you will stick to it?"

Elise glanced at her grandfather, who for the life of him couldn't rid himself of the habit of doubting poor Obed.

"I'll stick until another packer is laid up, squire, then I'll expect to be passed on up to his place," said Obed with a return of his old daring. "I'll stick that long, truly, squire."

"If a rabbit doesn't run by while you are at it," said the squire, who was not sorry to have the boy take Riley's place, for all his reluctant consenting. "Be off with you, sir, to that packing-house. Oranges will take a step down in the market in a few weeks. Wait! Do you know anything about sizing oranges?"

"Do I know anything about yellow mules and stumpy-tailed rabbits?" said Obed. And the answer, rude as it was, seemed satisfactory, for the squire dismissed him with a wave of his hand in the direction of the packing-house.

It was nice work rolling the perfect, yellow fruit down the sizer until it dropped, each individual orange, into its own proper compartment underneath, where the packers seized upon it with such alacrity that Obed wondered for a moment if he would ever be able to keep up with them.

The sizer consists of a long, triangular gutter, made of wood and having a number of circular openings in either side. These openings are of different sizes, the largest being at the extreme end from, and the smallest at the end near the person sizing the fruit. Underneath are arranged two rows of boxes into which the oranges fall, and about these are grouped the packers, each with his box and supply of wrappers. The small fruit will of course drop through the first opening, while the larger will pass on to its proper place, where it will pass through the larger openings and into the compartments prepared for it. Only one size is packed into a box, and these are first wrapped by experts who make a business of packing oranges. The last layer is wrapped in fancy colored papers and arranged in some pretty design, according to the artistic idea of the packer.

Obed found that he must keep his eyes open if he supplied all those brisk workmen. Why, it seemed to him they could twist their bit of paper about an orange and whisk it into the box in less time than it required for him to wink an eyelid. There was one fellow who could pack seventy-five boxes a day; and as the men were paid by the box, the very slowest of them made a record that caused Obed's eyes to open. What a relief it was to see them

stop to tack on the covers of their boxes. But even this was quick work. Each man carried his mouth full of tacks, and a tiny hammer tucked in the little back pocket, that is sometimes called the "pistol pocket." The covers are of one piece, to fit the box, the boxes being made with strips of flexible bark, projecting above the top, of just the length necessary to reach across the cover. Three tacks, three strokes of the hammer on each strip, and the box is closed. Then the work of marking follows, only a run of a small brush across the stencil, and the box is ready for the wharf.

Obed's first day at the sizer was a wearisome one, yet it had its fascinations. He resolved to keep those packers supplied if he had to sit up all night to do it. So when the others quit work he remained at the packing-house until it was too dark for him to see what he was doing. He knew he had staid long enough, however, to give the men a good start the next morning, and so enable him to keep up with them.

Consequently, he found work easier next day. As he left the house, an hour after the others, he was telling himself that some day he meant to have a grove of his own; and when he did, the first man he would employ would be that young mulatto expert, who showed temper whenever one of the hands spoke to him while he was at work.

"Yes, I'll have a grove and packing-house some day," said Obed, "and the kids shall be partners; beginning, like me, at the sizer. I'll grow the best fruit, too. Drake Star, Parson Brown and Novel. None of your runt on my place. Which we sell the Tennessee land—Pshaw!"

He put the thought from him. For the first time in his life he had dared to hope the old mountain barren might bring them something. The squire would sell them the place they were on. It was mostly hammock, but there was a fine lake exposure, and the hammock was full of sour orange-trees which could be grafted with the sweet fruit, and soon be converted into a bearing grove. But as to the Tennessee land, he had made up his mind that he would never look to that for help. He had become too familiar with his mother's disappointment to ever count upon the Tennessee land.

"I'll work for my fortune," he declared. "I'll see my name, O. Martin, on them boxes yet. Or else"—and Obed laughed aloud at the thought—"or else Roseborough and Martin."

He worked with a persistence that astonished even Elise. And then, one morning a packer failed to report and Obed was promoted.

At last the work was finished. The fruit was on the northern market, and Obed at last had a few weeks' freedom to do as he pleased. His first impulse was to go back to the hammock. His gun had a spot of rust on the barrel. He pointed it out to his mother when he went home, after seeing the steamer start across the lake with the last of her freight.

"I'll clean her up a bit for luck," he said, reaching for the long-loved companion of his idle hours. And then he saw the rust and pointed it out to his mother.

"Never mind, sonny," she said, busy with her preparations for his supper, "never mind about the gun. They air no rust on you-uns, anyhow, an' I'm a-settin' you-uns up a heap higher'n I be a-settin' up of any guns an' seeh. They air no rust on you-uns, son."

The words pleased him more than any praise she had ever given him. He was learning to value her commendation as much as he valued her criticism, knowing that both would be just, and one, at all events, would be helpful.

The next day, the first of his holidays, he spent in the hammock with his brothers. He was surprised to find how slowly the day dragged itself out. The old fascinating pastime had lost its zest, and but for the pleasure it gave the little boys he would have considered the day's hunt a failure.

They brought home a gopher, tortoise, a dozen or more squirrels, an opossum and three doves. They had a shot at a deer, but its nimble feet soon carried it beyond range of Obed's rifle.

Obed dressed the opossum and the squirrels while "overseeing" the work of dressing the birds. This he allowed the twins to do, to the delight of the boys and the gratification of his mother, who told him that it "ware allus a mighty good sign to see a boy willin' ter show his little brothers how ter do."

After supper Obed took his chair outside, to watch the moon rise over the lake. The boy was fond of nature in all her moods, but the quiet beauty of the Florida moonlight had for him an especial charm.

The magnolias he had set out were growing finely, and the roses had begun to clamber up the sides of the house. Another year they would be in bloom, and the magnolias would soon have blossoms, too; the long-leaved, ungraceful blossoms, seemingly so hardy, yet ready to wilt at a touch, or a breath too warm upon their creamy petals.

"Gwine huntin' to-morrer, son?"

His mother had come out to sit with him under the trees. The boys were fast asleep, exhausted with their tramp through the forest.

"Naw'm," he said absently; then quickly correcting himself, "No'm. Seems like it is mighty hard for a fellow to learn to talk like folks. No'm, I allowed I wouldn't go any more until the kids got to honin' for the



woods again. I don't seem to set as much store by the hammock as I used to do. Seems like it's a bad waste o' time for a fellow the size o' me, who can't write his name good, to be galivantin' all day in the woods, in & out."

"Why, son!" For the life of her she couldn't suppress the cry of astonishment. "You user never be so satisfied as when you ware a-trapsin' over the kentry by the side o' a rifle."

"Yes'm," said Obed, "I know it. I used to do a sight o' things there was no use in. I have learned more better now."

Herose, shook himself together, boy fashion, and started off in the direction of the gate.

"Wher' be you goin', son?" his mother called to him as he crossed the road by the stile.

"Just over to the squire's awhile," he replied. "I ain't been over in a long time. I allowed some o' the family mightn't be well."

She watched him until he disappeared amid the orange-trees, then she gave vent to her feelings.

"I wonder what ails of Oby," she said, "allowin' he ain't been up ter Squire Roseborer's in a long time. He only quit work over ther' las' night. It ware good dark a'most, when he quit. An' ter be a-sayin' he ain't been ther' in a long time. Lor'! Lor'! I keep on a-thinkin' what a rumpus they ware the first time I ever axed him to go over ther'. Waal, Squair Roseborer have certain'y fetched Oby out. I'm obleeged ter squair fur that. He certain'y have fetched him out."

Meanwhile, Obed went through the grove and around by the palus to the squire's wharf. He had found it impossible to stay away from the place where he had learned so much of life and its real meaning.

He heard a step behind him on the white, sandy walk, and turning, he saw Reuben coming toward him from the house.

"Miss Elise saw you cross the yard, sir, and sent me to tell you to come up to the house. She wants to speak with you."

She met him at the door, and came out among the jasmynes to talk to him.

"I sent for you to-day," she told him, "to row me over to the Long island. I had a fancy that I would like to see it again. Your mother said you were in the woods with the children. Now that you are here I must tell you the good news. I am going home."

There was a jubilant little ring in the voice, as if to her, at all events, the news was indeed good.

Obed suddenly felt as if the world might be slipping away from him.

"Are you gwine soon?" he faltered.

She laughed, a low, rippling little laugh.

"Say 'going,' boy, not 'gwine.' Yes, I shall go in a month. But you needn't look so sorry, boy. I shall come back sometime—when the snows come again and the snowbirds begin to pay visits. There is to be a school at the village, Obed, and you are to go. Do you hear, boy?"

"Don't seem to hear nothin' but the going away part," said Obed, with a poor attempt at cheerfulness. "Be you going all alone, by yourself, and without any company?"

She broke into her old merry laugh, swinging lightly to and fro as she sat on the edge of her hammock.

"Listen at the boy!" she said. "No, I am not going alone. My cousin, Robert Roseborough, is to return for my mother and me in one month. And you are to tell your mother that I am going back to Tennessee. And say to her, shall I carry her love to the mountain?"

Going away! Everything seemed going to pieces. He left her sitting in the hammock, a smile upon her face and the strains of an old song floating after him through the grove:

Carry me back, carry me back,  
Carry me back to Tennessee.

She was so happy, so glad to go. She seemed to have forgotten him entirely, as he walked away from her. She had not responded to his good-night; she was thinking only of going home. She had promised to come back, but would she? Everybody always leaves with a promise to return, yet how few fulfill the promise. Would she? The silence of the present had no pledge to offer for the uncertainties of the future.

[To be continued.]

#### SCRAP-BOOKS.

I would like to supplement the good advice given by Mrs. Stetson, in her late article on women's clubs, by saying to the members of such clubs, "Make scrap-books." You will find them of incalculable value in your work, especially if you are some distance from a public library, and even if near, it saves time if you can turn to a book already at hand, instead of going to hunt it and possibly finding it "out" when you most need it.

The present daily paper is such an encyclopedia of knowledge, where all subjects, living or dead, are being turned, reviewed and held in all possible lights to public view; every phase of every subject scanned and criticized until it seems as though there could be little else said by any one on any subject. But each new day brings its quota of new things, or old ones in a new dress, and these choice bits cut out and laid between or pasted on the pages of an old book, make an invaluable work of reference.

It is very little trouble to mark with red or blue pencil, at the first reading, any article thought to be worth preserving, and after each member of the family has read the paper,

the marked articles can be readily cut out and filed in its own particular book. Do not make the mistake of pasting indiscriminately all the pieces you wish to save. Sort and put them in boxes if you like, until enough have been saved on any one subject to warrant starting a book by itself.

Scrap-books may be made of the common brown wrapping-paper, by cutting into leaves about seven inches wide by ten in length. This allows of pasting on two columns of newspaper print, leaving a margin for notes. The covers can be cut from any old pasteboard box and held together by a bit of muslin pasted on them. The leaves may be left loose and are really more handy when wanted for reference than when fastened, and another advantage is they can always be added to or taken from with no inconvenience to the welfare of the book. The title is then pasted on the back, and when well filled, you have a book no one need be ashamed to put in any library.

I have twenty such volumes which I call my "Home Encyclopedia," for they are on almost as many different subjects as there are books. One contains cuttings about American authors—little sketches, with a touch of their home life, or an incident showing some peculiarity or characteristic known to a friend, which found its way into a newspaper, but would never be found in a biography or "authentic history" of their lives, giving an insight to their inner or real life, found nowhere else than in the columns of a paper. A sketch, a story, a bit of their verse along with these incidents, give a completeness to the whole, or a place from which to quote if writing an article about a certain author and his works.

Quite a large volume on Russia was made in a few months, and was found to be of great value when "the club" were studying the history and literature of that country. George Keno's writings and lectures just at that time, being the primary cause of filling the daily papers with such articles. I have no story-book, as the short story is now so overwhelmingly abundant it is hardly worth the while to save them unless from the pen of some favorite author or friend.

One book I especially prize is the customs and manners of women of different nationalities. Another is on folklore and kindred subjects, while there are three on the Columbian fair, filled with "special letters" and associated press letters, and letters from friends, with my own notes taken upon the ground, with pictures and descriptions cut from Chicago papers, all combined making as good a history as will be sold by agents or from book-stores in the future.

I have not despoiled my magazines to enrich my scrap-books, as a marginal note in the book, referring to page and date, are quite sufficient. It is well to leave some pages for these reference notes in the book when making it, and also for index to cuttings on special subjects.

Life is not long enough to waste any precious time hunting through files of papers for a dimly-remembered article when needed, when it is so easy to transfer all valuable items to the pages of a scrap-book, where they are easy of access, in concise shape and handy. If not already well supplied, commence at once and kept on making and you will find them such a help in your work, and you will be proud of your additions to your library.

BARBARA R. GARVER.

#### THE BLOCK SYSTEM.

The system of numbering country roads by dividing them into blocks, each 528 feet in length, originated in Contra Costa county, California. In most counties there is some central city toward which all roads converge. These roads are arranged in as long lengths as possible and named. Each mile is divided in ten blocks, which gives each one a frontage of 528 feet. Blocks are numbered odd or even numbers, as in cities, the odd numbers being on different sides of the street. The individual houses in the same block are numbered by letters, the number of the block showing how far it is from the central point. Thus 65-B would mean the second house on the block, six and one half miles from the starting-point. The system is a great convenience to travelers, and deserves adoption everywhere. On the most thickly-settled country roads the twenty-six letters of the alphabet will be ample to letter all the houses in a block. In places where the population is thinly distributed there will be several blocks without a house.

This plan will become a necessity wherever postal delivery is adopted for rural districts. It saves, too, the constant inquiry by travelers how far they are from their destination. Each block being plainly marked, the footman or rider can easily time himself and see how fast he is going.

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#### BOB'S STOCKING.

Susan and Mary, and dear little Rod,  
All hung up their stockings, but greedy Bob,  
Who was always hungry and dirty, too,  
Thought he had a much better plan in view;  
The rest went to bed, he lingered behind  
With the largest stocking he could find,  
And laughed with glee as he thought of the lot  
Of things he would get by means of his plot.  
When Christmas morn dawned, the children all ran  
To the chimney-piece their treasures to scan.  
A doll was for Mary, another for Sue,  
And in Rod's stocking a horn hung in view,  
While all of the three that hung in a row  
Were stuffed full of candies from top to toe,  
But greedy Bob's held to its utmost scope  
Nothing but cakes of pure Ivory Soap.  
Santa supposed it was for Bob's mother,  
And knew she preferred this soap to all other.

G. 23.

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## Our Household.

### A FULL HARVEST.

Seems like a feller'd ort 'o jes' to-day  
Git down and roll and waller, don't you know,  
In that air stubble, and flop up and crow,  
Seein' sich craps! I'll undertake to say  
There's no wheat's ever turned out that a-way  
Afore this season! Folks is keerness, though,  
And too fergitful, 'caze we'd ort 'o show  
More thankfulness. Jes' looky byonder, hey!  
And watch that little reaper wadin' thue  
That last yaller hunk o' harvest ground—  
Jes' natchurly a-slicin' it in two  
Like honeycomb, and gaumin' it around  
The field, like it had nothin' else to do  
On'y jes' waste it all on me and you!  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

### FOR THE GLAD YULE-TIDE.

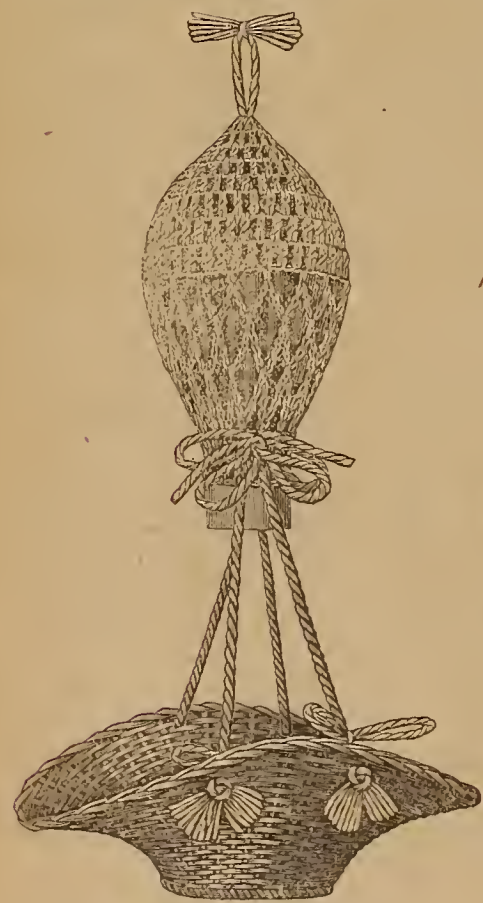
**U**NDER the blue of autumn skies  
Bloom the rich tints of paradise.  
The sun sets on a throne of gold,  
A purple mist the hills enfold;  
The crows caw all the livelong day,  
And to the Southland wing away,  
And shouts of children in the wood  
Intensify the solitude.  
Then comes a frosty wind, that speaks  
Of sleigh-rides gay and rosy cheeks,  
And hearts that beat in happy time  
To the glad wedding-bells' sweet chime;  
Of glowing hearths, whose flames leap high;  
Of roasting nuts, and pumpkin pie,  
Thanksgiving joys—dear grandma's boast—  
Cranberry sauce and turkey roast.  
Then snowflakes falling thick and fast  
Tell us December's here at last.

And so, of course, since we have come to the happiest month in the year, the one around which childhood's fondest affections, memory's tenderest reveries, circle, we must begin to think of some pretty things that will give joy to the giver and pleasure to the friends who receive.

I ran over to Mary's, yesterday—Mary is my best friend, you know—to see some pretty Christmas presents she has been making. She always begins along in August or September, and then she never needs to hurry; while I—I am always postponing my work until the last minute.

When we were cozily seated in her room, she said, as she brought out her pretty trifles, "I'm glad you came, for I had a new idea last night, and I want to know what you think of it."

Mary is so clever and her ideas are always so original and bright, that I waited in respectful silence while she brought forth the cutest little balloon match-receiver that you ever heard of. I waved her to a seat in my most impressive manner, and hummed a bar of "Hail to the Chief."



BALLOON MATCH-RECEIVER.

"Explain!" I cried, dramatically.

"Well, in the first place, one of our electric light burners gave out the other day; so, as it was of no further account, I got Harry to remove the brass fixtures around the base, which he did with a sharp knife. Then I crocheted this cap that covers the upper half of the bulb, out of some yellow embroidery silk, left from some fancy work; then I crocheted cords two inches long at six equal distances, and fastened them to a little cord around the base of the bulb. I bought four yards of yellow baby ribbon and made eight bows, four of which

I fastened to this tiny Japanese basket, which cost four cents, and four of which I fastened to the cord at the base of the bulb. Then I attached the basket to the base of the bulb by four strips of ribbon, each five inches long. At the top of the hood is fastened a ribbon to tie it under the lamp, and there is my balloon complete. Isn't it cute?"

"Cute!" I responded reproachfully. "It's perfect."

"I making a sofa-pillow for mama," she said. "For it, I got a fifty-cent-piece of chamois-skin, half a yard of figured China silk and half a yard of surah. This cord I had on a dress a year ago, so I really count it nothing."

She had cut the chamois and the China silk in an equilateral triangle fifteen inches long. Between the two, all around the sides, run a puff three inches wide, of the surah. The seams were hidden by the lovely golden-brown cord that run around the edges, and on the chamois she had painted sprays of pansies in delicate water-colors. The whole thing was a harmony of tan, cream and golden-brown, as restful to the eye as to the head.

"For Jennie's boys, I'm making heel-protectors of the chamois-skin that was left from the cushion. Here is one, now." And she held it up to my view. It was made of the creamy chamois and bound with crimson sateen, and there was a strip of narrow, white rubber sewed from one corner to the other, to hold it securely over the ankle.

"Where did you get your pattern?" I questioned.

"I took it from a stocking heel. I cut the binding an inch smaller than the edge of the protector. It fits much better. My, but they do save stockings, though!"

"Anything more?" I asked.

"Indeed I have. I'm making these cords and tassels for Belle's portierre curtains. Here are my directions: Get ten or twelve feet of hemp rope. Cut in two parts. Ravel out the ends for eighteen inches, after tying firmly. Bend back the fringe and wrap with stout cord; reverse it and secure it again. You can make the head to the tassel as long as you wish, though I think an inch and a half a good length. Isn't it pretty?" And she shook the wavy, flaxen fringe out over her hand.

"Of course," I sighed. "Proceed."

"Well, I've made a swallows' flight for Millie's children." And she produced a box of black cloth swallows of graduated sizes. "There are thirty of them, the largest as big as my hand; and see, the smallest isn't much larger than a Columbian postage-stamp. I shall pin them on the wall at proper intervals, placing the largest first and lowest, the little ones last and highest. You wouldn't believe how it pleases children, and it costs next to nothing."

"I'm making something new in the line of hair-receivers, too. I got a couple of Japanese baskets, five inches in diameter. Out of pasteboard I cut a circular lid, six inches in diameter. I covered this with red sateen, made a double ruffle of the sateen around the edge, and in the center of the lid sewed a brass ring to lift it. Under the sateen ruffle I fastened a strip of ribbon to act as a hinge. It would be pretty to hold the sateen full on top, wouldn't it? Now," she continued, "I intend to make another, for Bess. Bess is always losing pins, so I intend to make a pretty cushion, just large enough to fit the top of the lid, glue it on, stock it with pins, and she'll have a combination hair-receiver and pin-cushion."

She showed me a lovely letter-receiver, made by herself. Do you want to make one? Well, then, get a sheet of tinted celluloid—pale green is pretty—cut from it a strip eighteen inches long and ten inches wide. Across the top of this paint some pretty design, as a spray of eglantine or honeysuckle, putting the heavier part of the design on the right-hand side. On the left-hand corner, in fancy design, paint "Letters" or "Papers." At the bottom of the left-hand corner, cut out a square, or segment, five inches deep. Pink the edges with a tiny pinking-machine, and under the edges put a piece of some pretty contrasting (say pink) celluloid or isinglass, six inches square. Fasten together with bows of gilt wire, through tiny holes previously made. Now turn this up (so that the pinked edges and the gilt bows come on the outside), for about six inches, bend back the lower right-hand corner two inches and fasten with a tiny bow of gilt wire. On the isinglass or pink celluloid paint some pretty design, say a spray of morning-glories or forget-me-

nots. If these designs are painted at a graceful diagonal and then trimmed out, the effect is prettier still. And if desired, the receiver may be all of one piece; but in any way, it is graceful and pretty as can be, when finished and suspended by a gilt cord.

For a friend who had attended a reading circle, she made the daintiest of souvenirs. Her friend was a teacher, so the souvenir took the form of a slate. It was five and one half inches long and four inches wide. It was made of pasteboard, painted black, with a little raised frame, even the red felt edge and black lacings being painted on the edge, and the little pencil fastened by a tiny cord. On the outside, a crescent moon and a star furnished the light for four wise owls to learn their lessons, and



LADIES' COAT-BASQUE WITH RIPPLE CAPE SLEEVE.

on the reverse side was an umbrella, a lantern and a pair of overshoes, without which the recipient never ventured to attend a session of the circle! There were a dozen pages, which were decorated with excellent sketches of the authors they had read, with quotations from them and original sketches of the characters, grave or gay, as the case might be. There were also scenes from parties they had attended, and the last page represented a very sleepy old owl perched on the crescent. It is full of suggestive memories, and will be highly prized by the lucky girl who gets it, I know.

Now, I will tell you what I intend to make for Mary, and then I must stop. I shall crochet a pink ice-wool fascinator for her, just touch it with a drop of perfume and fold it in a Japanese paper napkin. Don't you think she will like it? I do.

CARRIE O'NEAL.

### WINTER STYLES.

On this page we illustrate a cloak and dress pattern of the latest style. Many are taking their long newmarkets, shortening them a little, putting in new sleeves and a big collar, and making the last winter's wrap look new, with very little expense.

Also, by the addition of a little new material, an old dress can take on quite a new appearance.

We will furnish choice of these patterns free to any one sending us one yearly subscriber at 60 cents, if the subscriber wants a pattern also, or at 50 cents if not. Price of the pattern, when purchased, 35 cents; or with Farm and Fireside one year, 60 cents. In ordering, do not fail to send bust measure.

### ONE CHRISTMAS.

It is a pitiful story that I have just read; the story of a woman who was so friendless that she had no one to help her remember the glad Christmas-time, and who, because she knew no one else would do it, bought and put upon the Christmas tree a gift for herself.

In direct contrast to that, rises a story from my own experience. Several years ago, by a sudden turn in fortune's wheel, a young girl was left utterly friendless, with nothing upon which to depend but her education. She was, of course, compelled to seek employment, and secured a situation as a teacher in a large and busy school. Of course, she met but few people except those in the building where she worked.

As Christmas approached, and the sweetness and the gladness of the joyful season filled the air, she sighed wistfully, for the

Christmas scenes and sounds were suggestive of bygone days, when such happiness had been hers, too. But now she was entirely alone. Not a soul to remember; not a soul to be remembered by.

School closed on Friday, and Christmas came on Sunday that year, and she thought gloomily of the holiday week that must be spent in the dismal solitude of a boarding-house. What was her surprise, upon entering her room on Friday noon, to find, when she lifted the lid of her desk, a dozen little remembrances, left by the kindly hands of her fellow-teachers, who each year exchanged some inexpensive trifle, with the season's wishes. There were dainty little handkerchiefs, books, cards, sachet-bags, fruits and pretty little knickknacks that skilful fingers had made, and for her. And to crown it all, there was a note from one teacher, inviting her to spend the holiday week with her at her home on the farm. For a moment she was overwhelmed, and then a flood of thanksgiving rushed over her.

The sight of her radiant face was thanks enough for her friends, and the dear day had for her, thereafter, always a sweeter and broader significance.

Such a happy evening she spent preparing for that visit to the country. Such a glorious ride over the snowy roads. Such kindly welcomes from one and all. Such a delightful old farm-house. Such merriment and laughter. Such a fat old turkey as kicked up a row in the big oven on Sunday, for the most astonishingly happy Christmas dinner. Such a wishbone as found itself by the most remarkably happy chance on her plate. Such fun and hilarity. There never was such a glorious, kindly, happy week, and there never were such delightful, kindly people; no, never. Why, she returned to her work a new creature.

She is the happy mistress of a pretty home of her own, now, but every Christmas some little memento goes to those who helped cheer that sad, first city Christmas. M. M. MOORE.

### AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

She can peel and boil potatoes, make a salad of tomatoes, but she doesn't know a Latin noun from Greek.

And so well she cooks a chicken that your appetite would quicken, but she cannot tell what's modern from antique.

She knows how to set a table, and make order out of babel, but she doesn't know Euripides from Kant.

Once at making pie I caught her—Jove, an expert must have taught her—but she doesn't know true eloquence from rant.

She has a firm conviction one ought only to read fiction, and she doesn't care for science, not a bit.

And the way she makes her bonnets sure is worth a thousand sonnets, but she doesn't yearn for culture, not a whit.

She can make her wraps and dresses till a fellow fast confesses, that there's not another maiden half so sweet.



LADIES' WAIST, WITH BRETTELES.

She's immersed in home completely, where she keeps all things so neatly, but from Browning not a line can she repeat.

Well, in fact she's just a woman, gentle, lovable and human, and her faults she is willing to admit.

'Twere foolish to have tarried, so we went off and got married, and I tell you I am mighty glad of it.

### \$100 REWARD, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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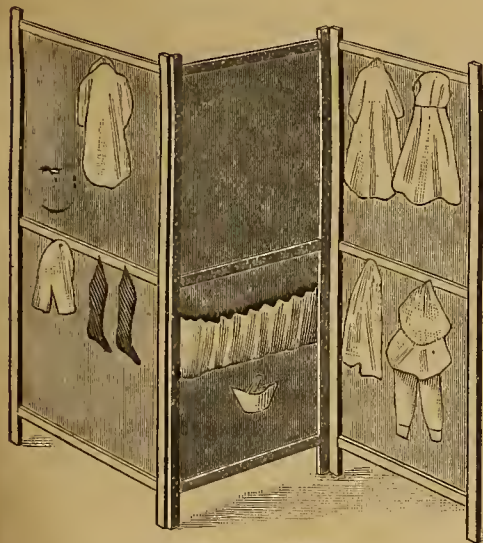


## HOME TOPICS.

**E**CONOMICAL HINTS.—The scarcity of money that exists in our country at present, will necessitate the strictest economy in very many homes, not only in cities, where hundreds and even thousands of men are out of work, but in the country, also. There is no denying that in the average American home there is much food wasted through ignorance, and much money paid for high-priced articles of food, which furnish less nutriment than others which might be bought for less money. While economy depends partly on the kind of food materials used, it depends still more on the manner in which they are cooked.

**MEATS.**—Where a family must buy all their meat, the cost of this one article is almost equal to that of everything else. A pound of porter-house steak costs from sixteen to twenty-five cents, and will be eaten at one meal by a family of three persons. A pound of round steak contains more nutriment, costs about two thirds as much, and if chopped fine, pressed into a cake and broiled in a double wire broiler, or made into a cannelloni it is quite as appetizing.

A piece of the shank can be bought for ten cents, put over a slow fire in cold water and simmered for four hours, when it will be found tender and juicy and by the addition of vegetables, a nice soup can be made from the broth. The meat will furnish a dinner for three persons, and enough be left for breakfast hash. A nice way to serve this meat is to chop it while warm, season it with salt and pepper, add the marrow from the bone, put it in a pudding-dish, spread the top with mashed potato, rounding it up in the center, and set it in the oven long enough to brown slightly. What is left from this dish may be mixed together, made into croquettes and fried for breakfast. The one important thing in cooking the cheaper pieces of meat is to let them cook slowly, merely simmer, and cook a long time.



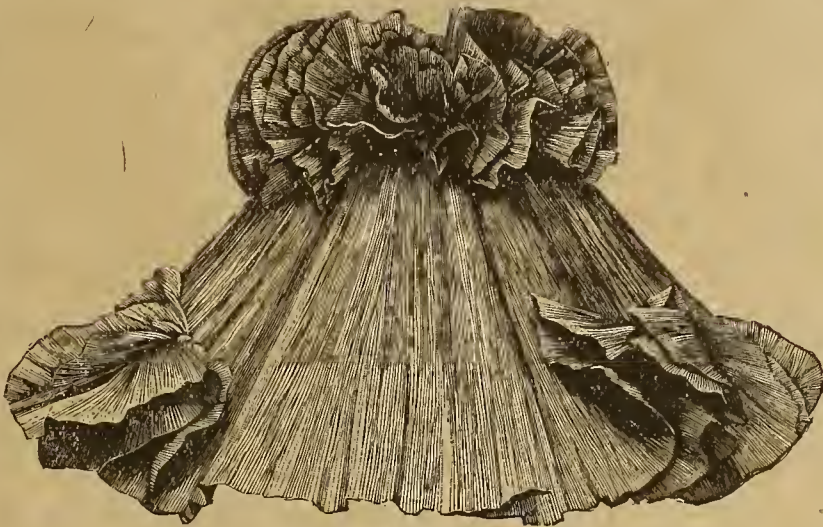
NURSERY SCREEN.

If you wish to make soup, put the meat into cold water with a little salt; if not, put it into boiling water enough to come half over it; let it boil about five minutes, turning it over once or twice, and then set the pot where it will cook very slowly. In this way the juice is retained in the meat; it is cooked so as to be tender and digestible and fuel is saved.

**SCRAPPLE.**—Select a piece of beef as for soup and cook it until very tender. Remove the meat from the broth and chop it fine, using only the lean meat. Set the broth off the fire until it is cold, then skin off all the fat and return the broth to the fire. When it boils, add pepper and salt to taste and thicken with corn meal as for mush. Set it on the back of the stove and let it cook slowly for at least forty minutes. Fifteen minutes before it is done, stir in the chopped meat. When it is done pour it into long, narrow bread-pans. This makes a delicious breakfast dish, sliced thin and fried on a griddle. It is very nutritious and takes the places of meat. Scrapple may be made from any other fresh meat in the same way. The heads and feet of hogs are often used for making scrapple.

**BEEF'S HEART.**—Although the heart is one of the toughest muscles in the animal, yet if it is simmered slowly in a closely-covered pot for six or seven hours it will be as tender as the choicest tenderloin. A neck-piece is sweet and tender meat, when cooked in the same manner, and does not cost half as much as the so-called choice cuts of beef.

**A NURSERY SCREEN.**—A young mother lately showed me a device of her own, which was so convenient I must let her describe it. She said: "My house is not large enough to have a nursery, so baby's toilet must be made by the sitting-room fire. Often, when I was washing him, a door would be opened and a draught of cold air come in, so I made this screen by taking a large clothes-horse and tacking cretonne on the outside of each panel. Then the idea came to me that I could put some little hooks in the upper bars and have a place to hang his nightie during the day and his dresses, etc., at night. Afterwards I thought of putting a pin-cushion and some pockets on one panel, and so do away with his basket. Now, when I am ready to dress the boy, I set my screen near the stove, with my chair and



TISSUE-PAPER LAMP-SHADE.

washbowl inside, and everything is at my hand. When I am through, the screen is folded and set back against the wall, and everything is put away at once. The panels are hinged so that one folds inside the other two, when it is closed. I wouldn't do without my nursery screen for anything in the world."

MAIDA McL.

## TISSUE-PAPER.

Although the art of making paper flowers is not new itself, yet the perfection which tissue-paper is brought to in these days, make them seem quite different from those of years ago. With the exquisite tints in French paper now on sale, Nature herself could be imposed upon. Then, too, the crape-paper takes the place of silk in many of its uses.

Silk lamp-shades were not a very great success, as they were expensive, and when soiled could not be cleaned or renewed; but the shades made of crape-paper are much cheaper, and the paper being of a tough texture, it can be handled as well as cloth. It can be sewed or pinned or stuck into shape with paste.

For a lamp-shade a bolt of the crape-paper is necessary. It should be measured the right depth, and gathered with a needle and thread to fit the shade. Around the top it can be finished with a full quilled ruche of French paper the same color. Then the crape-paper can be draped to suit the taste, or pulled out along the edges to give it a ruffled appearance.

The crape-paper has about ten feet to the bolt, and comes in all sorts of delicate colors, or in white with tinted edges. The tints, however, can be applied by the use of water-colored paints. It costs from forty-five to fifty-five cents a bolt, the scarlet being the most expensive color. The French paper is from three to five cents a sheet. The red in this being the expensive color.

The lamp-shades are trimmed with bunches of large flowers—chrysanthemums or lotus blossoms being the favorite ones, or large roses. Leaves and stems can be bought already made, though some make their own stems by twisting the green paper where they should be slender, or winding heavy twine with it.

A very nice, made paste also comes for the work, at from twenty-five to thirty

cents a bottle; though a good flour paste is good. Mucilage will not do, as it stains. I will attend to any personal inquiries, or purchase material for any one wishing to know more about it.

LOUISE LONG CHRISTIE.

## CHRISTMAS CANDY.

An authority on candy-making says: "The whole difficulty of candy-making is in understanding the boiling of sugar and the effect of certain things on the boiled sugar. Sugar when boiled to what is called the "snap" or "crack," will remain clear if not stirred. If it is disturbed by stirring or dipping of nuts into it, it will become cloudy. For this reason, vinegar or other acid is added, which to a large extent prevents the clouding. Here are three rules to remember:

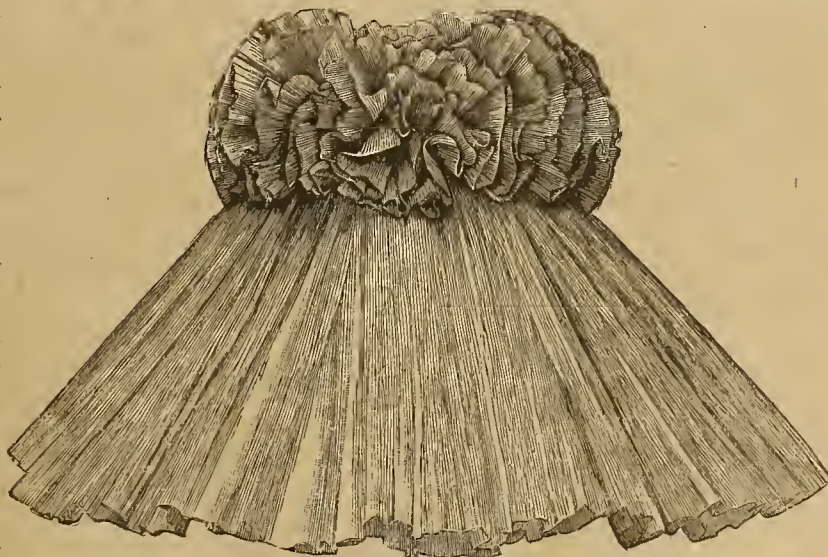
Avoid stirring or disturbing candy that is meant to be clear. Never, when pouring out candy, scrape the saucepan over it or allow any of the scrapings to fall into it. Always use a thick saucepan to boil sugar.

**VANILLA CREAM.**—Boil three pounds of granulated

sugar with half a pint of water. After the sugar has slowly dissolved, add a large tablespoonful of vinegar and one teaspoonful of gum arabic dissolved in a very little water. Boil until brittle; then remove from the fire, flavor, and as soon as it can be handled, pull until white.

**CARAMELS.**—One cupful of light brown sugar and one cupful of Porto Rico molasses. Put on the stove where it will not burn, but boil briskly until it is stringy as it falls from the spoon. Add two ounces of grated chocolate, let simmer (not boil) for five minutes; then take from the fire and add one tablespoonful of thick cream, or dessert-spoonful of very sweet butter. Flavor with one teaspoonful of good vanilla extract. Cream or butter and flavoring must be added after the candy is off the fire and has ceased bubbling.

The foundation for all cream candies is made by boiling together, without stirring, sugar and water, in the proportion of two cupfuls of sugar to one cupful of water, and one fourth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, until a small portion dropped in cold water can be rolled into a creamy ball. Set aside until lukewarm, then stir until white or knead on the molding-board until it is all soft and creamy. This cream can then be used with dates, pineapples, almonds, figs, cocoanuts or chocolate, and



TISSUE-PAPER LAMP-SHADE.

colored to suit the flavoring. For orange, the juice and grated rind is used. Cranberry juice will give a delicate pink, blood-beets, deep red, and fresh spinach cut into alcohol will tint pale green. For deep yellow, the yolk of an egg is used. Currant jelly will give a pretty red, also. Chopped hickory-nut meats kneaded in with the cream are very nice.

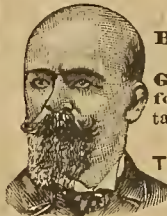
For molasses taffy, put a quart of good molasses in an iron saucepan, and boil for half an hour over a slow fire. When it begins to thicken, add half a teaspoonful of sifted baking-soda. Try in ice-water, and if it is rather brittle, pull as soon as it is cool enough to handle.

S. R. C.

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Agents for this paper make big wages six days in the week.



## Our Household.

### A DAINTY GIFT-BOOK.

An exquisite gift-book for a prospective mother can be made of water-color paper. A pretty design for the cover is a wreath of maiden-hair ferns, violets or pansies, with two or three cherub faces just inside the wreath. Fasten the leaves together by means of a silken cord or ribbon run through tiny holes in the back, and tie it in a fluffy bow.

Inscribe within the pages the following poem, which is from the pen of Sidney C. Holmes:

#### MOTHERHOOD.

Child of my love, I never yet  
Have looked upon thy face;  
I never yet have clasped thee in  
A mother's fond embrace;  
As yet, close meeting near my heart,  
Of my own being thou'rt a part.  
That heart supplies my life and thine,  
Belug of mystery!  
And with its every throb I send  
Some love to thee.  
What are thy dreams, my wondrous guest,  
As thus thou broodest in thy nest?  
Are they of worlds, whose azure streets  
So lately thou hast trod?  
For thou'rt a spirit, that I know,  
Fresh from the hand of God.  
Can I forget the awe I felt  
When first I knew such with me dwelt?  
When first with feeble fluttering  
Thy spirit inly stirred,  
A faintly quivering, trembling thing  
Like some sweet frightened bird  
That half reluctantly had come  
To seek a new and untried home.  
Life is before thee, darling mine,  
With all its hopes and fears—  
Sad, joyful life, sweet, bitter life,  
Laden with smiles and tears—  
And what existence holds for thee  
Is hidden in Futurity.  
I often think that thou wilt find  
This but a dreary earth;  
I sometimes think that thou mayest live  
To curse thy very birth;  
For thou a spirit, child of mine,  
Wilt live when suns have ceased to shine.  
And yet, I do not fear to launch  
The precious freighted bark,  
Filled though it be with untold wealth,  
Upon life's waters dark.  
I do not fear—God sits above;  
He is our father—he is love.  
Thy mind to rear—I cannot tell,  
Perhaps 'twill not be mine;  
I do not know—I may yield up  
My life to give thee thine;  
Just time, perhaps, for one long kiss,  
And then to leave thee motherless.  
It would be hard, methinks, to go  
And leave thee thus alone;  
And hard that thou shouldst never know  
Thy mother, tender one!  
Warm hearts will gird thee 'round, my love,  
But what can peer a mother's love?  
If this be so, remember, love,  
When years have passed thee by,  
Thy mother breathed for thee a prayer  
Even with her latest sigh;  
And Oh! may it to her be given  
To meet and know her child in heaven.  
I sit and ponder on the guise  
In which thou'lt greet the day;  
Hast thou thy father's kingly eye,  
Or mine of gentler ray?  
Hast thou his ample forehead fair?  
Hast thou my brown luxuriant hair?  
Wilt thou present thyself a son  
Of Adam's lordly race?  
Or, as a daughter fair of Eve,  
Shrinking in pensive grace?  
Will men confess thy beauties power?  
Will genius be thy radiant dower?  
Dreams! Dreams! But come, my darling one,  
And let us see thy face;  
Come to thy father's sheltering arms,  
Thy mother's fond embrace.  
Warm hearts await thine advent, love—  
And God, our father, sits above.

CARRIE MAY ASHTON.

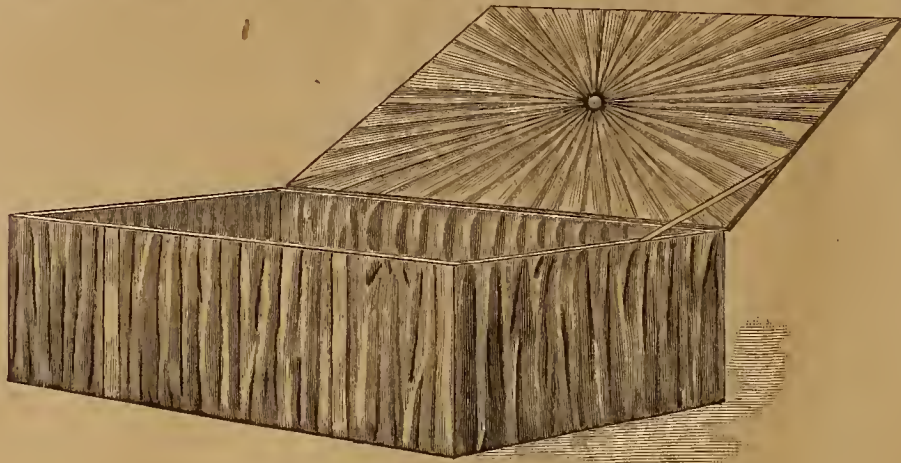
### FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

Although the time-honored Christmas tree will ever be a favorite, most Sabbath-schools or other organizations observing the Christmas festivities, as a body prefer, now and then, something new as a particular attraction, and we suggest some things that have been very popular.

If for any cause it should seem better to have a tree, an angel fashioned from white paper and suspended just above the tree is a beautiful addition. The size of tree and height of ceiling, must of course regulate the size of the angel, but as a rule a height of about three feet will be most satisfactory. The form of the angel should suggest flight, and in one outstretched hand she should hold a star or lighted taper—in the other a scroll. If suspended from the ceiling by a cord or fine wire, the warm atmosphere of the room or waves of air will keep it in motion as though flying.

### A CHRISTMAS POST-OFFICE,

If well carried out, cannot fail to be a success. Cheap muslin is printed to represent the front of post-office boxes. When stretched on a frame on the rostrum, they make a very good representation of a post-office. Instead of the usual small delivery-windows, one large one is made, large



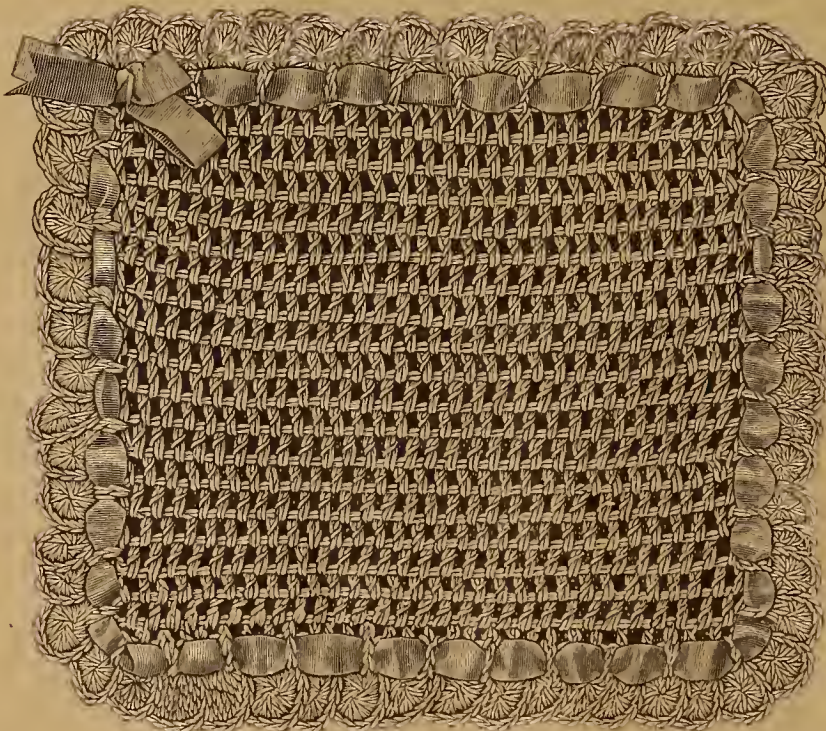
BABY'S HAMPER.

enough to allow the entire audience to see Santa Claus, who poses as post-master, and who comes to the window to deliver the mail as it is called. A list of families is made, and each family is given a number for their box the same as in post-office delivery, and each individual in turn walks to the window and calls for his or her mail; guards taking care that they stand at the window no longer than necessary, and one or more persons being employed inside to hand the packages to Santa Claus to deliver as they are called for. If the audience is large it is well to have the presents limited to one to each person, or else have them so arranged that all belonging to each one may be given out to them at the same time.

In the use of the Christmas post-office there can be no display of presents, unless to one side of the office is a display of mail-bags hanging similar to those in a post-office. These bags may be printed on dark-brown paper, and be so attached to the edge of the table as to simulate the interior of a car, and on the table may be placed such presents as are most showy, as though protruding from the mouth of an overflowing mail-bag.

### A CHRISTMAS HOUSE

Is a wonderful source of delight to the youngsters, while the older ones enjoy it almost as much. By a skilful arrangement of framework and printed paper, one half of a log house with a huge chimney, is erected on the stage, the front of it being a curtain that will roll up inside under the roof. The back of the house must stand against a curtain as though only a part of the roof showed. At the proper time a jingling of bells and tramp of feet is heard, which, at the shout of "Whoa," from Santa Claus, promptly stops. In a moment Santa Claus appears on the roof, pack on back, and disappears down the chimney.



BABY'S LAP-PAD.

At the same time a subdued stamping and jingling of bells is heard and the heads of two reindeer appear. (Two pairs of antlers borrowed from some one's hall and two buffalo robes can be transformed into a pretty good representation of reindeer, if the light is not too strong.)

In a few moments the curtain forming the front of the house rises, disclosing an immense fireplace, around and above

which stockings are thickly hanging, the last of which Santa Claus is busily filling. Of course each stocking has been previously filled and a name attached. These Santa Claus takes down in turn and hands out to the owners, interspersing many comical remarks as he works. A smouldering fire in the fireplace may be

and I would try to have no empty wee stocking if I could beg, borrow or find even a red apple and a big, fat cooky.

GYPSY.

### BABY'S BELONGINGS.

When the baby arrives and forms one of the family, it brings with it many individualities not at once thought of. The preparation of the first wardrobe is always a great pleasure to the expectant mother. But as it progresses its wants and needs develop just the same as any other individual. Among the little luxuries designed for baby, are several I would like to describe to you, for even luxuries become necessities sometimes.

Just now it is the fad to make a coming baby presents. All the friends and kind-folks send something for the layette, and in many cases vie with each other to send something novel, just as one does who is looking for wedding presents.

The bath-blanket is a very much needed article. While some mothers use a flannel apron when bathing the baby, others prefer an article to wrap it in.

A square of white flannel is hemmed and briar-stitched on the hem. Then a design of sweet peas or clover is scattered

### A CHRISTMAS STOCKING

Serves nicely to give something new for a small gathering. From an evergreen arch is suspended an immense stocking, stuffed with bran, from the toe and heel of which small presents appear to be bursting out. From the top numerous presents are protruding and apparently spilling down over the sides. If desired, two smaller stockings may be hung, one on each side of the larger one; or some presents may be hung on the arch and the others placed on tables back or to the side of it.

CLARA SENSIBAUGH EVERTS.

### A FEW CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Santa Claus will pass by many an empty stocking this year, I fear, as the "hard-times panic" is so universal that it must have reached his domain, also. While cash is so scarce, we might even yet help the old fellow out a trifle.

There are few farmers nowadays who do not take a number of periodicals, and a few kinds are preserved on file for future reference. Why not send a year's series of some one of them to a friend or relative, who does not take the same one, for Christmas? If you can spare more, several presents might be made to different ones. Good reading is always acceptable, whether printed this year or in years past.

Perhaps the children have toys, almost as good as new, that they have grown away from. A little fixing would remodel them into a suitable Christmas present for a younger member of your family, or some other.

Are there games which your children are tired of? Some others would be glad of them.

Just put on your thinking-cap, and you



BABY'S ROBE.

over it, and worked in outline with wash-silk, and a couplet:

"When baby's bath is over,  
Then she is in clover."

Outlined in scraggy, irregular lettering, is worked in one color.

"My baby is as rosy  
As a fresh sweet-pea,"

Is another appropriate couplet.

A bed-spread, made of unbleached, art-linen with figures—fruit or flowers—outlined upon it, is pretty. It can be done in blocks, six inches square, and then put together like patchwork, and lined with a color in wash-silk or silesia. Each block contains a design.

Knit bands are preferable to flannel ones, and wear much longer. They can be purchased for one dollar apiece, are ribbed and have a tab in front to pin the daper to.

A hamper, like a small trunk, to hold the clothes, is a great convenience. This can be of willow, or a cracker-box. It should be upholstered in white swiss over pink or blue silesia, and have delicate sachet-powder put between the padding on the inside. Straps of ribbon should come across the top to simulate the straps of the trunk. It is much more convenient to find the clothes if they are all in one place.

This lap-pad is a very useful article—made of white Germantown wool, in plain crocheting, with a simple shell edge, edged with a pale color, and made like a pillow-slip, open at one end; in between is slipped a piece of white, rubber cloth. Then it is finished with a cream-white ribbon all around, and tied in a bow at one end or in the middle of the short side.

A crawling rug is made of either an old blanket, or of felt lined. Figures are drawn all over it of familiar things, and are worked in outline. As a child grows into noticing things, these figures will amuse it many times. A set of a dozen full-sized figures can be furnished for twenty-five cents.

The robe illustrated makes a very showy dress for christening purposes, and is easily made from a slip-pattern; pleating the material in two pleats in front before cutting it out. The trimming can be insertion and ruffles of lace, or the material; it should be very soft and fine. Mull would be very suitable. There is no end to baby's wants, but there is to my space.

LOUISE LONG CHRISTIE.



HOLIDAY WISHES.

A Christmas wish—why, friend of mine,  
If loving wishes make  
The Christmas-tide, then all my year  
Is Christmas for your sake.

Yet, just to please your fancy, dear,  
I'll weave a little rhyme  
With holly sprigs and mistletoe—  
Meet for the Christmas-time.

May all the paths you ever tread  
Be like the holly—green,  
And lighted up with friendly smiles  
Like holly's burnished sheen.

May all the thoughts you ever have  
Be, like the mistletoe,  
Bedecked with pearls; and all your deeds  
Pure as the Christmas snow.

Yule-logs of love burn in your heart  
With rosy warmth and cheer,  
And care—well, may she come, at most,  
Like Christmas—once a year.

—Belle Hunt.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

"Name me the tree of the deepest roots,  
Whose boughs are laden with sweetest fruits,  
In bleakest weather which blooms aright,  
And buds and bears in a single night.

"Please thy saintship, no eyes hath seen  
Thy wondrous orchards of evergreen;  
But where is the wean who doth not long  
The whole year through for thy harvest song.  
"The Christmas tree hath struck deep roots  
In human hearts, its wintry fruits  
Are sweet with love, and the bairns believe  
It buddeth and beareth on Holy Eve."

The Christmas tree is generally supposed to have originated in Germany, though some wise authorities of recent date undertake to show that it had its birth in the more northern regions of Iceland and Greenland. We know, however, that the custom of hanging pretty gifts on the brilliantly-lighted tree at this joyous time, was in use in the Fatherland long before it was introduced into English or American households; hence, it is very natural for us to trace it back to Germany, where tradition informs us that the first Christmas tree, was seen in 1632. In an old French legend, written as early as 1200, there is mention made of a Christmas tree illuminated with many candles, hung with pretty gifts, and adorned with a waxen image of the infant Christ. Other accounts are given by early writers of the custom. One tells of a Christmas tree of ancient date being hung by the roots, dropping its gifts upon those for whom they were intended. In Mexico and Spain the observance is attended with both religious and social festivities.

In our own land the Christmas tree blooms in almost every household, its branches loaded with gifts that bring happiness to the little ones of whom Christ himself said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Many overburdened mothers of little children dread the work entailed by a Christmas tree, but if preparations are begun in time it is not the undertaking that is supposed. A pine or cedar tree brought from the woods, cut from our own yards, or bought at a small cost, should be obtained in time to trim its branches evenly, and then set it firmly in a block of wood. Small wax candles, with the little tins to fasten them securely on the tree, can be purchased by the dozen at a cost of six or eight cents. Several dozen will be required, of various colors. Pop-corn strung and hung on in festoons, make a very pretty ornament, as do hickorynuts, walnuts and oak-balls, gilded and suspended by a thread.

Children enjoy making little gilt, silver and bright-colored paper-horns and bags, to hold presents and be hung on the trees. Small gifts which can now be purchased so very cheap, may be selected for various members of the family, with a view to individual tastes, or little home-made articles, such as pin-cushions, pen-wipers, book-marks, needle-books, head-rests, dusters and others, can be made by the children for each other, and the older members of the household.

We know a family where only home-made presents are given at Christmas, and it is wonderful to see the pleasure derived from the making of these by the innocent children. An air of mystery is over the household for weeks, lest some one will discover the nature of their gifts, and when mama and papa evince delight at the gifts made by chubby little fingers, little eyes grow bright and dimpled cheeks glow with pride, and a degree of pleasure is felt that is not known in many households where costly gifts adorn the Christmas tree.

It is, after all, the spirit of love and goodness that brightens the Christmas tree and cheers the home.

Christmas is the especial festival of childhood, rendered sacred to the little ones by the memory of the divine children, and their wants and tastes should be humored as far as possible in the

selection of gifts. If the tiny girl wants a large doll, why not get it instead of the small one; or the growing daughter prefers a book to a ring or something else you want her to have; the boy a sled to a pair of skates, for this time try to please them, for alas, the time will come all too soon when it will not be possible to give them the unalloyed pleasure it is now in mother's power to bestow.

"Why do you go to so much trouble to please your little children?" was asked of a mother in our presence.

"Because I know that it is only now that I can please them," was the answer, and its echo will sound in the hearts of many mothers whose children have passed childhood.

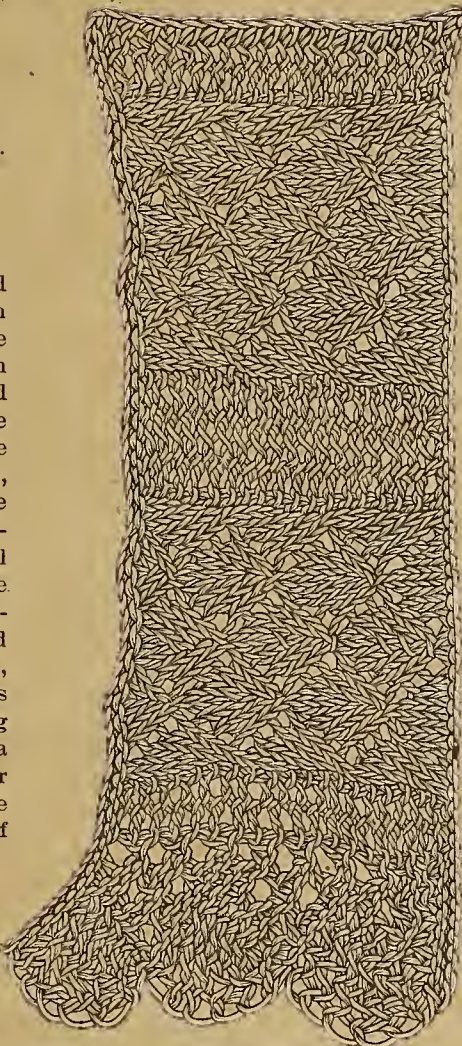
Let our little ones then be made happy, and our hearts at this glad season re-echo the words of tiny Tim:

"God bless us everyone."

ELIZA R. PARKER.

KNIT LEAF LACE, WITH INSERTION OF TWO ROWS.

Cast on 58 st, and knit once across plain. First row—Sl 1, k 1, \* oo, p 2 tog, k 2, o, k 2, sl 1, n, pass sl st over st just n, k 2, o, k 1, o, k 2, sl 1, n, pass sl st over, k 2, o, k 2,



KNIT LEAF LACE.

oo, p 2 tog. Repeat from \* once more. K 1, oo, n, k 1, (oo, p 2 tog) three times.

Second row—Oo, p 2 tog three times, k 3, p 1, k 1, \* oo, p 2 tog, k 1, p 17, k 1, oo, p 2 tog, oo, p 2 tog, k 1, p 17, k 1, oo, p 2 tog, k 2.

Third row—Sl 1, k 1, \* oo, p 2 tog, k 3, (o, k 1, sl 1, n, pass sl st over, k 1, o, k 3) two times, oo, p 2 tog. Repeat from \* once more. K 5, (oo, p 2 tog) three times.

Fourth row—Oo, p 2 tog three times, k 5. Repeat the second row from \*.

Fifth row—Sl 1, k 1, \* oo, p 2 tog, k 4, o, sl 1, n, pass sl st over, o, k 5, o, sl 1, n, pass sl st over, o, k 4, oo, p 2 tog. Repeat from \* once more. K 1, oo, n, oo, n, (oo, p 2 tog) three times.

Sixth row—Oo, p 2 tog three times, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 1. Repeat the second row from \*.

Seventh row—Sl 1, k 1, \* oo, p 2 tog, k 1, n, k 2, o, k 1, o, k 2, sl 1, n, pass sl st over, k 2, o, k 1, o, k 2, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over, k 1, oo, p 2 tog. Repeat from \* once more. K 7, (oo, p 2 tog) three times.

Eighth row—Oo, p 2 tog three times, k 7. Repeat the second row from \*.

Ninth row—Sl 1, k 1, \* oo, p 2 tog, k 1, n, k 1, o, k 3, o, k 1, sl 1, n, pass sl st over, k 1, o, k 3, o, k 1, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over, k 1, oo, p 2 tog. Repeat from \* once more. K 1, oo, n, oo, n, oo, n, (oo, p 2 tog) three times.

Tenth row—Oo, p 2 tog three times, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 1. Repeat the second row from \*.

Eleventh row—Sl 1, k 1, \* oo, p 2 tog, k 1, n, o, k 5, o, sl 1, n, pass sl st over, o, k 5, o, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over, k 1, oo, p 2 tog. Repeat from \* once more. K 10, (oo, p 2 tog) three times.

Twelfth row—Sl 1, k 6, pass the 6 first st on right-hand needle over the last st knit, k 9. Repeat the second row from \*.

Repeat from first row for length required.

Abbreviations; K, knit; p, purl; n, narrow; o, over; oo, over twice; p 2 tog, purl 2 together; sl, slip; st, stitch.

ELLA MCCOWEN.

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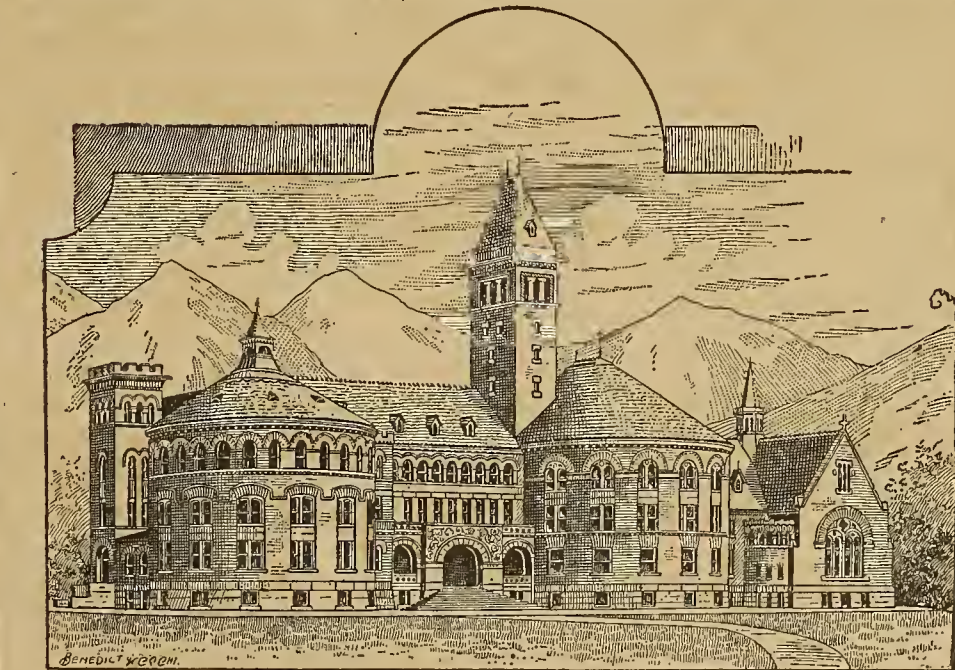
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## Our Sunday Afternoon.

### THE TWO DOORS.\*

Whisper "Farewell!" at midnight,  
To the Old Year whisper low;  
Then open the Western door,  
Open, and let him go.

The work of the hands not good;  
The will of the wavering mind;  
The thoughts of the heart not pure;  
The words of the lips not kind;

Faith that is broken and lost;  
Hopes that are fading and dim;  
Love that is selfish and vain—  
These, let him carry with him.

Whisper farewell to your doubts,  
To follies and faults that you know;  
Then open the Western door,  
With the Old Year let them go.

Turn to the sun-rising next,  
When shadows are growing thin  
Set open the Eastern door,  
And welcome the New-Year in.

Welcome the order brave—  
"More faithfully do your part"—  
Welcome the brighter hope,  
Welcome the kinder heart.

Welcome the daily work;  
Welcome the household care;  
Clasp hands with the household love,  
Lift hands in the household prayer.

Forgotten be all mistakes,  
And over again begin,  
When you open the Eastern door  
To welcome the New-Year in.

—Independent.

\* In the dales of Westmoreland it is customary to open the West door to let the Old Year out, and the East door to let the New-Year in.

### SPARROWS AND FARTHING.

YOUNG Freethinker" writes to say that "in many instances the words of the Bible are untrue as applied to our own times." And he says, "Take the passage, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' I say they are not." Oh, well, I agree with Young Freethinker that the passage quoted may not apply to this day and this generation. But that is the fault of this generation; the Bible is all right. It is only we who are all wrong. Two sparrows were sold for a farthing then, and I don't suppose inspiration itself could foresee that, in the year 1893, in the United States of America, a race of human beings would wring from a starving neighbor one dollar and eighty-five cents for a spring chicken no bigger than a robin, or two dollars for a squab three days out of the shell, and would make butter out of dead cattle, and when their children asked for bread would give them a preparation of alum, and would catch imported sardines off the coast of Maine, and would sell "bob-veal" in the public market, and would mix split peas in the coffee and sand in the sugar. I suppose it was the intention to burn the old globe up before a generation arose that was capable of doing such things. Of course, you can't make the Bible fit our day, my son. Omnipotence could not do that without making a hopeless wreck of the Bible. But you can make our day and generations fit the Bible. Suppose you try that. Commence at the other end of the bridge, and by the time you get Wall street fitted to the Sermon on the Mount, you will be gratified to see that you have landed the country safely on the old "two sparrows for a farthing" basis.—Burdette.

### TOO BUSY TO PRAY.

Jesus appears to have devoted himself specially to prayer at times when his life was unusually full of work and excitement. His was a very busy life; there was nearly always "many coming and going" about him. Sometimes, however, there was such a congestion of thronging objects that he had scarcely time to eat. But even then he found time to pray. Indeed, these appear to have been with him seasons of more prolonged prayer than usual. Thus we read: "So much the more went there a fame abroad of him, and great multitudes came together to hear and to be healed by him of their infirmities, but he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed."

Many in our day know what this congestion of occupation is—they are swept off their feet with their engagements, and can scarcely find time to eat. We make this a reason for not praying. Jesus made it a reason for praying. Is there any doubt which was the better course? Many of the wisest have in this respect done as Jesus did. When Luther had a specially busy and exciting day, he allowed himself

a longer time than usual for prayer beforehand. A wise man once said that he was too busy to be in a hurry; he meant that if he allowed himself to become hurried he could not do all he had to do. There is nothing like prayer for producing this calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition.—James Stalker.

### SUBMISSION TO GOD'S WILL.

Remember, it is the will of a wise God that we submit ourselves, who has his eternal reasons for the events he prepares for us, who sees the various uses of the situations in which he places us, who does nothing haphazard, and who knows results before he has taken his measures.

We may, indeed, be uneasy about the situation we prepare for ourselves, for we do not know ourselves well enough to decide what is best suited for us, and in our choice we usually consult the interests of our passions more than those of our soul.

But the Christian, submissive to God's will, is comforted by knowing the wisdom of him in whom he trusts.

"God has his reasons," says he, "for placing me in this situation, and though they are unknown to me, they are none the less wide and adorable. I must not measure his incomprehensible views by my poor, limited knowledge. I cannot see where the ways by which he is guiding me will lead. But since his hand has traced them, I have to walk without fear."

He often leads to the promised land by circuitous routes and over barren deserts, and almost always conceals his way to leave us all the merit of submission and trust.—Massillon.

### ONE NEEDED THING.

The sawmill is a very old-fashioned one. It has an up-and-down saw, and the wheel that used to move it was driven by the stream that used to flow through the mill-race. The saw is still there. The mill seems to lack no machinery. A log, pushed up against the saw, is still on the carriage-way, and the work of sawing has progressed a foot or two. But for three years no progress has been made. The mill-race is dry; the wheels motionless. The machinery is rusty, and the timbers rotting. No oiling or repairs will make it move. The one needed thing is power. Are there not churches like this dead mill? The machinery may be all perfect; the work may be well laid out; but the first necessity is power. The best machinery will fail unless there is power to move it. The power is the Holy Spirit. Only his reviving and renewing influence can move the machinery of a dead church, or impart life to a dead soul. Let us, first of all, seek power from on high.

### NOT YET.

The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries. The national guard stood in defence of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Philippe, "Shall I fire now? Shall I order the troops to fire? With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louis Philippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Philippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the general, "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the general, "it is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens? It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Philippe. "Not yet" has ruined many a soul and hindered many a notable enterprise.

### MAKING A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.

A child was told to bring her father's slippers, but she didn't want to leave her play. At length she went for them very unwillingly, and returned without a smile, saying: "I's bwinged 'em, papa, but I guess you needn't say, 'Thank you,' 'cause I only did it with my hands; my heart kept saying 'won't.' That is about the only way some people obey God."

### MANNERS.

Did you ever think what beautiful manners Christ had? It is evident that in a few minutes he could make friends with a total stranger. What a charm his recorded conversations have! How courteous his greetings and parting words! Surely, if we try to copy him at all, we should try to copy his manners, for they are not among the least of the beautiful examples which he set us.

## Best External Remedy.

A cold affects different people very differently. One has a dry cough, hoarseness, sore throat, and a general congested feeling. He needs an Allcock's Porous Plaster on the chest and high up between the shoulder blades.

In another person the cold attacks the stomach, bringing on indigestion. He should put an Allcock's Porous Plaster over the pit of the stomach.

With some people a cold manifests itself immediately in the back. There are shooting pains, or a stiffness which makes it extremely difficult to stand erect after stooping over. For those the one thing needful is an Allcock's Porous Plaster on the small of the back.

Wherever the pain may be there is the place for an

## Allcock's Porous Plaster

the best external remedy known in such cases.



### A GOOD REASON.

Visitor.—"An' have ye never bin married, Mr. Batch?"  
Mr. Batch.—"No, never! You see I never liked to take a better half until I could get better quarters."

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# Selections.

## SOME HOMERIC RELICS.

THE Smithsonian Institution at Washington has lately received a wonderful collection of Trojan relics, the gift of Madame Schliemann, widow of Dr. Schliemann, the great archaeologist. There are one hundred and eighty-eight of these articles, and although they have little intrinsic worth, their historic value is very great. Most of the ornaments and vessels of gold and silver which were dug from the ruins were sold to different museums, to pay for the cost of excavation, but Dr. Schliemann made many fine gifts of unique collections to various museums, and his widow has kept up the noble practice.

Until Dr. Schliemann dug down thirty-five feet into the earth and found the city of Homer's song, the story was generally thought to be a myth. Four cities had been built one upon the other, and had decayed in turn. But there was still the original Troy, and three thousand years after its destruction its streets were once more trodden by human feet.

An enormous quantity of all sorts of relics was found, especially pottery and bronze. The pottery was almost all shattered, but could be reproduced. As Troy existed in the bronze age, before the use of iron was discovered, the arms and implements found were generally of bronze. Among those sent to the Smithsonian are weapons, nails, pins and sinkers. There are also several ivory needles, about four inches long, used by Trojan women three thousand years ago, and numerous whorls—wheels used in spinning.

There are bone spoons and sharpened sticks, which the Trojans used for knives and forks. Drinking-vessels are numerous and in many different forms.

The purpose for which most of these articles were designed is plain enough. But there is a small ivory ball, about as big as a robin's egg, that puzzled the scientist. A woman, looking at it, declared instantly that it was a darning-egg—which is far from improbable.

The Smithsonian is full of ancient objects of the profoundest interest, but the Trojan exhibit is perhaps the most striking and valuable of them all.

## CAPTIOUS CRITICS.

Do you know that there is nothing in the world that is more useless than mere criticism for criticism's sake?

There were two men once driving across the prairie in the spring weather, one in a buggy going in front and another in a buggy behind, and this man behind, whenever the man in front picked out the road, said, "What do you go there for?" And then when he went in a certain way, said, "Do not go that way." And when he turned out to avoid a mass of water, he said, "Go through it." And finally the man in front turned around and said, "See here, sir, you drive your buggy in front and I will go behind." And the man behind said, "Oh, no, I would a great deal rather stay behind and find fault."

Do you know there are ever so many people like that?

When Michael Angelo's great statue of David was placed for the first time in the plaza in Florence, all the people were hushed in wonder before the majesty of the great statue, except Soderini, who was the duke of Florence. Soderini looked at the statue from different points of view, with a critical air, and then he said, "Don't you think that nose a little too long?" And the great sculptor took his chisel and his mallet, and laid the mallet against the statue, so that he might reach the face, and as he went up he took a little marble dust with him, and seemed to change a little the feature of the statue, and let the marble dust fall, but did not really alter it in any way, and then he came down. Soderini looked at the statue critically; looked at it from this point of view and looked at it from that point of view, and then he said, "It is precisely right."

Do you not see that there are ever so many people who criticize for the mere sake of criticising, and they are the most useless of people?—Rev. Wayland Hoyt.

## A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

## BATTEN THE CRACKS.

With the approach of cold weather come many little jobs that demand attention. One of the most important of these is to make everything snug and tight about the cow-barn, putting hinges on some of the doors, nailing down loose boards, putting buttons on the windows, etc. Nothing needs to be done more than to batten the cracks and nail boards over all the open knot-holes. We do not need to point out the advantages of doing this; every farmer knows from experience how decidedly uncomfortable it is to have a draught of cold air strike him in the small of the back or around the legs. It is just as uncomfortable to an animal as a man.

What we urge is to attend to this job during the very first spare hour or so. This is apparently such a trifling piece of work, that the tendency is to put it off day after day, firmly resolving to do it tomorrow, and it is finally neglected until a full-fledged blizzard comes along. Then the hammer and nails are seized and some loose boards are dug out of the snow and work is commenced in earnest—but seldom finished. Driving nails when the thermometer is down near zero and the wind blowing fifteen miles an hour, is a job that no one with experience "hankers after," and after the hammer comes down on the thumb once or twice and the fingers are stiff, one is apt to think that, after all, those cracks and holes should be left open for ventilation. So we urge our readers to attend to this work at once. It means more milk and butter, feed saved, perhaps cows saved. Little things count when one comes to cast up the columns of profit and loss.

## DON'T DO THAT.

Never call on people just at bedtime or during dinner, or before they are downstairs in the morning.

Never stop people who are hurrying along the street, and detain them for ten or twenty minutes.

Never, when you see two people engaged in earnest talk, step in and enter upon a miscellaneous conversation.

Never begin to talk about "this, that and everything" to any one who is trying to read the morning paper, or a book, or anything else.

Never fail to keep an appointment.

Never inconvenience people by coming in late at church, theater, lecture or concert.

Never delay in answering letters or returning books.

Never tell long stories of which you yourself are the hero.

Never speak disrespectfully of your parents, nor of your sisters. People may laugh at your wit, but they will despise you for it.

Never talk when others are singing or doing anything else for your amusement, and never, the instant they have finished, begin to talk upon a different topic.

## LIGHTNING COOKERY.

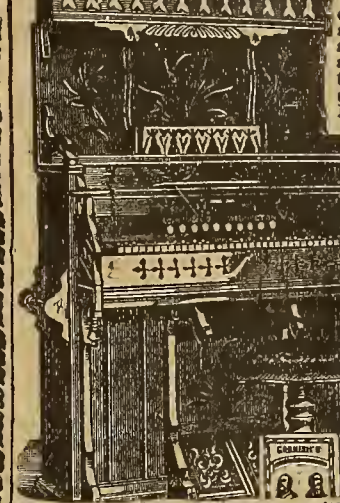
Prince Bismarck's old chef, who is now head cook in a Berlin restaurant, recently won a novel bet, and gave a surprising exhibition of his mastery of the culinary art.

He had wagered fifty dollars that he could kill, clean, cook and serve a chicken, all in six minutes. The wager was decided at night in the cafe of the restaurant, in the presence of a big crowd. The cook appeared at nine o'clock on an improvised platform, upon which stood a gas cooking-stove. He held a live chicken high over his head, and the fowl cackled loudly. One blow of the keen carver severed the head from the neck, and the cook began to pick the feathers with great swiftness. It took just one minute to get rid of every feather. In less than another minute the expert had opened and cleaned the fowl, and had placed it upon a broiler on the gas-stove. The cook busied himself at the broiler, seasoning the fowl as it cooked. It lacked just a second of the sixth minute when he stepped from the platform and served the chicken to the nearest guest, amid great applause.

## THE NARROWEST RAILROAD.

The narrowest narrow-gauge now in operation is a twenty-inch road in North Carolina. This little pocket-edition road runs between Hot Springs, on the Tennessee border, to Laurel river, a distance of but twenty-four miles. It is not as yet provided with passenger engines and coaches, but it is well fitted for the purpose for which it was built—that of being an outlet for the timber of that region.—St. Louis Republic.

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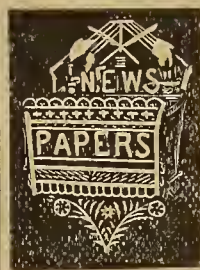
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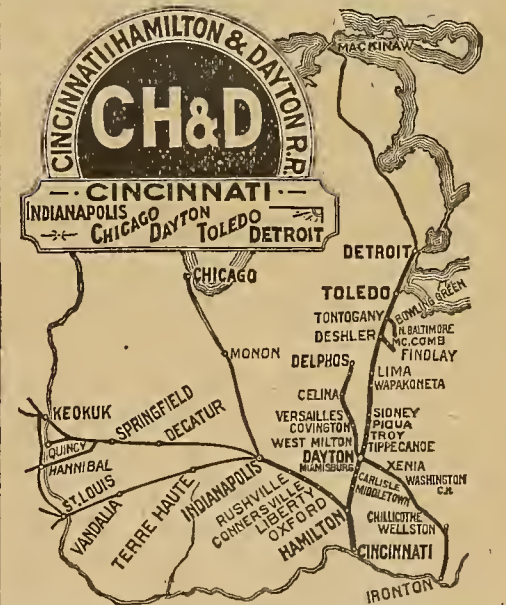
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Our Miscellany.

At the best, the farmer who attends to his business does not see the human face too often. But often the farmer puts his dwelling on poorly-drained ground in order to get it near the highway. For the pleasure of seeing the life of the highway, he pays a heavy penalty—diphtheria and fevers for his family. Put the dwelling-house at the roadside, if you can get a well-drained spot there, but be sure of good drainage. Better live half a mile from the highway and have a healthful home.—*The Country Gentleman.*

The poems of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet, would make a very nice and acceptable Christmas present. They have found lodgment in the people's love because they touch the heart. His poems are not for the few, but for the many, and everybody likes them. The Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, Ind., are the publishers, and will send you price-list on application.

ICELAND is a nation of 73,000 people, where women have equal rights with men, and boys and girls are educated by their own mothers. In the whole island not an illiterate person can be found, every child of ten or twelve years of age being able to read, write and cipher. Social conditions are remarkable, there being no prisons, police, thieves, millionaires nor paupers, but just plain, temperate, chaste, intelligent, uniform inhabitants. These results are accredited to full woman suffrage, by an intelligent English woman who has recently returned from travels in Iceland.

HARD TIMES MADE EASY.

To THE EDITOR:—You are probably aware that millions of America's men are tobacco-spitting and puffing billions of dollars away. The total value of tobacco consumed is appalling—all this can be saved. The nerve nicotizing and destroying effects of using tobacco, in any form, upon the physical and mental organization is simply terrible. One of Chicago's great newspapers, the "Inter-Ocean," devoted an entire eight-page, illustrated in eight colors, supplement to tell all about No-To-Bac, the only reliable and absolutely guaranteed tobacco habit cure in all the world. As a remedial agent in destroying the desire for tobacco, building up the nervous system, making pure rich blood and increasing the weight, strength and vitality of the user, No-To-Bac performs miracles. If the readers of your paper are interested in learning all about the injurious effects of tobacco, and how it can be easily, economically and permanently cured, write us—we will send them a copy as long as they last. Address the Chicago Office, 45 Randolph street; or the main office and laboratory, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. Respectfully yours,

A. L. THOMAS, Pres.  
Sterling Remedy Co., Makers of No-To-Bac.

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

A clerk in an eastern optician's shop was showing a cow-boy some field-glasses, and wished to impress him with the merits of one particular pair.

"There," he said, "is a pair of glasses which will bring a band of Indians up to within twenty feet of you, out on the open prairie."

The stranger laid the glasses down quickly and asked: "Have you any that would take them twenty miles away?"

FOLLOWING HIS ADVICE.

Prisoner—"Yes, your worship, I committed the theft with which I am charged entirely through the instigation of my medical adviser."

Magistrate—"You mean to say that in carrying out an experiment in hypnotism he suggested the crime to you?"

Prisoner—"I don't know about that, but one thing is certain, he told me to take something before going to bed."

A LUCKY MICHIGAN FARMER.

WINS A CHAMPION WAGON ON A WORLD'S FAIR GUESS.

The nearest guess of the official count of the paid attendance at the world's fair, made by the farmers and dealers in agricultural implements, who registered in the registry at the exhibit of the Champion Wagon Company, through the Joliet Strowbridge Company, their western agents, in the Transportation Building, was made by M. E. Rich, a farmer residing at Bay City, Mich., whose guess was 21,468,475, or within 986 of the official count, which was 21,469,461. Mr. Rich has been declared winner of the prize and will receive one of those fine wagons which were awarded the medal for progress and improvement by the board of awards at the world's fair.

TWO SPHERES.

Little Dick—"Papa doesn't have any fun. He has to go to business every day."

Little Dot—"That's to get money, 'cause he's a provider, mama says."

"A what?"

"A provider."

"Well, if papa is a—provider, I wonder what manna is?"

"I guess she's a divider."—*Good News.*

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THE SECRET OF DR. TALMAGE'S SUCCESS.

That Dr. Talmage is one of the most successful men of the nineteenth century is a generally accepted fact. As a preacher, in point of popularity, he stands to-day without a rival in this or any other country. His reputation practically extends from the rising to the setting of the sun, and when he speaks, his audience is numbered by millions. Of course, those who personally hear him constitute but a very few minute percentage of those actually reached by his sermons, and yet his audiences are the largest, in point of number, that gather anywhere on the face of the earth, at regular stated intervals, for the purpose of listening to the same voice over and over again.

His sermons, which crowd the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the largest Protestant church in America, from street to pulpit and from floor to gallery, are eagerly read week after week by the readers of upward of 2,500 American journals, 400 of which are dailies, and among these the most prominent in the country. Just to think of it! Three columns of 400 leading dailies given up every Monday morning to Dr. Talmage's sermons, and the same space, in over 2,000 weeklies devoted to the same purpose. Then he has millions of readers in England, the leading religious journals of that country trying to outdo each other, in point of time, in the presentation to their readers of Dr. Talmage's marvelous pulpit utterances. Germany reads them regularly; so does Hungary, and so does France, and when, three years ago, Dr. Talmage met the queen of Greece, she was not ashamed to acknowledge that she read, week after week, Dr. Talmage's sermons in modern Greek.

As a lecturer, it has been said time and again, that when others have failed to draw houses, and have entailed financial losses in a lecture course, Dr. Talmage is always sure to crowd the house and net a profit sufficient to offset the unfortunate experiences of others. Hence he is in greater demand than any other lecturer of the day.

And as a newspaper editor he is fully as much of a success as in the fields already mentioned. Becoming identified with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about three years ago, when its circulation ranked second or third, in less than three years he has brought it out ahead of all competitors, and to-day there is a difference of nearly 100,000 between THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the second best on the list.

When we hear these things, and when we see how Dr. Talmage continuously and securely maintains his ascendancy, the questions that naturally suggest themselves are, "What is the secret of his success? How is it to be accounted for?" Those who know him best say hard work does it all. Dr. Talmage is an indefatigable worker and a brilliant speaker. He successfully combines the two. He neither suffers the sublimest oratory to take the place of actual knowledge, nor the possession of such knowledge to cloud the charms and brilliancy of his marvelous rhetoric. When he talks, he throws more light on a given point and gives more positive information than any one else, and when he has nothing to say, he knows how to keep silent. Consequently, when people go to hear Dr. Talmage they know beforehand that they are going to be repaid for their effort. His mind is a vast mine of information, covering nearly every conceivable subject, of which he has become possessed through careful research and almost heroic powers of concentration and application. Then he is full of sympathy, and above all, an optimist. He sees the brightest side of things, and when other people feel like giving up and getting out from under, Dr. Talmage can find enough inducement to continue and succeed. Hence, to sum up, we find Dr. Talmage industrious, thorough, sympathetic and hopeful, and that explains it all.

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## Farm Cleanings.

### A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

If every dog in the world were killed it would throw a large credit to the favorable side of the world's finances, so far as dollars and cents are concerned. The feed of dogs, their taxes, and finally their depredations, foot up a large amount. Still the world does not live for dollars and cents. And how many a child would mourn its amusing pet, how many a lock and household miss a faithful friend and defender! Burglars, foxes, vermin generally would rejoice at canine extinction. But men who have been pulled by dogs from Alpine snowdrifts, rescued from drowning, delivered for infuriated bulls or from the burglar's pistol, are not going to vote against the dog. No dog should be trusted to run loose at night, unless the owner is absolutely sure, that it will not leave his premises, or bite an inoffensive stranger. This is so hard to determine that it is safest that every dog should be tied, during the night at least. This rule would decrease the ravages in flocks of sheep wonderfully, as such butchery is generally done at night. If every dog running loose at night could be shot with impunity, it would be an excellent law, in sheep-growing districts at least.

If you own a good dog, do not kick him outdoors when you go to bed and tell him to shift for himself. He cannot be expected to remain a good dog long. Get a tight, large dry-goods box, cut a circular hole just big enough for the dog to pass through, in one side of the box near the end. Nail a loose flap of carpet above the hole to keep out the wind. Put on a sloping roof of matched boards and set the house in an open shed or on the south side of a building. A dog with such a residence, although it is cheap, will learn self-respect. Now get several rods of heavy wire and fasten it near the dog's house, a little higher than your head, so it will not be an obstacle, and carry it out to a tall post and fasten it taut, about six feet high. String the ring of the dog's chain on it before fastening it. It is then but a second's work to snap or unsnap the chain from the dog's collar. The animal can have a fine run out to the post and back, insuring health and cleanliness, and the way he will make the chain jingle along the wire will make you admire the contrivance. Give the dog an occasional bath with flea-soap, or a rubbing with bagging. Insect-powder, also, will kill fleas if dusted dry into the hair. A dog's food should be varied, with not too much meat, though a bone is always a boon to him; table-scraps, Johnny-cake made of meal and fine middlings, with a little bone-meal in it and dried beet-root; stale bread from the baker's will piece out the dog's menu. Remember, also, that pure water is as important as food.

For all purposes of the farmer the Scotch collie is the choice dog. He will not only drive stock by instinct, but is a good watcher, fond of children, and often a game hunter of vermin, squirrels, etc. Terriers—Scotch, Irish, fox, bull and other sorts—are valuable animals, not only for hunting rats, but as house dogs; to detect robbers they are unequalled. They are a generally safe and a gamey, amusing pet. Fox hounds render an excellent service to poultry-raisers; but setters, pointers and such pets of hunters cannot be trusted around poultry. They are better kept on the chain, being often snappy in disposition. Beware of Spitz dogs and degenerate Newfoundlands, as they are prone to bite, and seem especially liable to hydrophobia. A pure Newfoundland makes a noble protector, especially for children when near the water. A thoroughbred St. Bernard is the noblest and safest of canine companions, but they are too high-priced for the average farmer.

If possible, get a dog in his youth, and train him up in the way he should go. Old dogs will not attend school, or at least will ignore their lessons. When training a young dog, do it all alone by yourself, so nothing will distract him; let him know you are in earnest, enlist his good will reward him when he does well, and do not weary him with a long lesson, and you will succeed.—C. H. Crandall, in Country Gentleman.

### MUD MORE VALUABLE THAN GOLD.

There is a place in Warren County called Indiana Mineral Springs, where Chicago capitalists have invested \$150,000.00 in a big hotel plant and bath-house, and people are going there from all over the country to take *Magnetic Mineral Mud Baths* to cure rheumatism. The springs that have made the mud deposits are the strongest *lithia* springs in this country. Many wonderful and miraculous cures have been made; and, although it is but three years old, it is famous. Any of our readers who are interested can get printed matter by writing to H. L. Kramer, General Manager, Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.

# Harper's Periodicals for 1894

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Russian and German Articles. By Poultney Bigelow.  
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### A Serial Story by MARY E. WILKINS

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News and Notes.

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W. T. Smedley, A. B. Frost, Frederic Remington,  
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Captured by the Navajos.  
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Number 100,  
by WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

### STORIES FOR GIRLS:

The Clown's Little Boy,  
by SOPHIE SWETT.  
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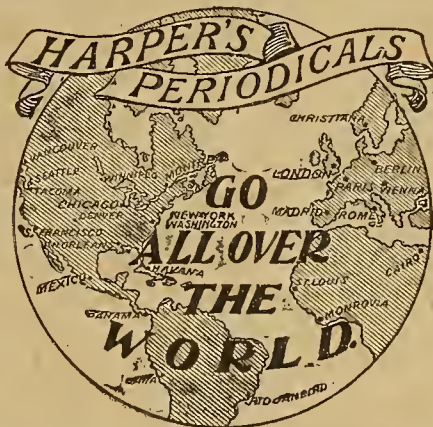
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"No."

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"And you intend to persist?"

"I shall visit you every day until our company writes a policy for you."

The merchant bowed his head and furtively brushed away a tear. "Believe me," he said, "I appreciate your efforts, but may it not be that two people can be persistent? There was once a bald-headed man—the fact that your cheek has spread up into your scalp puts me in mind of this incident—who suffered greatly from flies. One day a large blue-bottle alighted on his crown and began to tickle him. He drove him away; but the fly, saying to himself, 'Persistence is always rewarded,' returned. Again and again he was driven off, and again and again he returned. Finally, the bald man allowed him to settle and get a firm hold, when he cautiously raised his hand and—'Pardon me; there are flies on you.' And, rushing on the agent with a club, he dealt him a dozen blows on the head, then fell into his chair with a sigh of relief.

"Thanks!" said the agent, who had been sunk in thought. "And did the man kill the fly?"

"He did," replied the merchant.

"Ah! Perhaps you intend, some day, to put this parable into practice?"

"I confess, I did intend to."

"In that case maybe I'd better keep away; but before I go let me take your application—"

Puck.

## THE WIDOW'S WAIL.

The somber mourning habit served but to enhance her dazzling beauty.

"Mama—"

In the hour of her trial she turned to the maternal breast for comfort and support.

"—I don't know what to do. Alone and helpless, I fear the competence my poor husband left may be taken from me, although the last words of his lips—"

Great tears clung to her curving lashes.

"—bade them give me all. His children contest the will; I know not which way to turn."

A mother's hand caressed her, and a mother's voice whispered, soothingly:

"Be brave, my child; be brave!"

"Mama—"

She was sobbing, now.

"—I w-w-want to k-k-keep my own. I shall be a b-b-beggar without it."

"Don't cry, dearest."

"Mama, advise me. Shall I m-m-marry my l-l-lawyer, or the one on the other s-s-side?"

The thought that her fate was in her own hands was terribly oppressive.—Puck.

## APPROPRIATE COLORS.

"I want some ribbon," she said, "to trim a baby basket, and I am undecided about the color."

"Baby basket!" said the clerk briskly. "Oh, yellor, by all means."

"Yes," she said, "but this is for a baby dog."

"All right," he said, "then purp'l do nicely."—Philadelphia Press.

## AN ITINERANT MISSION.

"Did Jones get an office?"

"You bet!"

"What was it?"

"Minister."

"Where to?"

"Hanged ef I know—they keep a-movin, him so fast."

"Moving him?"

"Yes; he's one o' these here Methodist ministers."—Atlanta Constitution.

## IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

"Hello, Bill; how do you happen to be here?"

"Traded a return ticket to New York for a farm."

"What are you doing now?"

"Waiting for some other d—d fool with a return ticket."—Life.

## FROM "THE HAWVILLE CLARION."

Mrs. Windbagger, the Amazon of the Alliance party, delivered an address at the town hall, last Friday night, in which she fiercely attacked Our Savior, the President of the United States, and the editor of this paper, neither of whom was present, nor in the habit of attending such meetings. In fact, she treated all three of us like crippled step-sons; even her husband, who crouched at the back of the room, nursing the twins, is said to have looked sorry for us. Mrs. Windbagger is indeed appropriately called the Amazon of the Alliance; the Amazon has a mouth 150 miles wide.—Puck.

## THE GOODY-GOOD YOUNG MAN.

Prohibitionist—"And you never touch a drop of liquor on principle—of the wine that betrays, that brings the trembling hand, the clouded brain, the unsteady steps? We cannot have too many men of your moral fiber. You must join our prohibition society. What is your profession?"

Mr. Cold Steele—"Bank-burglar."

## LITTLE BITS.

It is said that there is a tribe in Africa where speakers in public debate are required to stand on one leg, and are not allowed to speak longer than they can stand in that position. With all our boasted civilization, we discover every now and then, points in which savages surpass us.—Congregationalist.

Mason Temple—"This is De Koltay's yacht. I don't see how he keeps it up. He's having an awful hard time of it with his creditors."

Mrs. Temple—"I believe you. I saw Mrs. de Koltay at the reception last night, and she looked as if their creditors had taken the very clothes off her back."—Puck.

Old Gentleman—"What would you like to be when you are grown up?"

Boy—"I'd like to be a brick-layer."

Old Gentleman—"That's a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a brick-layer?"

Boy—"Cause there's so many days when brick-layers can't work."—Tid-Bits.

"Moriarty, it's home you should be going. You're drunk."

"Bedad, but Oi'm not, soir."

"Ye're drunk, Oi say."

"Oi'm a liar, then, Phelim O'Reilly?"

"No. Ye're jist drunk."

"Ye wouldn't say that if Oi was sober."

"If ye was sober, ye wouldn't deny it."

Just as well to be correct: "Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of 24 years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobbed the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.—Boston Globe.

Present conditions in Congress serve as a reminder of the time when old John Randolph rose in his seat, and said: "Mr. President, is it not a shame that the noble bull-dogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?"

Calls for order came thick and fast, whereupon he, pointing his long, skinny finger at them with the utmost scorn, screamed: "Rats, did I say? Mice—mice!"—Life.

"Tommy, how did you get the back of your neck all sunburnt?"

"Pullin' weeds in the garden."

"But your hair is all wet, my son."

"That's perspiration."

"Your vest is on wrong side out, too."

"Put it on that way a purpose."

"And how does it happen, Tommy, dear, that you have got Jakey Du Bois's trousers on?"

(After a long pause) "Mother, I cannot tell a lie. I've been a-swimmin'."—Chicago Tribune.

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## IN TWO CHAPTERS.



No. 1. Mrs. Jones (somewhat deaf).—"Can you let me have ten cents' worth of cream to-day?"

(See No. 2, on page 21.)

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## Cleanings.

### ONCE A YEAR.

The house as full as full can be  
Of marvelous things that no one can see,  
The children whispering here and there,  
Secrets a-lurking everywhere,  
Packages coming all the while  
Of every size and sort and style,  
Odors of roasting turkey-meat  
And much beside that is good to eat,  
Songs a-learning at evening time,  
Sweet young voices in the chime,  
In city and country, far and wide—  
This is the blessed Christmas tide.

### ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

It is not generally known that Juan Fernandez—the island on which Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of romance, lived for so many years—is at the present time inhabited. Two valleys, winding down from different directions, join a short distance back from the shore and here now stands a little village of small huts scattered round a long, low, one-storied building with a veranda running its whole length. In this house lives the man who rents the island from the Chilean government and the village is made up of a few German and Chilean families.

The tiny town is called San Juan Bautista, and the crater-like arm of the sea on which it is situated and where Alexander Selkirk first landed, is now called Cumberland Bay. The island is rented for about 200 pounds a year. The rent is paid partly in dried fish. Catching and drying the many varieties of fish and raising cattle and vegetables wholly occupy the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from the cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels. The cattle need no care and the vegetables almost grow wild. Turnips and radishes, first sown here by Selkirk himself, now grow rank and wild in the valleys like weeds. There is also a race of wild dogs, which completely overrun the island, depending for existence mainly upon seals. They are descendants of a breed of dogs left by the Spaniards.

At the back of the little town, in the first high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance hewn into the sandstone. An unused path leads to them and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths. About forty years ago, the Chilean government thought that a good way to be rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez. Here, under the direction of Chilean soldiers, these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1854 they were taken back again, however, and the caves have since been slowly crumbling away.

The narrow ridge, where Selkirk watched is now called "The Saddle," because at either end of it a big, rocky hummock rises like a pommel. On one of these is now a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay on the island. It was placed there in 1868 by the officers of the British ship, Topaz. A small excursion steamer now runs from Valparaiso to Juan Fernandez island. The round trip is made in six days and three of these may be spent on the island in fishing and visiting those lonely but beautiful spots which nearly 200 years ago were the haunts of Robinson Crusoe.

### FUEL OF STEAMERS.

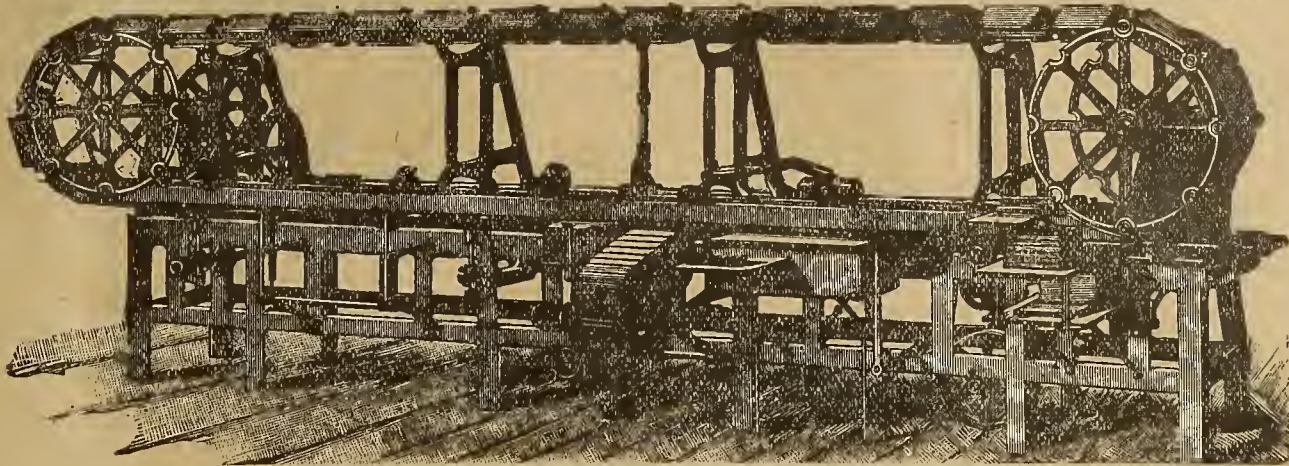
The American liners New York and Paris burn about 330 tons of coal per day, or about 30,800 pounds per hour, and maintain about 18,000 indicated horse-power, which is equivalent to a coal consumption of 1.71 pounds per hour per horse-power. The average for all the fast ships with triple expansion engines, like the New York, Paris, Majestic, Teutonic and Furst Bismarck, is probably only about 1.75 pounds per hour per horse-power. In the case of the Umbria and Etruria and similar ships, which have only compound engines, the rate is higher. For example, the Etruria burns as much coal as the New York and more than the Teutonic and develops far less power than either of them, which illustrates the great advance made in marine engineering by the introduction of the triple expansion system.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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## HOME AT NIGHT.

When chirping crickets fainter cry,  
And pale stars blossom in the sky,  
And twilight's gloom has dimmed the bloom  
And blurred the butterfly:

When locust blossoms fleck the walk,  
And up the tiger-lily stalk  
The glow worm crawls and clings and falls  
And glimmers down the garden walls:

When buzzing things, with double wings  
Of crisp and raspy flutterings,  
Go whizzing by so very nigh,  
One thinks of fangs and stings:—

Oh, then, within, is stilled the din  
Of crib she rocks the baby in,  
And heart and gate and latch's weight  
Are lifted—and the lips of Kate.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## THE MAKING OF AN AX.

A Pittsburg reporter tells the world about the making of an ax:

Entering the main workshop, the first step in the operation is seen in the formation of the ax-head without the blade. The glowing, flat iron bars are withdrawn from the furnace and are taken to a powerful and somewhat complicated machine, which performs upon them four distinct operations, shaping the metal to form the upper and lower part of the ax, then the eye, and finally doubling the piece over so that the whole can be welded together. Next, the iron is put in a powerful natural-gas furnace and heated to a white heat. Taken out, it goes under a tilt hammer and is welded in a second. This done, one blow from the "drop," and the poll of the ax is completed and firmly welded. Two crews of men are doing this class of work, and each crew can make fifteen hundred axes per day.

When the ax leaves the drop, there is some superfluous metal adhering to the edges and forming what is technically known as the "fin." To get rid of the fin, the ax is again heated in a furnace and then taken in hand by a sawyer, who trims the ends and edges. The operator has a glass in front of him to protect his eyes from the sparks which fly off by hundreds as the hot metal is pressed against the rapidly revolving saw. The iron part of the ax is now complete.

The steel for the blade, after being heated, is cut by machinery and shaped. It is then ready for the welding department. A groove is cut in the edge of the iron, the steel of the blade inserted, and the whole firmly welded by machine hammers.

Next comes the operation of tempering. The steel portion of the ax is heated by being inserted in pots of molten lead, the blade only being immersed. It is then cooled by dipping in water, and goes to the hands of the inspector. An ax is subject to rigid tests before it is pronounced perfect. The steel must be of the required temper, the weight of all axes of the same size must be uniform, all must be ground alike, and in various other ways conform to an established standard. The inspector who tests the quality of the steel, does so by hammering the blade and striking the edge, to ascertain whether it be too brittle or not. An ax that breaks during a test is thrown aside to be made over.

Before the material of the ax is in the

proper shape, it has been heated five times, including the tempering process, and the ax when completed has passed through the hands of about forty workmen, each of whom has done something toward perfecting it. After passing inspection, the axes go to the grinding department, and from that to the polishers, who finish them upon emery-wheels.

## A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

A teacher in one of the public schools in Brooklyn has offered a prize for the best collection of leaves made by her pupils. It is said that this has created an intense interest in her class, which shows itself in very much better text-book work. Squanders forestalled education by a great many years when he taught the boy to spell "horse," and then go and curry one.

One of the pathetic things about our system of education, when the teacher is a teacher from education and not from choice, is that the pupil literally goes through the world having eyes and seeing not, and having ears and hearing not, because the power that is within himself is not developed. He is too often made a receptacle for words—a human phonograph, who is expected to give back just what has been put in, in its original form, not changed by the individual use he has made of those words.

The teacher in Brooklyn may never be known by name, but she certainly will leave her impress on the plastic germ of immortality intrusted to her care. It is safe to say that her boys will not spend their summer vacation playing billiards, nor her girls embroidering purple dogs against a green sky, when they reach maturity. The woods will offer more interesting objects than Broadway.

## COFFEE AS A BRAIN FOOD.

An eminent medical authority, in a recent number of the *Boston Surgical and Medical Journal*, maintains that coffee is a real brain food, and has the power of absolutely increasing a man's capacity for brain work. The writer further says: "Opium stimulates the imagination; alcohol lifts a man up for the moment to throw him into confusion and irregularity of action; but caffeine increases his power of reasoning, and absolutely adds to his brain-work capacity for the time."

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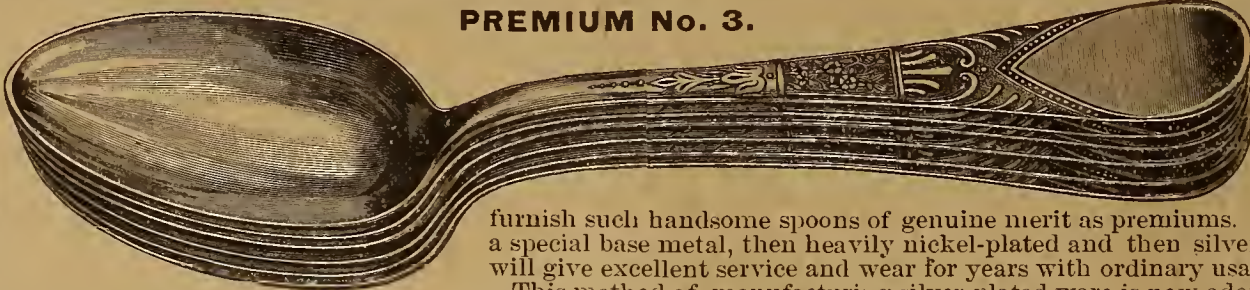
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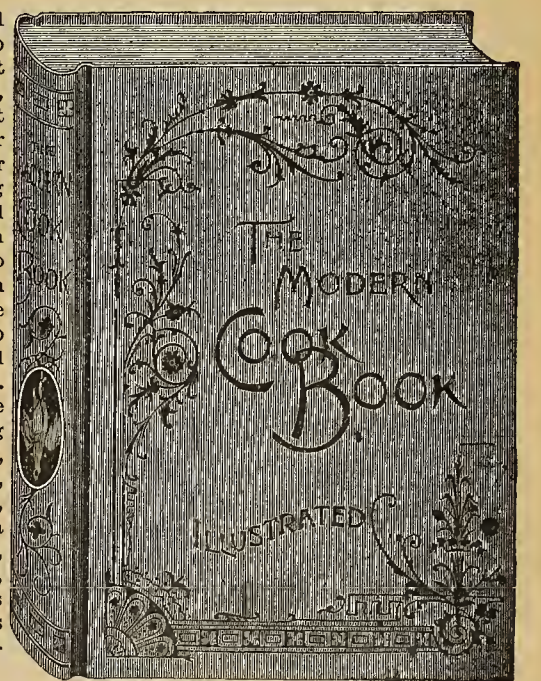
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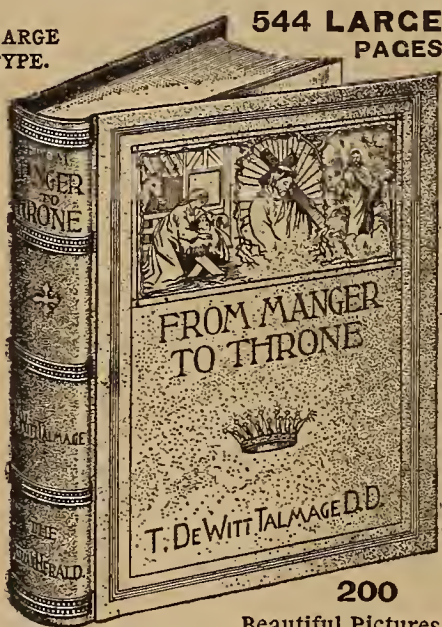
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